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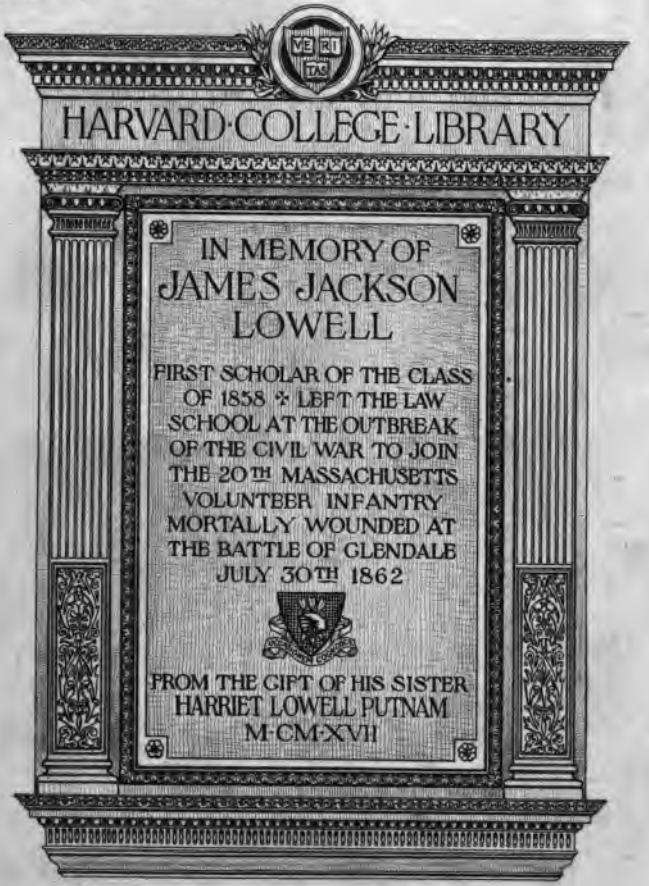

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A

STORY OF NEW ZEALAND

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"Taut as a fiddle string over the brawny shoulder of the Maori—balanced like a veritable Hercules, on a slippery boulder."—*Chap.* xxii. *page* 210.

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NATION MAKING

A STORY OF NEW ZEALAND

SAVAGISM v. CIVILIZATION

BY

J. C. FIRTH

AUTHOR OF 'OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA'

LONDON

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PREFACE

THE MAORIES—the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand—are passing away. Their vigour, humour, and valour show them to have been a remarkable race of savages, in many ways—perhaps the most interesting of all the savage races with which England has come in contact in her career of conquest and colonization.

The Maories are a branch of the Aryan race, and in their language, customs, characteristics, and traditions, possibly present better glimpses of our Aryan ancestors than any nation now in existence. However that may be, there is much about the Maories worth preserving.

Their story is full of picturesque incident and pathetic interest, and is not without historic value.

In this fair young land the stern lessons of the heroic struggles between the two races in the past are

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of romantic interest, and will be of service in the Making of the New Zealand Nation. Nor will the treatment by Colonists of the social and industrial problems affecting mankind be of less interest, because they are largely unfettered by the old time precedent and practice natural to older countries.

Without attempting to write a history of the Maories, I have recorded some of the results of my own extensive observation of the Maori people, which may perhaps not be without use to some future historian, nor yet, I hope, without interest to English, American, and Colonial readers of my story.

J. C. FIRTH.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND:
October 27, 1889.

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NATION MAKING

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Nation Making.—The family, the tribe, the nation.—Conquest and Assimilation potent forces in Nation Making.—Roman mode.—England a great Nation Maker.—Her work in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia.—Marvellous assimilative power of English race.—Causes of Colonizing success, Love of Freedom, and the secret of Self-Government.—England's treatment of Native races more generous than that of all other Nations.—German Colonization a failure.—Her Despotism and Militarism.—Out of Europe, France, Spain and Portugal not Nation Makers.—Nation Making in New Zealand.—Comparison between ancient Britons and Maories.—Arms, stone implements, canoes, fortifications, agriculture, fruits, fern root.—The Britain of the North similar in physical features to the Britain of the South.—Causes of superiority of Maories to all other savage races.—Influence of Cook's introduction into New Zealand of the pig and potato.—Work, the Condition of Progress of all nations.—Luxury the Law of Decay.

NATION MAKING is no new thing. It began in pre-historic times. Its first germ was in the family. A few families would combine in a primitive form for mutual help in toil and danger. Then probably, a man, stronger in body, with

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keener intellect, or fiercer passions would control his fellows. The next step, would be the Tribe. As numbers increased and strength developed, struggles would occur between neighbouring tribes, who by conquest or assimilation, would be crystallized into a Nation.

So began old Rome. She developed both these forces. Upon them, Roman law and Roman civilization were founded, developing an Imperial Nation, which for long centuries controlled the then known world, and which, long after its decline and fall continued, and still continues, to influence by its laws and polity, almost every civilized country.

Amongst Nation builders in modern times the English race stands pre-eminent. More than any other Nation, England is the Mother and Maker of Nations. The Making of England followed on the lines of old Rome. Conquest played a great part. Assimilation a greater. For, though Roman, Saxon, Danish and Norman waves of conquest successively swept over England, the force of assimilation, latent in the race, absorbed them all.

Later developements tell a similar story. In every quarter of the globe British valour has won its victories. In Europe for an idea, and for the advantage of foreigners. In Asia, Africa, and America for continental areas, now under the sway of the English-speaking race. Warlike enterprises may still be required in India, to drive back aggressors, and to found, sooner or later, an Oriental Dominion, which may be guided by English principles of government,

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but which can never be assimilated or absorbed by the English-speaking race. In South Africa, conquest probably has work to do. But the new force of Colonization and the faculty for self-government—the great modern factors in Nation Making—will yet weld South Africa into an English-speaking nation. On the continent of North America, conquest has done its work. There is practically nothing more to conquer. Colonization, self-government, and assimilation are in full and forceful operation. These three mighty agencies have already made one of the greatest nations of modern times, founded, made and ruled by Englishmen under another name. On similar lines, and by the same potent forces, Canada is making another English-speaking Nation. In the island continent of Australia, conquest has done nothing, Colonization everything.

In the first ten centuries of her existence, England presented the first great instance of the marvellous power of assimilation which now distinguishes Englishmen from all other peoples. In this, its first century, the United States has presented, and is now presenting, the grandest instance that the world has yet seen, of the irresistible force of the assimilative power inherent in the English-speaking race.

No other race has exhibited the true colonizing influence developed in so potent a manner by Englishmen and by England's eldest daughter, America. Every one of her younger Colonial children carried with them to their rude homes in the primeval forest, or on the boundless plain, the love of freedom, the

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power to practise it, and freedom's necessary corollary, *the secret of self-government.*

Nor has any other Nation, dealt so fairly, so honourably, or so generously with Native races, as England has done.

Spain, Portugal and France have held large areas of new lands, but not one of them has treated the Native races fairly. Not one of them has ever founded a self-governing Colony.

Germany, stimulated by the successful colonization of the English race, not long ago made her first attempts to follow in England's footsteps. She will meet with two conditions at the outset, which raise barriers almost insurmountable, against her success. These arise from the circumstance that, not being a maritime Nation, she did not acquire lands in temperate climates, and when at last, she did move, she found all the temperate areas in the hands of other Nations, and of necessity, proceeded to obtain lands within or near the tropics. Such acquisitions can never become the homes of her people, for the simple reason, that they could not settle there in sufficient numbers, and could not fulfil the primal condition of success,—'to increase and multiply,' which is as imperative to-day, as it ever was, upon all who seek to dwell peacefully in new lands, and to weld them into a Nation.

But even had Germany had the opportunity, by negotiation or conquest, to acquire lands in temperate climes. her children have never in the Fatherland had

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the opportunity of acquiring the practice of self-government. German emigrants have succeeded in the United States because they have been absorbed by a great self-governing nation, have in fact, in one generation, become Americans. Had an exclusively German Colony been formed in the fairest portion of the United States—California—and left to their own resources, they would have failed, because of their want of any previous training in the working of free institutions.

Therefore, a true, self-governing and successful German Colony under present conditions, appears to be an impossibility.

Germany is however steadily endeavouring to become a naval power. But until Prince Bismarck secures Holland, and mans his ironclads with Dutchmen, he is not likely to do much at sea to distinguish himself or the Nation he rules. On a parade ground the German looks well, on the field of battle he fights well; but on the sea, his military training is all against him. He may develope into a 'marine,' but into a sailor? No. His modernised Teutonism is against him.

Out of their own countries the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Portuguese are not Nation Makers. They have all tried and failed. Germans, under Bismarck's fostering care, have developed the instincts which distinguished them of old, and have built up an Empire which has for its chief foundations—blood and iron,—militarism and despotism. But all these count for little, in making the only kind of Nation worth

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living in, or worth dying for—*a free and self-governing Nation.*

New Zealand, the youngest of England's Nation Makers, the Britain of the South, is now engaged in the heroic work of Nation Making. Her area, it is true, is small, being only a little larger than Great Britain. But this smallness of area, offers the advantage of enabling us to measure the progress of the Nation Making now going on, better than if our energies were expended on a continental area.

Indeed the Colony of New Zealand presents in many respects, a counterpart of the Making of England in old times, with the advantage that the work is going on under our own eyes.

When Cæsar landed on the Kentish shore, he found the ancient Britons not very dissimilar, in many respects, from the modern Maories, as Cook found them. The Britons, like the Maories, were divided into tribes. The one painted, (more probably tatooed) their naked bodies, the other tatooed them. Both used canoes for navigating their rivers and round their coasts. Both used stone weapons. In the Britain of the North, the people under the Druidic priesthood probably worshipped a Supreme Being, with Thor the god of war, and other inferior deities. In the Britain of the South the Maories worshipped the ATUA or Controller, with TU the god of war, under the guidance of the *Tohungas* or priests; whilst an inner sacred circle paid their secret devotions to IO the Supreme Ruler.

Owing to their proximity to the mainland, the

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Britons had partially learnt the use of metals, and some of the ruder arts of life, which even a limited intercourse with other nations brings. The Maori Argonauts had made their last adventurous voyage of a thousand miles or more, and were then isolated for seven hundred years. In weapons, the Britons had the shield, the bow and arrow, and the spear. The Maories having neither shield nor bow, presented their naked bodies in hand-to-hand encounters with their foes, and were certainly not less valiant than their better equipped prototypes. The British Chief led his tribal forces into battle with horses and scythe-armed chariots. The Maori Chief rushed into the contest at the head of his warriors, naked and on foot. The ancient British fortifications, like the Maori *Pahs*, were earth-works, the advantage, both in design and execution,—so far as can be judged—being I think, with the latter. Both countries were originally singularly destitute of fruits. The Celt had probably only the crab or wild apple, the sloe or wild plum ; the Maori had only the *Tawa*,* *Hinau*, *Miro*, and *Karaka* berries. The latter he had brought with him from Hawaiki. Both were therefore necessarily agriculturists. The ancient Briton had rye and probably oats. The ancient Maori had no grain of any kind, but he had the root of the fern, or bracken, which grew in abundance.

The physical appearance of Great Britain in Cæsar's time was very similar to that of Greater Britain when Cook first saw New Zealand. Both countries were lands of mountains, plains and rivers. Both were

* Vowels in the Maori language are pronounced as in Italian.

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covered with forests, swamps and great stretches of bracken or fern, with grassy plains here and there. These latter, in Britain feeding wild boars and deer, whilst *their* grassy plains were of no use to the Maories, because, that not one four-footed animal of any kind existed, save the small native rat. Therefore, wherever there was grass in New Zealand, there were few or no Maories, save round the coasts, where fish was to be obtained. Both races, as I have said, were rude agriculturists. But the Maori had to work the harder to get anything to eat. The fern root was his mainstay, indeed generally his only food. This he had to dig with his rude *Tima* (hoe)—remarkably similar to the Egyptian hoe of thousands of years ago —or the *Ko* (wooden spade) and requiring constant and laborious work; then to roast and beat into a grey meal, for he had no quern, like the British savage.

The Maori was no hunter, for there were no animals to chase. He had to work hard to live at all, if his *Kainga* (or village) were away from the coast. This hard work, this constant struggle to live, which fern root demanded, I think, more than any other cause, made the Maories the strongest and most vigorous race of savages ever known. I have often ate this Maori food in a kind of porridge made from the fern meal. It is not very palatable, but it evidently was a great producer of bone, muscle, and stature, with a corresponding mental developement.

The inland waters of New Zealand were singularly destitute of fish, but in the innumerable swamps, the inland Maories found a good substitute in the eel,

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which abounded everywhere. Immense numbers of eels were caught and dried. In their frequent migrations to the sea coast, the inland Maories brought presents of dried eels to the coastal tribes, taking back with them on their return, large quantities of dried sharks, both eels and sharks being greatly valued by the Maories as *Kinakis* (relishes) to the insipid fern root.

When Cook introduced the pig and the potato, the Maories fared better, but I doubt whether they did not lose more than they gained by the change of food, for, though fern root continued to be largely an article of diet till forty years ago, there can be little doubt that the decline of the race began, when pigs and potatoes became their chief articles of food. The introduction of these relieved the Maories from the necessity for steady work during most of the year, for the potato, by three weeks' labour, supplied him with a year's food. Sharks and eels required both skill and labour to obtain, whilst the pig, feeding on the fern root rooted up by itself, needed no labour whatever.

'By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread' was the primal punishment imposed on man. Like some other punishments, it was a blessing in disguise. WORK is the condition of progress. LUXURY, which is only gilded idleness, the law of decay. The muscles of the body, the faculties of the mind, the emotions of the soul, without due exercise, suffer atrophy. The man—who does not work in some way—may be said to exist—but he does not *live*.

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CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS.

A Kindly Act.—Struggles.—A Soldier's service.—A Fire in a wooden City.—Liquid Fire.—A Maori Chief to the Rescue.—A War song and a Chorus.—A hardy Race, merry and grave.—Friends or Enemies.—Forecasts.—The Trial of Strength.—A tough old Salt.—No end of Bounce, no beginning of Courage.—Cannot Combine.—Cannot keep a Secret.—Predictions Fulfilled.

IN the year 1854 I arrived in the Colony of New Zealand. Ultimately I intended to embark in mercantile operations with an old schoolfellow, but in the first instance, I purchased a few allotments in the City of Auckland, and commenced making bricks there.

At the Government land auction sale, where I purchased my land, a little incident occurred, which I still remember with pleasure, as a kindly act. The late Mr. David Nathan, then a wealthy merchant, and I, were the only remaining competitors for the two acres of land I wanted.

'Now, Mr. Nathan,' said the auctioneer, 'the bid is against you.'

'I have done,' said the kind-hearted merchant, 'let the stranger have it.'

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This kindly deed bound my fortunes to the City of Auckland where I still reside. So I set to work. At that time my freehold was covered with tall *Manuka*—a sweet-scented myrtle-like shrub—and was situated in a deep valley in the city.

How I cut down the *Manuka*; how I built a small cottage; how I engaged an old soldier and a rollicking Irishman, both old gold-diggers, as my first workmen; how I built my brick-kiln; how the water failed; how I digged a well; which said well, I am pleased to think, in all the dry seasons for twenty years and more, supplied water to scores of families in the now thickly peopled little valley; how I loaded the bricks into drays, my hands at first, often skinned and bleeding in the process; how I made a road out of the deep gully; how I battled with a pair of restive horses up the steep hill; how my men 'struck'; how I finally conquered these, and a hundred other difficulties, will be of no particular interest to anybody. Suffice it to say, that I often look at the scene of my early struggles with keen interest.

The soldier, Tom Brown, has been in my service for thirty-three years, an honest man and an honoured friend.

I had not long been at work in my little valley, when an incident occurred, which brought me first into acquaintance with the Maories—the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand.

One night, I was aroused by Tom Brown from that sound sleep, which those who work hard all day in the open air, usually enjoy, with the news, that a

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great fire was raging in town on the 'Beach,' a place where, in the absence of wharves or quays, the business of the little town was then transacted.

At that time the town was built of wood, the houses being like wooden boxes, made by covering a light frame of timber with thin 'weather boards.'

The bugle was sounding the 'alarm' at the barracks, and as may be easily imagined, the excitement was intense. It was the first large fire in the infant city. Almost the whole population rushed to the scene. Companies of soldiers from the barracks, boats' crews from the man-o'-war in port, assisted by the citizens in long double files, were passing water in buckets from the sea, about one hundred yards away, it being then low water, men were shouting, women screaming, some wild with excitement, others paralysed with terror.

Owing to a large quantity of 'Kauri Gum'—an inflammable resinous substance peculiar to the North of New Zealand—having caught fire, all efforts to extinguish the flames appeared to be in vain, and a general conflagration seemed imminent. I had often witnessed 'fires' before, but never under such circumstances as this. A great fire in a stone or brick city, with fire brigades and abundance of water, is a sufficiently exciting spectacle, but it cannot be compared to a fire in a wooden city, without appliances or organization, and with such fuel to feed the flames, as the highly inflammable Kauri Gum. The lurid grandeur of the fire, and the tremendous excitement of

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the people, most of whom expected the whole town to be burnt, were indescribable.

During the height of the conflagration, whilst the great burning piles of gum melted, and falling down in fiery cascades, ran about in streams of liquid fire, instantaneously igniting everything with which they came in contact, my attention was arrested by the actions of a party of Maories of the Arawa tribe under their Chief. I can never forget the strength, energy, concert and courage which these children of the woods displayed. Standing on a low cliff overhanging the fire, the Maories were engaged shovelling earth on the mass of blazing liquid gum beneath, the water having little effect upon it. The Chief, spear in hand, directed their efforts. Their lithe, swarthy, half-naked figures with strident and tremendous energy, formed a striking picture, one moment hidden by the dense black volumes of stifling smoke, the next, illumined by the brilliant glare of the burning gum. The Chief encouraged his men by a war song, the tribe at short intervals, answering by a chorus, which rose in its fierce, vehement energy above the roar of the flames, and above the shouts of the excited multitude below.

THE CHIEF'S SONG.

Stretch forth your hands,
Lift your weapons high,
Loud roar the leaping flames,
Thick blackness hides the stars,
One in sympathy, O, warriors bend.

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Chorus.

We stretch our hands, our hands,
We lift our weapons high,
In sympathy we warriors bend.

By an hour's unabated toil, the Maories had covered the burning gum with earth, and before daybreak the conflagration was finally subdued.

Before this incident, I had noticed with interest, the Maories as they paddled their canoes laden, sometimes with fish, pumpkins, maize, peaches, live pigs or wheat; sometimes with a medley of most of these at once. I saw that they were a busy, clever, jolly, hardy race, full of fun generally, yet grave as Sachems when occasion needed.

After work was over, a quiet stroll on the beach was often rewarded by glimpses of Maori life and manners well worth noting. Squatting round the ruddy fires on the sea shore, they reminded me of the Gypsies I used to watch long ago, as they camped on the commons and green lanes of Old England. They had however, little of the arrant roguishness and none of the low, furtive looks of the gypsy, but looked ideals of frankness and freedom, as I strolled amongst them.

I often thought they would be much better fellows as friends than as enemies. They appeared to me, in these early days, to be quite satisfied as to who were masters. The free-and-easy patronage they displayed towards the Colonists, seemed to say

'We find you very useful people, you bring us blankets, guns and many other useful things, you

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build schooners and ships, and your flour and sugar are very agreeable indeed.'

They seemed to have quite settled it, that we were good for everything except fighting. Curious speculations would occupy me during these evening strolls. I often drew fancy pictures of what would happen, when these free and independent savages began to find out that we meant to be rulers of these islands; of what deeds would be done; of what struggles, massacres, and terrors would be witnessed, if we ever came to take opposite sides.

I gradually made up my mind that the trial of strength between the races would certainly come before long, and the splendid tableau of the Chieftain directing his followers at the fire, convinced me, that when the struggle did come, it would be severe.

Sitting one evening about Christmas under the shadow of a *Pohutakawa* (the Christmas tree) laden at this season, with masses of splendid crimson flowers, I pointed out to a companion—who like myself was enjoying the quiet beauty of the sunset on the sea—the skill and agility of a party of Maori youths sporting beneath us.

'I have little doubt, Captain,' I said, 'that one of these days the Colonists will learn what stuff these fellows are made of. Their past successes have evidently made them look upon us with an air of condescension, if not of contempt.'

Captain D——, who was a tough old salt and a much older colonist than I, replied, by watching a whiff from his pipe as it quietly ascended, and gradually disappeared.

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'Contempt indeed!' said he, 'I should think so, and no wonder; why look at the rout of the military at Ohaiwai, when 110 soldiers were shot down in a few minutes, the Maories hardly losing a man.' 'It is true,' continued he, 'that such affairs as the Wairau massacre, where the Colonists showed no end of bounce and no beginning of real courage, degraded us in the eyes of the Maories, but for all that we have little to fear, for my experience of them teaches me, that they can never combine and can never keep a secret.'

'That remains to be seen,' I replied; 'the Maories have latterly regarded us so lightly, that there has been nothing to call for either one or the other. But let them once begin to feel that we are becoming too numerous, they will certainly combine and keep us in the dark as well. Once let them feel, that the predictions of the Missionaries, the runaway sailors, and the escaped convicts settled all round the coast, that we mean to be masters, are coming true, and they will combine to endeavour to drive us out of the Island.'

In less than seven years my predictions were fully realized. Hostilities recommenced, in 1860, at Taranaki, and gradually extended, till in 1863, and subsequent years, massacres sieges, battles, defeats, and victories had covered nearly every part of the North Island south of the City of Auckland. The Maori wars are matters of history, and it is not necessary that I should refer to them—in this story—further than incidentally, as may be necessary to illustrate the Making of the Nation of New Zealand.

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CHAPTER III.

IN THE FIFTIES.

An Infant City.—The Lords of the Land.—A Maori Chief and his Retainers.—A bare-legged Gentleman.—A Slave in slop clothes.—Cobbler's manacles.—A Natural Nobleman.—An evening Party.—A Chief in Full dress. A NATIVE QUARREL.—'*Where is it?*'—'*Who is she?*'—*A little Pig.—A great Pet.—A Pig in Arms.—The* Korero (*talk*) *begins.—Maori Orators.—*'Poaka *is mine.*'—'*I will eat him.*' *Pig as a food, better than Man.—The Contest grows fiercer.—The Orators dance and Shake their spears.—The hubbub increases.—The priest's Oration.—A half-and-half Proposal.—Shouts of* '*Divide the* Poaka,' (*pig*).—*A Maori woman to the rescue.—The Pig's Foster Mother.—A file of Soldiers.—*'Kapai, *the pig is hers.*' *The Quarrel ended.*

AS already stated, I had not been long in New Zealand before my attention was strongly attracted to the Maories, who at that time frequented the City of Auckland in large numbers. In those days, civilization had made neither its conquests nor its victims amongst the Maori savages. A Maori Chief and his retainers landed from their canoes in one of the numerous bays, drawing up his canoes on the sandy shore, and dispersing amongst the half-formed streets of the infant city, with fish, Indian corn, peaches,

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pigs or potatoes, which they offered for sale. The Chief in his Maori mat or blanket, every part of his noble features usually covered with the black curved lines of tatoo, stalked through the streets with a dignified air, as if the City belonged to him. I suppose he was in reality surprised at the strange things he saw around him, but whatever may have been his thoughts, beyond an occasional lifting of the eyebrows, he made no sign of astonishment or wonder. Clothed in his embroidered mat and innocent of those cobbler's manacles—the boot or shoe—he stalked through the town with the grace and dignity befitting one of Nature's noblemen.

As the disposal of their produce proceeded, each member of the tribe would don some article of European dress he had purchased. If the sale were slow, the clothing was promptly passed along from one to the other. The Chief would doff his mat, and appear in a full suit of black cloth and a pair of boots. Then indeed his dignity had departed. His Roman contour was lost in the suit of slop clothing; the grand free steps of his naked feet had degenerated into a cramped, angular shamble, more akin to the gait of a slave, than like the firm, graceful tread of a savage Chief.

Long ago, these slops were only worn on tribal visits to town. At the Native villages the Maories clothed themselves in a more natural garb, and were healthier and happier in consequence. When in Auckland they endeavoured more and more to dress

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in European fashion, sometimes however, not without difficulty.

A friend of mine had invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to an evening party. Amongst them appeared a Maori Chief of rank, dressed in a heavy overcoat and top boots. It being a hot summer evening, my friend, the host, invited his Maori guest to take off his overcoat. Taking the host into a quiet corner, the Chief unbuttoned the overcoat, revealing, to my friend's consternation, nothing underneath, but the naked skin of the Chief. Tapping his brawny breast with comic gravity, the Chief said,

'Do you wish me to take away the coatee now?

'No, thank you,' replied the host, and closely re-buttoning the coat, he left his dark-skinned guest to swelter, as best he could, in the thick garb of civilization.

It was a stirring sight, in the olden times, to witness a dispute between two tribes encamped on the beach. A vacant space between the encampments would from time to time be occupied by an orator, now from one party, now from the other, in the discussion of these occasional quarrels. The quarrel may have been about the most common causes, 'land' or 'woman.'

Indeed, so well understood is this, that on first hearing of a contest between distant tribes, a Chief would at once enquire

'Where is it?' or, 'Who is she?'

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In the scene I am about to describe, the quarrel was as to the ownership of a pig. Now a pig to a peasant Irishman is an important personage, as he pays the 'rint.' (That was before the adoption of the 'Plan' *not* to pay the 'rint' either by the pig or by any other tenant.)

As a wealth-producing animal a pig takes high rank in America, and in the Chicago slaughteryards he is knocked down by the million. But amongst the Maories, the *Poaka* (pig) held a different position. He was not only a domestic animal, but a pet, one of the family indeed, and often fed and fondled like a child; accompanying the tribe on its frequent journeys, tempted along by an occasional potato thrown to it, and encouraged by the cry '*Poaka, Poaka,*' in tones more or less affectionate.

If, on these marches, a pig were small or feeble, it would be carried along like a child, slung on the back of a woman. So fond are some of the women of *Poaka*, that I have often seen a woman nurse a little pig. It will be seen, therefore, that in the absence of those standing causes of quarrel—a piece of land or a woman—a pig was no infrequent nor unimportant substitute.

In the *Korero* (talk or discussion) I am describing, a pig, as I have said, was in dispute. The first Maori to enter the open space was a well-built savage of no great rank. Pacing slowly backwards and forwards, he began,

'Salutations to you, O Chiefs, who dwell by the sea. Salutations to you, whose dwelling is on the

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mountains. Hearken. This is my word. This pig is mine.'

Falling back amongst his tribe, a Chief from the other side stood up, saying,

'Salutations to you all. Hearken. Te Mata has spoken. I have heard his words. He said "*Poaka, Poaka.*" Enough. I have done.'

One after another, orators rose—chiefly from the tribe which most loudly claimed the pig—the chief burden of their speeches being echoes of what had been said by their friends, all ending with the oft-repeated words,

'The pig is mine. Enough.'

A young Ngapuhi Chief now stepped into the arena. Looking round and saluting both tribes in turn, Herini dropped on all fours, and mimicked the grunting of a pig, as he traversed the arena from side to side. The grave silence with which the speakers had hitherto been listened to, was broken by loud laughter and cries of '*Poaka, Poaka.*' For the Maori, with all his gravity, is a man who loves a laugh.

In the silence which followed, Herini slowly rose and saying with great gravity,

'I am a pig and I dwell with the Ngapuhis,' retired amongst his tribe.

A long silence followed. At length, Te Hiroki, an old Chief of the Ngatimarus, rose. Grasping his spear in both hands, he made a feint of attacking an imaginary foe, and looking at Herini, said,

'Salutations to you O *Poaka.* Cease your grunting. My pig is a little pig with a curly tail. Hearken.

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The pig is mine. His ancestors dwelt in my *Kainga* (village). I have eaten them. My ancestors have eaten their ancestors for many generations. My ancestors since the time of Captain Cook have always eaten *Poaka*, when they had no Ngapuhi to eat. My friends, we have ceased to cook and eat Ngapuhi. We love *Poaka* better. It is sweeter and more tender.'

Striking his spear on the ground, Te Hiroki repeated the old refrain,

'The pig is mine,' and looking round the audience said with a fierce grin,

'I will eat him.'

During these orations the innocent pig had been closely kept amongst the natives who held possession —by tossing him a few potatoes at intervals. At length he lay down in the sun, and fell fast asleep innocent of the hubbub he caused. Meantime the Orators shake their spears. The contest waxed louder and fiercer. Excited orators walked, danced and leaped about the arena, detailing ancient battles, and cannibal feasts. Taunts flew thick and fast from side to side. Preparations were beginning to be made for a defiant war dance by each side.

Indeed, it seemed quite time for the police to interfere. But in those primitive times, the police were few, and knew better than to meddle in such a quarrel as this threatened to be.

Whilst the hubbub and excitement were increasing every moment, an old hunchback leaning on his staff

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feebly raised his voice and claimed a hearing. Whether from his priestly office—for he was a *Tohunga* (priest)—or from his great age, I know not, but in an instant, every voice was hushed, every Maori motionless.

'Salutations to you, O dwellers on the mountains. Salutations to you who fish for the sharks in Hauraki. Why does the thunder of your voices fill the air? Why do lightnings flash from your eyes? Hearken. They have ceased. It is well. What do I hear? Listen. "*Poaka. Poaka.*" It is the voice of a little pig. Friends, if the warriors of Hauraki wish to fight, let them fight for the lands of their ancestors. If the Chiefs of Ngapuhi desire to dip their spears in the blood of their foes—let them avenge the wrongs of the women of their tribes. O Chiefs, let your anger cease. Let not the squeaking of this little pig disturb you. Bring this pig to me, and I will divide it—one half to Ngatimaru, one half to Ngapuhi.'

This decision was received with marks of approbation, and shouts of

'Divide the *Poaka*,' 'Cut it in two,' from the tribe who falsely claimed it, and growls of dissent from the real owners. The little pig was promptly seized, and a knife was passed to the *Tohunga* to carry out his decision.

At this moment a native woman approached the encampment, bearing on her back a load of firewood which she had brought from a neighbouring forest. Seeing the position at a glance, she dashed down her load, and rushing up to the *Tohunga* demanded the

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little pig. The rival claims were shortly made known to her.

Demanding the release of the pig, she cried softly '*Poaka, Poaka.*' The released pig at once trotted up to her. To take it to her bosom was the work of a moment. The deep silence was broken only by the satisfied grunts of the pig, as it nestled in the arms of its foster mother.

Shouts of '*Kapai, Kapai*' (It is well), 'the pig is hers,' rent the air, and the file of soldiers, which by this time had drawn up near the disputants, marched back to the barracks.

The quarrel was ended.

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CHAPTER IV.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

English interest in the story of New Zealand.—Extermination of Aboriginal Races.—Man a religious animal.—A Brighter Morn.—'Britannia Rules the waves.'—A charmed circle.—The fatal Mistake.—A bastard Language.—Missionaries and waifs and strays.—A great opportunity Missed.—Language a Conqueror.—False ideas corrected.—The Twenty years' War avoided.—The Aryan Race.

MORE than a hundred years have passed away since Cook discovered and took formal possession of New Zealand. During that long period the romantic interest in the islands, which was excited by the genius of the great navigator, has not ceased to animate the English nation. Neither the lapse of time, nor a long succession of untoward events, has removed New Zealand from the circle of English sympathies. The theories of colonization, the systems of government, the noble Christian efforts, and the stirring and warlike events of which New Zealand has of late years been the arena, may account for much of the painful interest with which it continues to be regarded by the philosopher, the statesman, and the philanthropist.

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By steadfast efforts, civilization is raising its trophies amongst us. Farms, ships, and cities are to be seen on every hand. Yet, if civilization has its victories, it has its victims also. Sad as the statement may be, it can hardly be denied that civilization rarely assimilates the aboriginal element. To be degraded, to be enslaved, or to be exterminated, has too often been the hard fate of barbaric races, when they have come in contact with modern civilization. To remove this great reproach, to civilize, to Christianize, and to save the Maori race, has been a great work which all good men have desired to see accomplished. Many plans have been tried, many mistakes have been made; but the work is not yet done. We have not secured success. If we have acquired experience, if we have drawn lessons from the weary past, and if manfully and at all cost we are determined wisely to apply these lessons, we may yet look for a brighter and more successful future.

The conditions under which the Crown assumed the Sovereignty of New Zealand were on the whole favourable. The imitative faculties of the Maori led him to adopt many of the habits and wants of the Europeans. His trading propensities enabled him to obtain readily the means of satisfying his desires. They also furnished a lever of no mean power wherewith to raise him out of the grim den of barbarism in which he had dwelt so long.

In common with all the races of mankind, the Maori is a religious animal. Call it superstition, call it devil-worship, call it what you will, that feeling of

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weakness, of helplessness, which lies at the threshold of all religious sentiment, existed in the people we found here, and was either a power for evil, or a power for good. Whilst the ships and the arms of the white traders secured the respect of the natives, the simple truths of the Gospel won his admiration. Up to this point, the bright visions of English philanthropists seemed about to be realised. The hideous deeds of the long dark night of heathenism began to disappear before a brighter morn, before the golden precepts of a purer faith.

In 1840, the confederated chiefs ceded the sovereignty to England. That great power, whose steps were on every sea, whose achievements in arts and arms had been celebrated in every quarter of the globe, made its appearance in New Zealand. The Missionary had told of the great and good deeds of Britain. The runaway sailors had narrated to the warrior chiefs, stories of the deeds, by sea and land, of warriors greater than themselves. Both had an unwavering faith in the prowess of their race. Not only did the sentiment that

Britannia rules the waves,

echo through many a Maori *Pah*, but the *prestige* of England became one of the chief articles in the new creed of the Maori.

Thus did commerce, religion, and law unite their forces to rescue the Maori race from the blighting influence which the white man's presence had too often exerted on his dark-skinned brethren.

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Such were some of the conditions under which the sovereignty was assumed.

When a great nation like England attempts to rule a little one in the peculiar circumstances of New Zealand, it is not surprising if many grave mistakes are made. From the first, a dire fatality attended our movements, whether military or civil. From within the charmed circle of a famous *prestige*, one would have thought that we might have exorcised the evil spirit from the Maori. And so we could, but for one fatal mistake.

When the Missionaries arrived in New Zealand they found the primitive Maori language, though abounding in Aryan words sufficient for the simple wants of the savages they ventured amongst, altogether incapable of conveying the new ideas of Christianity and civilization. They proceeded to make this primitive language fit the new conditions. They set to work in this way :—

The English name of the Capital City of the Colony was 'Auckland.' To obtain a corresponding word, a Maori was invited to pronounce the word 'Auckland.' The nearest approach the Native could then make to it, was 'Akarana,' and that became the Maori name of the City. In like manner 'Pork' became *Poaka*, the Maori word for 'pig,' and so on.

By making and retaining this degraded, hybrid language, the Missionaries may have hoped to retain control of the Maori people, to have kept them under tutelage, till they had Christianized them. In the mean time, many European waifs and strays located

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about the coasts and in the interior, had acquired a knowledge of the Maori language, and there grew up a class of men known as 'Pakeha Maories,' many of whom lived in Maori *Kaingas* (villages), and became more or less Maori in habits and ideas. There was however another class who, possibly from having the 'gift of language,' acquired a knowledge of Maori, amongst whom were many bright examples of upright gentlemen.

From these two classes sprung the 'Interpreters,' who naturally became the chief medium of communication between the two races. The 'Bible,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' with a few others, were translated into the hybrid language, and formed the sole literature of the Maori people.

By this course a great opportunity was missed. The Saxons conquered our Celtic ancestors, not so much by their arms, as by their language. Had the Missionaries ignored the imperfect Maori language, and boldly taught the Natives the English tongue, they would doubtless have found their initial labours much more difficult, but they would have brought the Maories into direct lingual communication with the English Colonists, and into contact with English literature. The Maories would not then have been left in the hands of people, whose interest lay in retaining their influence over the native race, by being the sole means of communication between them and the white men, so keeping the two races apart, to the irreparable injury of both.

Disputes, trifling in themselves, would have dis-

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appeared, if every Maori disputant could have talked over his grievance with the first Colonist he met. Misapprehensions would never have hardened into wrongs, if they could have been explained at once.

If the Maories and Colonists could have directly traded together, could have been taught together in the same schools, could have worshipped together in the same churches, without any 'go-betweens,' the twenty years' war would never have occurred; millions of treasure would have been saved, and the blood of both races, instead of being shed like water, would have mingled in the Britain of the South, as the blood of the Celt and the Saxon had mingled in the long ago in the Britain of the North; and two branches of the Aryan family, after a separation of thousands of years, and of thousands of miles, would have been re-united in these remote Islands of the Sea, and the Making of a new Nation would have proceeded under happier conditions.

The English nation earnestly desired to rescue the Maori race from destruction. Few enterprises since the abolition of slavery have been undertaken in our time with more ardour. The overthrow of Mexico and the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, and our own occupation of the North American continent in later times, had been attended with results which had alarmed and outraged Christendom. The silver-shod cavalry of Pizarro had banished the Inca from the gilded palace of his fathers, just as our western trappers had driven the Red Indian from his hunting grounds. Are aboriginal races always to disappear

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before the inroads of the white man? If civilization is inexorable in recording sentence of death against the dark-skinned races, it certainly matters little, whether the executioners be the homespun backwoodsmen of our own time, or the splendid buccaneers of an earlier age.

Could England have rescued the Maori from a similar doom, she would have raised a proud testimony against the homage that civilization pays to mammon. She sought to rear a temple to philanthropy. She has left instead an edifice in ruins.

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CHAPTER V.

A MAORI NATION MAKER.

A young Maori Chief.—A Code of Laws for the Maories, submitted to Government.—A sincere Christian.—A Man of Mark.—A true Patriot.—He knows nobody.—Gets no hearing.—Retires disappointed.—Takes passage in a Coasting Cutter.—'Go ashore you Nigger.'—A Christian Gentleman in a Maori Mat.—Resolves to Make a Nation.—William Thompson the King Maker.—Begins his Work.—A Tribal combination. A MAORI VILLAGE *in* 1856:—*Houses and plantations.—The Church on the Hill.—Peach tree groves.—The Mill in the Valley.—The Post Office.—The Chief's Schoolhouse.—The Council House.—Force and dignity of Maori oratory. The Church-going Bell.—Communism.—Individualism.*—THE VILLAGE *of* 1820:—*Cannibals and Fortifications.—Wars and rumours of Wars.—Maori Chivalry.—A Chief of the olden time.—The Heralds.—A Message of War.—A Reply in kind.—Silent but Effective.—Peace unbroken.—A real Savage.—Target practice.—The Missionaries appear.—Nation Making continues.—Thompson pursues his way Alone.—His Policy on Two Lines.—Combination.—Stoppage of Land Sales.*

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, a young Maori Chief of high rank arrived in the City of Auckland, to confer with the New Zealand Government upon the adoption of a simple Code of Laws for the better government of the Maori people. Straight as an

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arrow, lithe and stalwart from personal toil, of great mental power, with the manners and feelings of a natural gentleman—not obscured by the dark skin and primitive garb of the Maories—a constant student of the New Testament, and a sincere Christian, the young Chief was a man of mark.

Though the only son of a warrior renowned in Maori story, he was a man of peace. He had been carefully taught and trained by the Missionaries, and was one of their most promising, as well as most distinguished converts. He had built a school for his people, and for some years before his visit to Auckland, had been its most active and capable teacher.

As he has often expressed to me, he desired to make his people into a Nation, capable of existence amongst the increasing numbers of the white Colonists, without being either demoralized by their vices or crushed by their power. The descendant of a line of warrior chiefs, he felt the pulsations in his own veins of the blood of a free, though savage race. A patriot of the first water, he wanted to make his people really free, not in antagonism to the Colonists, but under their guidance. He had pondered long on the difficult task of how to bring a fierce race of democratic, warlike communists—for, as I shall note in another chapter, the Maories were practical communists—into a condition of progress.

The increasing numbers of the *Pakehas* (colonists) and the granting of a Constitution to New Zealand, had stimulated his efforts, and he had drawn up a Code of Laws for the better government of his people, and

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now visited Auckland to submit his ideas to the New Zealand Government for inspection and correction.

It was his first visit to the City and he knew nobody. Finding his way as best he could, to the Government offices, he attempted again and again to obtain a hearing, but in vain. After repeated efforts he gave up the attempt in disgust.

Carrying his Code with him, he took passage in a small cutter trading to the port nearest his ancestral domains. On the voyage, the master ran the cutter into a small bay to procure water. Ignorant of his passenger's rank, he roughly said,

'Here, you nigger, go ashore and bring some water aboard.'

The blue blood of the great Chief tingled, his eye flashed for an instant, at being commanded to do the work of a *Taurekareka* (slave) by a *Tutua* (low person).

Happily the savage instincts of the dark 'son of warriors' had been replaced by the placid temper of a Christian gentleman, and, without a word, he obeyed the rude command. Nevertheless, the incident deepened the conviction he had already formed, that if his people were not to continue savages, if indeed, they were not to be made subject to the white race, they must make themselves into a Nation.

This young Chief was Wi Tamehana te Waharoa, afterwards famous as William Thompson the King Maker, who with patient energy, consummate skill and steadfast courage, struggled long—but as the result proved struggled in vain, to accomplish his purpose —noble, if impossible.

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Arriving in his own territory, he began his work by convening assemblies of the Maories at various points At these meetings he unfolded his objects and plans; submitted a code of laws; combatted objections; reconciled ancient tribal feuds; revived in every district the ancient Maori *Runangas* (councils); finally, welding the Tribes into a powerful combination; and to give force and point to his efforts, proposed to make the renowned warrior Chief Te Wherowhero, King of the Maori Nation.

William Thompson's favourite place of abode was at the large Maori village of Peria. When I visited Peria in 1856, though retaining the best features of a purely Maori settlement, it bore abundant marks of the genius of Thompson. It was beautifully situated on a number of gentle eminences; on the summit of every hill were located the *Whares* (houses) of a *Hapu* (kindred families), each surrounded by its own little plantations of wheat, maize, kumaras and potatoes. Every cluster of houses was hidden in its grove of peach trees, and was provided with a *Patuka* (storehouse) raised three feet from the ground on strong posts, with projecting timber caps as a precaution against rats. In these *Patukas* the better class of food was stored; potatoes being kept all the year round in *Ruas* (silos, holes), each holding about a ton, carefully excavated and provided with a well-fitted trap door. (Some idea may be formed of the number of inhabitants in Peria at that time, from the circumstance, that fifteen years later, when the settlement was de-

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serted, I had nine hundred of these *Ruas* filled up.) The *Patukas* were generally ornamented with grotesque carvings coloured red to make them *Tapu* (sacred), and were very striking objects in a village.

A Maori-built church crowned one height, the ancient burial place another. Thompson's own house, nestling in a grove of peach trees, stood on an eminence, from which stretched north and south, the level plains of the great valley of the Thames. In the lofty mountain range opposite could be seen, like a streak of silver, the Wairere waterfall, five hundred feet or more in height. From the same point could be seen Tarawera mountain—since famous for its volcanic eruption in June 1886—whilst far to the south, lay the snow-capped peaks of Ruapehu and Tongariro.

On an adjacent hill stood a post office, from which Thompson despatched letters to all the Maori villages. In the valley below the village, a stream turned a little flour mill, where the dusky farmers ground their wheat. Not far from this, stood the school-house, in which the Chief taught his scholars of every age, from the tatooed old chief to the boy and girl. A large *Whare Runanga* (council hall) occupied a central position, where from time to time the affairs of the Maori Nation were discussed by Chiefs of renown, in speeches marked by the fire, humour, action, dignity and decorum characteristic of Maori oratory.

Every morning and evening a bell called this orderly, simple, religious people to prayers. I never saw a more charming instance of simple idyllic life,

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than this remarkable Maori village presented in 1856.

It seemed after all, that the enigma of how to graft the best form of civilization—Christ's civilization—on, *not* the worst form of savagism was about to be solved.

The ancient communal life of the Maori Nation seemed to be developing into a generous individualism, free from much of the inordinate selfishness, engendered by Companies, Syndicates and Trusts—the latest phases of modern civilization. As if, whilst a nation of savages were abandoning *their* communism, civilization was busy in hatching a communism, which, whilst it fattens one portion of the community, shamelessly plunders, or makes slaves of the other.

This partial abandonment of communism had been greatly due to the steadfast efforts of the Chief William Thompson, aided by the Missionaries.

Thirty years before, Pae-o-tuwaru (Peria) was a *Kainga* of the old style. *Then,* strong Maori *Pahs* (fortifications) frowned from every prominent hill ; a fierce race of warriors, communists and cannibals, held their lands and lives, only by constant watchfulness ; fierce attacks and gallant defences occurring at frequent intervals, followed by the usual cannibal feasts. Nevertheless, these contests were conducted generally with singular chivalry.

One lazy summer's day two messengers from a mountain Chief arrived at Pae-o-tuwaru with an announcement of an intended attack. The old tatooed

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warrior Chief of the village, lazily reclining in the sunshine against a prostrate tree, and quietly killing the insects which usually torment the Maori, received the heralds. They delivered their warlike message, and gravely waited for the Chief's reply. According to Maori custom, he manifested no fear, not even surprise, beyond quietly raising his eyebrows. Then, when he had sufficiently displayed his indifference, without saying a single word, he quietly caught one of the insects, and with a turn of his thumb, killed it on the log.

That was all. The heralds had seen his action, and understood the reply it conveyed. After an interval, due to the power of the Chief and to the importance of their message, they departed. This piece of grim humour was more effective than any fierce challenge, for it meant

'Let your master lead on his warriors, and I will crush him, as easily as I have crushed the insect.'

No attack was made, and the peace remained unbroken.

This grim old Chief was a real savage. When guns first made their appearance in the village, by way of having the requisite target practice, he would squat at the door of his house, and fire at any unfortunate slave as he passed within range.

Not long after, the old Chief died, the Missionaries appeared, and through their teaching and William Thompson's growing influence, tribal contests, slavery and cannibalism disappeared, and the savage, warlike

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Kainga of Pae-o-tuwaru became transformed into the peaceful, industrious, Christian village of Peria as I first saw it.

It was from this village, that the Chief William Thompson directed the work of Maori Nation Making he had commenced, until, as already stated, he has so far succeeded, as to have welded most of the tribes into a powerful combination, and taken measures for the election of a Maori King. Though the son of one of the most renowned warriors in Maori story, William Thompson was essentially a man of peace. A wonderful instance of the mental vigour and capability of the Native race, he nevertheless, perhaps not unnaturally, failed to grasp the consequences certain to arise from his patriotic policy. He neither intended, wished for, nor expected a contest to occur between the dark race and the white strangers who were swarming into the Colony. Failing to secure the guidance and help of the New Zealand Government, he pursued his way alone.

His policy ran on two main lines.

First, to combine his people, so that they might pursue their forward march, unchecked by tribal contests, and present a national barrier to the inroads of the restless White man.

Second.—To prevent absolutely any further sale or lease of lands to the Government or to White settlers.

To these, he added.—Education, the pursuit of agriculture, and the abstinence from rum or intoxicating liquors of any kind.

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CHAPTER VI.

A MAORI NATION MAKER.—*Continued.*

The Nation Maker pursues his Policy.—Combination.—Secrecy.—A Maori Witenagemot.—The Whare Runanga *(Council House).—Description.—Carved ancestors.—Woman's Rights.—The subject for discussion.—Maori Oratory.—'Let us drive the White men into the Sea.'—A painted Orator.—The Island ours.—A silent Oration.—Darkness.—*A GREAT MEETING :—*The Fatal day.—The election of the King.—A Bold Protest.—A Prophetic Warning.—The Contest commenced.—The Ten years' War.—Heroic struggles.—Enormous odds.—The Maori Remnant.—All is lost save honour.—The broken-hearted Patriot.—Destruction of his Nation.—A Wasted Life.—The noblest of the Maories.—The dying Patriot.—'I die, but let my Words remain.'—At the Resting place of the Sea.*

DURING the next two years, William Thompson actively prosecuted his great policy of making the Maori people into a Nation. From the Native districts where his influence was paramount, nearly all the *Pakeha* Maories (white squatters) were driven away. Not long afterwards, the Missionaries were ordered to depart. The Maories were proving the truth of my surmise, that they could both combine and keep a secret, for the son of Te Waharoa had welded many of the most powerful tribes into a great

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combination, who kept their plans so secret, that very little reliable information of their intentions or actions reached the New Zealand Government.

Notwithstanding Thompson's efforts however, the Arawa tribes did not join the confederation, though many of their Chiefs were shaken in their loyalty to English rule. In many of the Arawa villages, meetings were held to discuss their relations towards the proposed Maori King and the Colonists.

One of these meetings I may describe, as it conveys a fair idea of the gravity and decorum with which the Maories conducted their assemblies. Like our Saxon ancestors, the whole people—men and women—had the right to attend and speak, if they had anything to say. There was no representative system amongst them, nor were there any secret conclaves which exercised any compulsory powers. I the more readily describe the proceedings at this particular assembly, because it gives a fair idea of Maori meetings and it contrasts favourably with the rudeness and uproar, which are marked features in most of our Colonial Parliaments, and for which the Great Parliament of the Empire, the British House of Commons itself, is becoming notorious.

The meeting was held at a village on the western shore of Lake Taupo, in a large *Whare Runanga* (council house), which I more particularly describe here, because these 'carved houses' are rapidly disappearing.

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The 'council house' was a low-eaved building of wood, one hundred and fifty feet long by forty-five feet wide, with a high gabled roof, and a verandah or porch at one end. The front gable was ornamented by deep barge boards, boldly and richly carved in open scroll work, the terminal at the peak of the gable being the figure-head of a renowned ancestor of the tribe, the face tatooed with the *Moko* (tatoo, practically 'the tartan') of the tribe. Within the porch, were a low doorway and two small square openings to admit light and air, closed when required, by sliding panels. Six massive posts, twenty-five feet in length, running down the centre, supported the heavy roof-tree. From this roof-tree, rafters, usually six feet apart, came down to a heavy wallplate. This being supported by carved massive wooden figures six feet apart, each representing an ancestor, and every face tatooed with the *Moko* of the tribe. These figures were carved in a grotesque, sometimes in a hideous manner, but considering the rude implements employed, not without great artistic skill and boldness. Every face wore a strange, placid gravity, almost Egyptian in character. The eyes were represented by pieces of mutton-fish shell, like mother-of-pearl; the usual three-fingered hands resting on the breast; the walls between the carved figures were filled in with reeds, plain and coloured, arranged in various patterns. The spaces in the roof between the rafters, were filled with fronds of the *Nikau* palm, and were blackened with the smoke of many Council fires.

In this Council hall, the meeting I am about to

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describe was held. Like all important assemblies, it was held at night. A lighted candle was attached to each of the carved figures round the *Runanga* house. In these halls, as I may call them, there were no seats, the people—men and women—squatting, or lying on the earthen floor. In such meetings the women take part and sometimes speak. I may perhaps, best notice here, that amongst the Maories, 'women's rights' are recognized. One reason arising probably, from the safe custom of tracing descent through the female line. The women rarely took part in a battle, but they were the chief cultivators of the ground—they doing the work, their lords the fighting.

The hall was well filled with men and women, some in Native costume, many in European clothing.

The subject for discussion was :—

'What was to be done with the *Pakehas* (colonists).'

The usual grave and dignified demeanour pervaded the assembly. Smoking was not 'strictly prohibited,' for many, both men and women, were smoking, the short black pipes being passed from mouth to mouth, as occasion required.

At length a Chief rose, and said, 'Salutations to you, O Chiefs of Taupo. The *Pakehas* (colonists) are many. Every day a *Kaipuke* (ship) brings a tribe of men and women to the anchorage of the sea at Auckland. Hearken. I hear the tramp of their horses as they spread over the plains. They cut down the forests, and make their roads over the mountains. They bring axes and ploughs, guns and tobacco, rum and

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clothing. The waters of Lake Taupo ripple on the shore, but they never overflow the land. The *Pakehas* have crossed the *Moananui* (the ocean). They rise like the tide. Hearken. This is my word. They will cover the land, and sweep the Maories away. Enough. I have spoken.'

After this oration, listened to in profound silence, a young Chief rose and said,

'This is my word. The *Pakehas* will eat us up. Let us drive them into the sea.'

Grunts of approbation followed. The next speaker said,

'This island is mine. I love not the White faces. Their rum and their guns and tobacco are good. Hearken. This is my word. Let us take all the rum and guns, all the tobacco and blankets they have, and drive the White faces into the sea.'

At short intervals Chief followed Chief to the same purport, amongst them, being a young Chief with red-painted cheeks and feather-plumed head. Brandishing a tomahawk, he said,

'Listen. I will kill them all. I will drink their rum.'

An old Chief now stood up, leaning on a spear, whose face was black with deeply scored lines of tatoo, and whose eyes were red with the smoke of a hundred council fires; he said,

'Let the *Pakehas* be driven into the sea. Then the voices of the white-faced strangers will be no more heard in the land. The graves, where our ancestors sleep, will be sacred from the hated feet of the stranger. The Island will be ours. Our sacred river

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(Waikato) carries the worthless pumice stones into the salt water. Hearken. This is my word. In like manner, let the *Pakehas* (colonists) be swept into the sea. *Kati* (I have finished).'

This speech met the approval of the assembly, evidenced by general cries of '*Kapai, Kapai, Kanuipai*' (Good, good, very good).

Silence once more reigned in the Hall, in the midst of which there stood up an aged Chief, renowned for his warlike deeds and for his wise counsels. Leaning on his spear, with grave dignity he looked round the assemblage. For a few moments, he stood silent and motionless, then, turning to the carved ancestral pillar nearest him, he put out the lighted candle attached to it. Slowly moving to the next light, he extinguished that also. With stately step, he passed round the Hall putting out every light.

The assembly was in darkness. Not a sound broke the profound silence.

Then the voice of the venerable Chief was heard,

'I have driven the *Pakeha* and all his works into the sea. Enough. I have ended.'

A Maori does not need a surgical operation to enable him to see a joke. If its point or moral lie a little below the surface, he loves it the more.

Not a word more was spoken. One by one, every man and woman silently left the Council Hall. The wise old man, with his grave humour, had reversed the opinions of the assembly more completely, than if, with many words he had explained, that if the Colo-

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nists were driven from the Island, the Maories would be deprived of every article they had brought with them, many of which had become indispensable to the Maori people.

Thus, this Parliament of gentlemen savages conducted its proceedings and dispersed, setting an example worthy of imitation by the Parliaments of savage gentlemen nearer home.

In almost every *Runanga* house south of the City of Auckland, meetings of Maories were held to discuss the questions of Making the Maori people into a Nation, and of electing a King as the natural consequence. After endless *Koreros* (talks), it was at length decided to elect a King, and a great meeting of the Maori tribes was held at Ngaruawahia in 1858 for the purpose.

For weal or woe the irretrievable step was then to be taken.

Nor was William Thompson without warning that his proposal to set up a King would be attended with disastrous results to the young Nation he was endeavouring, with so much patient energy to make. For on many previous occasions, and specially at the great meeting of the Maori tribes held at Ngaruawahia in 1858, for the purpose of electing a King, a near kinsman of his own, the Chief Te Raihi, who—without Thompson's higher nature—possessed a clearer discernment, and a more practical recognition of pro-

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babilities ; and with more hard-headed common sense than any Maori Chief I have ever known—resolutely stood alone on the fatal day, which decided the fortunes and the future of the Maori Nation ; he on one side, and the whole people on the other, and boldly protested against the step about to be taken.

He was a Chief of rank, and renowned for his courage, wisdom and eloquence.

Separating himself from the assembled multitude, when the flagstaff had been erected, he said,

'O Chiefs, warriors, and people, hearken. I am one, and you are many. There cannot be two masters in one house. There can be but one ruler in this land. That ruler must be the Queen of England. The flagstaff you have raised is the signal for your destruction. In your mouths are words of peace. The message your flagstaff proclaims is a call to arms. If you desire to save the Maori Nation, pull down your flagstaff. Go to your *Kaingas* (villages). Elect no King. If you want peace, do you and your King go to work, and plant wheat and potatoes. Your King means war. On your side, I hear the shouts of the warriors. I see the war dance. The din of battle ; the groans of the dying are in my ears. On the other side, I hear the tramp of the soldiers, the roar of the cannon. Your standard will be broken, your King a slave or a fugitive, your lands will go from you. Where your ancestors lie buried in their ancient graves, will be the homes of the White men. Enough. I have spoken.'

His words were listened to with the usual grave

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attention, but they were not heeded. The King was elected.

No words of sage or statesman were ever more prophetic than those spoken by Te Raihi.

In two short years, the inevitable contest commenced. Ten years of war followed. Te Raihi, now an old man, has lived to see every one of his predictions fulfilled.

It is not necessary for me to repeat the story of the war. Has it not been recorded in despatches from the British General in command, and in the newspaper reports of the 'war correspondents' of the day? In these are recorded the brave deeds of the ten thousand soldiers and sailors, assisted by ten thousand Colonial troops, supplied with Armstrong guns and all the appliances of modern warfare.

That is one side of the story.

The other side can never now be told.

The Maories gallantly defending their native land, had no despatch writers, no newspaper correspondents to narrate how a few thousand half-naked savages—with their double-barrelled guns, and such ammunition as they had been able to buy and store in previous years, with no commissariat save such, as isolated patches of potatoes, and wild pigs from the forest could supply—had held at bay for so long, the trained troops of a powerful nation.

Few more gallant struggles against such enormous

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odds have ever been made. Bravely defending every earthwork fortress, every stretch of fern-clad plain, every forest range; their numbers greatly reduced in every engagement; the flower of their Chiefs captured at the storming of Rangiriri; they contested every foot of ground, until the British Government having had enough of it, confiscated the lands their troops had overrun, and abandoned New Zealand.

The Colonial Government established fortified posts to hold the conquered country, and the unyielding Maori remnant, thinned in numbers, but not broken in spirit, retreated across the frontier, sullen but unconquered, having lost everything but the love of their beautiful country.

No Greek epic ever recorded more gallant deeds, more patient suffering, more tragic events, more undying patriotism.

In the year 1865 William Thompson, feeling that the struggle was hopeless, made a partial truce with General Carey, the great majority of the King party continuing the contest in a desultory manner.

Broken-hearted, this great Chief, the King Maker, the Nation Maker, the noblest Maori of them all, retired from the control of Maori affairs, and left the struggle to be carried on by the remnant of those, whom his eloquence had fired to enter the unequal contest. For himself, he felt his work was done. His bright dreams, his patriotic designs had ended in disaster to his people, in destruction to his Nation.

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During the last two years of his life, I had many opportunities of learning his hopes, his fears, his despair. He felt that his life and labours had been in vain. Full of a pathetic melancholy, unselfish as he had ever been, one of Nature's noblemen, a true and simple-minded Christian, he slowly approached the end of a career, unstained by a crime, hardly dimmed by a fault,—unless the loving his people, not too wisely, but too well, could be called a fault.

On December 24th, 1866, I received a letter from him, which I make no apology for quoting :

'Friend,' he wrote, 'greetings to you. Come to me. I am dying. I have words to speak to you. In three days you will see me no more. I shall die on the 27th. Come quickly.'

I took horse the same evening. On the 26th I arrived at Peria his ancestral home, his favourite village, alas ! shorn of its former beauty. Its churches and school-house destroyed, its simple dwellings deserted and in ruins, his own home falling to decay.

It was sunset. The purple mountains kept their silent watch over the great valley, as of old. The dying Chief lay feebly under the shadow of a remnant of the primeval forest, surrounded by hundreds of his weeping retainers.

Dismounting, I knelt at his side. He opened his eyes, and wearily raising himself, feebly took my hand, and greeting me with his old gentle smile, he said,

'Do not leave me, continue to be the friend of my people.'

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Then turning to his followers, he said,

'My children I die, but let my words remain. Obey the laws of God and man.'

Then falling back exhausted, he closed his eyes and spoke no more.

He lingered wearily through the night. Next morning he was conveyed to Turanga-o-moana (the resting place of the sea), and there—on December 27th, as he had said—in the bright sunlight, with the blue sky above him, in the land he loved so well, his gentle, loving spirit departed.

So died one of Nature's noblemen, the greatest and the best of his race.

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CHAPTER VII.

MAORI CUSTOMS.

The Tapu.—*A Survival.—Employed by the Chiefs ana* Tohungas.—*Uses of* Tapu.—*A Maori girl a* Wahine Noa.—*A wife sacred.—A parallel and a Contrast.—The Cook ana the Chief's Head.—A Man not Eaten.—A Basaltic Pillar goes on a Journey.—And Stops on the Plain.—A* Tapu *Stone.—Death in a Touch.—A Test Case outside the Law Courts.—Not Dead in a Year and a Day.—A Tin of Blacking.—A* Tapu *Tree.—The Greenstone Tradition.—Maori Road Makers.—A Chief's Backbone.—The Tradition True.—The Greenstone in the heart of the Tree.*

THE Maories had many curious customs, one of which, the *Tapu* (sacred) I propose to notice more fully in this chapter.

The custom of the *Tapu* is doubtless a survival of some ancient time and of some far-off land. The Chiefs employed it to increase their *Mana* (influence). But the power of the *Tapu* rested mainly with the *Tohungas* (priests).

It was an unwritten law, which enabled them to govern the rude communities over which they ruled. A Chief's person was sacred, his head more especially. A river during the season when fish could not be properly taken, was effectually 'preserved' by the *Tapu.* A road was closed in like manner when neces-

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sary. Cultivations were effectually protected by it from thieving or trespass. Cleanliness and health were promoted by its use. The dead and their graves were strictly *Tapu*. A person touching a dead body became *Tapu*, and was unable to feed himself or to touch any article until the *Tapu* was removed by the Chief or Priest. A drop of a Chief's blood made the canoe or house where it fell, *Tapu*. Even a Chief's garment was sacred, and his mat, thrown over a man about to be slain, saved his life. Strangely enough, a woman as long as she was single, was a *Wahine Noa*, (a common woman) without being guilty of immorality, but directly she was formally given to one man, she became *Tapu* (sacred) to him, and then, in case of unfaithfulness, heavy penalties were exacted. Had girls before marriage, been made sacred, the Maories would doubtless have increased in numbers much more rapidly. In this, the Maories offer a contrast and a parallel with, at least, one highly civilized European nation, which keeps its young unmarried women sacred—but allows its wives a license of which Maori married women are rigidly deprived.

A sick person often became *Tapu*, being then placed alone in a rude hut, with a little food and water, and left to die. In like manner, a very old man or woman became *Tapu*, and was frequently left to die in solitude and misery.

An *Ariki*, or Great Chief's *Tapu* was more especially sacred, and was used after bloody wars about tribal boundaries to make peace inviolable. It was also employed on other important occasions.

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As an instance of the *Tapu*, (sacredness) of a chief's head, and of the influence of Christian teaching, I may narrate a circumstance told me by the late Major Drummond Hay.

Returning from one of his expeditions, in his capacity as Native Commissioner, the Major, whilst making his boat snug in a little bay at the base of a cliff, on which his house stood, had sent on one of his boat's crew, who acted as cook, to prepare the evening meal. When everything had been made secure, the Major leisurely climbed the cliff, and passing in front of the house, he saw through the open window, the ignorant cook in the act of wiping his greasy hands on the head of a Maori, squatting by the fireside.

Such a rude act done even to a slave, would have been a great indignity, but when the Major the next instant, recognised in the Maori, no other than Te Moananui (the Great Sea) a Chief of the highest rank and of Herculean strength, he hesitated entering, being ashamed that one of his servants should have offered so rude, and so dangerous an insult to the Chief, and knowing well the penalty the wretched cook had incurred.

'Haeremai Wira,' (come in Hay). The Major at once entered the house.

'Did you see what your *Taurekareka* (slave) has done?' gravely enquired the Chief.

'I saw it,' replied the Major, 'and I am very angry with my servant for doing so rude a thing.'

'It is well for him,' said the great Chief with quiet dignity, 'that he had not done such a thing to my

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father's head, or there would have been a man eaten here to-night.'

'Indeed there would,' replied Hay, not knowing what more to say.

'Friend,' said this Maori Nation Maker, 'do not let your anger burn, your cookee is only a *Tutua* (mean person), and knows not his folly. I am a Christian and know more than the Chief my Father. Enough.'

Many years ago, I had an opportunity of witnessing the singular power which the custom of the *Tapu*, still exercised over the Maories.

I was travelling through the interior of New Zealand accompanied by two Colonists and some Maories, when a remarkable conical mass of rock attracted my attention. Four basaltic pillars rose about eight feet above the peak of the mound, one of which appeared to have been broken off near its base. Asking what had become of the missing pillar, the Maories promptly said, that a long time ago,

'The stone had broken itself off in the night, and went on a journey, till it was overtaken by daylight in the morning, when it stopped, and remained standing on the plain, where it remained till this day.'

We laughed at the comical tradition and continued our journey, thinking no more of the matter. Late that afternoon, one of the Maories said to me,

'There is the *Kohatu* (stone).'

Riding to it, I found a stone, about four feet high, and about twelve inches square, standing upright.

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The Maories said the stone was *Tapu* (sacred), and that anyone touching it, would instantly fall dead. I said,

'You Maories have many silly superstitions, I will put this one to the proof.'

Dismounting, I asked one of my white companions to lay hold of the stone, in order to see if we could move it. At this proposal, the Maories were filled with terror, and implored us to leave it alone, if we valued our lives.

Laying hold of the stone, with two or three vigorous wrenches, we moved it considerably out of the perpendicular. Trembling with real alarm, the Maories, their faces blanched with terror, again begged us not to touch it further, regarding us with great fear.

'Now,' said I, 'what are your superstitions worth, you see we are in no way the worse for having moved the stone, *Tapu* though it was?'

'*Ka tika*' (that is right), replied the Chief, 'you are White men. If you had been Maories you would now have been stretched on the plain, dead. But being *Pakehas* (colonists) you live still, but you will certainly be dead before a year be gone.'

'Very well,' I said, 'I will try your *Tapu* fairly. If I am dead within the year, your *Tapu* will be strong, and your superstition true. If I do not die, then this *Tapu*, like many other Maori beliefs ought to be abandoned as false and of no value;' and taking out my note book, I wrote in it an account of the occurrence and the prediction, adding the date, October 24, and after reading the entry to them, we resumed our journey.

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I was the more astonished at the strength of the superstition in these Maories, as they were extremely intelligent, had been taught by the Missionaries, speaking English fairly well, and were above the average Maori in many respects. In a few days I left their village, with many regrets on their part, that I had touched the *Tapu* stone.

During our visit, we had many 'talks' about Maori customs and about the War, then just ended for a time. At our departure, the Chief Rutini presented me with a *Taiaha* (battle-axe). I asked what he would like me to give him in return. Greatly to my surprise, he said,

'Send me a tin of blacking.'

I was amused at such a request, until I remembered that Rutini was a Maori dandy, and the best dressed man of the party. Laughingly promising him the 'blacking,' we made the usual adieus and departed.

On the 25th of October in the following year, it so happened, that I visited a frontier town, where a Land Court was being held, attended as usual, by crowds of Maories from the villages in the interior. As I fancied my friend Rutini might be amongst them, on my arrival I purchased a tin of blacking. Curiously enough I had not been an hour in the town, when I met Rutini and his friends, who had witnessed the 'stone' adventure of the year before. They regarded me intently, and after the usual salutations, I said,

'Do you remember the stone on the plain, and my moving it?'

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'We remember it well,' they gravely replied.

Taking out my note book, I read the account of the stone-moving, and the prediction of a year ago.

'Now,' said I, 'the day on which we moved the *Tapu* stone was the 24th of October, a year and a day ago. To-day is October 25, and I am not dead.'

They were greatly surprised, but as usual, with Maories when beaten, answered nothing. Turning to Rutini I said,

'Here is the blacking you asked for,' and handed the 'tin' to him.

With the keen love of a joke, natural in a Maori, the whole party roared with laughter, amidst which the failure of the prediction was forgotten.

The strange tradition of 'the sacred stone' had, I think, arisen probably from the stone having been in the long ago carried from the conical hill, and used as a division stone, to mark a boundary between tribal lands, having then been made *Tapu* (sacred) to ensure its non-removal.

A singular instance of the operation and influence of the *Tapu* occurred some years ago, which is the more interesting, as it shows that Maori traditions may sometimes be a more truthful record of past events, than is generally supposed.

Desirous of making a dray road over a mountain range in a purely Maori district, the New Zealand Government engaged a party of Maories to make it, under the control of a Colonial engineer well

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acquainted with the Maori language and customs. The work proceeded, with the delays usual with Maori workmen, until the engineer desired to avoid a very sharp curve, by cutting through the spur of a hill.

The Maories at once objected to the straight road, as it would break a great *Tapu*, and bring a curse upon them. They said, that many generations ago the *Ariki* (great Chief) of that part of the country had ended a bloody struggle between three tribes about land boundaries, by striking his *Mere Poanamu* (greenstone weapon) into a tree, which he said was his 'backbone,' in this way making the tree very sacred or *Tapu*, and declaring that tree to be the beginning point of the lands of the three tribes. They said, the great tree on the hill contained the greenstone, and they would not allow it to be cut down.

The engineer examined the tree which was very large, and grew right in the line of the cutting he desired to make. After a careful scrutiny he could find no trace of a greenstone, the bark of the tree presenting everywhere the usual appearance. He laughed at the tradition as a silly Maori conceit, and insisted on making the cutting through the hill.

The more he wished to cut down the sacred tree, the more the Maories refused to allow it. Weary of the *Korero* (talk), he made the awkward curve round the point of the hill, laughing at the folly of the Maories, which would hurt them most, as they would be the chief users of the road.

Annoyed at his taunts, and, as usual, when the engineer no longer wanted the straight road, they

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ceased to oppose it, and finally begged him to allow them to make the road straight. He consented, and with many ceremonies they broke the *Tapu* and cut down the tree. It was then split up, and, within a few inches of the centre of the huge tree the greenstone weapon was found embedded in the tree, as the Chief had placed it centuries ago.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOHUNGA.

Druids and Tohungas (*priests*).—*Mysterious Powers.—A Terrible Tyranny.—The Last of the* Tohungas.—*Incantations.—The Keepers of Traditions.—The Hunchback.*—STORY OF A TOHUNGA :—*A Tribal Feud.—Migration of the Tribe.—A Native Fortress.—The Night of the* Atua.—*A Midnight Storm.—The Face of a Demon.—The Gate of the Spirit World.—The Sighing of the Sea.—A Voice from the Dead.—The Father of the Tribe.—The Spirit Speaks.—'Be Warriors again.'—The Spell Broken.—Sunrise on a Dead Face.—The Shadows of the Demons.—A weary Old Man.—The Master of the Demons.—The Words of the* Ariki.—*The White Bones of the Slain.—Vengeance.—The Warriors return no more.—The Young Conquerors.—The sweet voices of the Maidens.—The Fathers of the New Tribe.—The Ventriloquist.*

THE *Tohunga* (priest) amongst the Maories, appears to have held a position, and wielded an influence akin to that of the Druids amongst our Celtic ancestors.

The two mysterious powers of rendering any person or thing *Tapu* (sacred), and of smiting any person with death by the *Makutu* (bewitching) made the despotism of the *Tohungas* a tyranny of the worst kind. The power of excommunication wielded by the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages in Western

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Nations, confined chiefly to refusing the rites of baptism, marriage and burial to a nation or individual, was as nothing to the mystic power of the *Tapu* in the hands of the *Tohungas*. From the birth of the infant to the death of the old man, the dark shadow of the *Tohunga's* power closely followed the imaginative and superstitious Maori. That he did not wither into an abject slave under such an influence, says much for the native manliness of his character.

When the Missionaries preached the simple truths of the Gospel to the Maories, they opened the dark dungeon of heathenism, and the Maories stepped joyfully from the prison house into the sunlight of Christian freedom. Release from the heavy bondage of the *Tohungas*, I think largely accounts for the primary wonderful success of the Missionaries in New Zealand.

Nevertheless, the Maori, like the rest of human kind, being very much a creature of habit; remained, long after he became a Christian, to no small extent under the influence of the old customs of *Tapu* and *Makutu*. As long as a Tohunga lived, though much of his influence had departed, he never ceased to be an object of dread to his tribe.

One of the most famous of the *Tohungas* was overwhelmed by the volcanic eruption of Mount Tarawera in June 1886. This priest, reckoned to be over one hundred years old, some days after the eruption was dug out of a partially buried house. Not one of his tribe would touch him, or come near him,

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or even look at him, so great was their superstitious dread of him. He was carried to the hospital, where, after lingering a few days, he died, and the Last of the *Tohungas* departed to the Spirit Land.

The *Tohunga* was the sole medium of communication with the gods. By his incantations he claimed to control the spirits of the air, earth and water, and professed to hold converse with the inhabitants of the Spirit World. He was consulted on many of the small affairs of life. No new *Waerenga* (cultivation) would be commenced, no fishing party would cast a hook until the prayers to the gods had been offered by the *Tohunga*, or until, by his incantations he had restrained the powers of the demons. No warriors ever trod the war path, until the *Tohunga* had offered sacrifices to 'TU' the god of war.

As already stated, in the *Tapu*, the *Tohungas* held a power, which bound the Maories in a bondage, that nothing but ancient and long-continued usage could have rendered bearable.

Associated with the *Ariki* or Great Chief of the tribe, (who was also occasionally a *Tohunga*), were the eldest son of the Chief, and a Hunchback (one or more of whom was to be found in every Maori tribe) as keepers of the tribal history, but the *Tohunga* was the chief depositary of the traditions, genealogies and folk lore of the tribe. The object of associating the Hunchback with the more official keepers of the records, arose I think from the circumstance, that in those warlike times, no man's nor woman's life was

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safe, the Chief especially, was liable to fall in battle. In a massacre the Hunchback, being under the special protection of the gods, was spared, and so the traditions with more certainty, passed on unbroken from generation to generation.

By these means, Maori traditions have been handed down from times very remote, with what, in some cases at least, we are justified in regarding as singular accuracy, as may be seen in the greenstone tradition narrated in a preceding chapter.

My ancient friend Hohua (referred to in succeeding chapters), whose recollection of men and events of the long ago, was very clear, had many grim stories to tell. I may narrate one of a *Tohunga*, as it illustrates the unbounded influence the priests exerted over the Maori people in the olden times.

Squatting at the door of his house in the quiet beauty of a summer evening, with his face towards the setting sun, the ancient patriarch, in a thin yet firm voice, began his story.

'When I was a youth, there had been a long and bloody war between two tribes,' (whom I shall speak of as the Ngatikohatus and the Ngatipungas).

'The Ngatipungas had lost many warriors in the long blood feuds. Sometimes they won a bloody victory, but the Ngatikohatus were too strong. The cultivations of the Ngatipungas were destroyed, and many of their villages were deserted. The songs of

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maidens and the shouts of warriors were heard no more in them.

'After many reverses, they were at last driven from all their villages on the plain. Their *Tohunga*, a year before, after many incantations, had told them that "TU" the War god was angry, that their safety lay in making their cultivations around the ancient fortress of the tribe in the recesses of the forest of the mountains, and when these were ready for the harvest, for the remnants of the tribe to retreat thither.

'They hearkened to his word, and when the first frost lay white on the plain, they abandoned their ruined homes, and went to dwell in the old *Pah*, in which ages before, their ancestors had lived in quietness.

'The *Pah* was strong. It was perched, like the nest of a bird, on the top of a cliff. The walls of the rock were washed, on all sides but one, by a broad, deep stream. The open side looked towards the *Waerenga* (clearing) in the forest made by their ancestors long ago. That land was good. *Taro* and *Kumaras* grew in abundance.

'Then they had no pigs nor potatoes, for none of those which Captain Cook had given to the Maori tribes, had yet been put in the ovens. But in that land the fern root grew strong, and that was their chief food. The river of the forest was full of eels. They fixed across the river posts of *Totara* for the *Patunas* (eel weirs), in which, after the *Tohunga* had made the incantations, they caught eels in great plenty.

'The forest, so long silent, was full of pigeons and

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Kakas (parrots) which fell an easy prey into the cunning snares set for them, for the *Karakias* (spells) of that *Tohunga* were strong.

'Then the Ngatipunga made a *Taiapa* (a palisade) of strong posts, with the faces of their ancestors carved upon them. In front of this, after many days' toil, they dug with wooden hoes, ditches across the narrow neck, and piled up the earth mingled with fern stalks, into high banks behind the ditches.

'So the *Pah* was made strong, and the Ngatipungas slept quietly and dwelt there in peace, for they knew they were safe from the attacks of their foes the Ngatikohatus.'

At this point the old man's voice faltered, and for a few moments his eyes, with a far-off look in them, rested on the crimson glory of the sunset. Then he turned his wistful eyes to me, and recollecting himself, as it were, he resumed his story.

'It is long ago,' said he, 'but I seem to be young again, and I feel as if I were in the *Pah* of the Ngatipungas once more. The *Pah* was strong, and the *Taro* and the *Kumaras* had been put safely in the *Ruas* (pits) a second time, and the pigeons in their melted fat, filled many gourds.

'Then the *Tohunga* made great incantations. After many days, when the night of the *Atua* (god) was come, the full moon shone bright in the heavens, and the Priest gathered the Chiefs and all the warriors and women of the tribe into the ancient *Runanga*

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house, which had been lined anew with reeds, and the carved ancestors of the tribe had been painted red, as of old, for they were very *Tapu* (sacred).

'The *Tohunga* made many incantations, and the people were in great fear. Then, black clouds covered the sky, and the bright shining of the moon was gone. The incantations of the *Tohunga* were strong, and the *Uira* (lightning) gleamed in the sky; the *Runanga* house was filled with its brightness, and the loud thunder roars became louder and louder, because of the strength of the spells of the Priest.

'Then the Ngatipungas were sore afraid. But the *Tohunga* made his incantations more powerful, until great trees were struck down in the forest by the fiery storm. The darkness in our meeting house was chased away by gleams of the lightning, which dashed through our house like the waves of the sea on the shore.

'The night was long, and the people were weary and afraid. But at last, the Priest by his strong *Karakias* (spells) made the storm end, and there was a great calm.

'Then the *Tohunga* rose up, and his face was more hideous than before. His tongue hung from his mouth, his eyes were red and swollen, and his face was as the face of a demon. His body moved from side to side, and he uttered unknown words which none of the tribe could understand.

'The faces of the warriors were fixed upon him, but the women covered their heads, for the Priest stood stiff and still as though he were a stone. A bloody

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foam covered his mouth and ran down his sacred garment.

'Then, a strange sound, as of the sighing of the ocean beach, when the spirits are travelling to *Te Reinga* (the gate of the Spirit World) swept through the darkness of the *Runanga* house, and the women and the warriors were silent with terror, for all felt that the dead was there.

'The sighing of the sea ended. We waited in fear for it to return. But it came no more.

'Then, in the silence, a scratching of the roof-beam of the *Runanga* house was heard. All heard it, and trembled.

'"It is a voice from the Spirit Land," said the hollow voice of the *Tohunga*. "Hearken."

'In the deep silence, we heard the voice.

'We listened and looked, and one of the carved ones, the most ancient ancestor of them all, who was the far-off Father of the Tribe, Te Punga himself—spake these words,

'"TU the War god has been angry with my children. Their bones whiten the heaps at the gates of the fortresses of the Ngatikohatus."

'At these words, the *Tohunga*, whose face had been hidden by the sacred mat, let fall his garment, and said,

'"What does my Father say to his children?" The bones of the Priest rattled in his skin, and he covered them with his mat, but his face was turned again towards the carved face of Te Punga.

Every man was as a stone. None moved, nor

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breathed, for all were filled with a grievous fear. Our knees shook together, a great trembling seized every warrior, and all covered their heads like women, and waited for the words of the Spirit of Te Punga.

'Then the carved lips of the Father of the Tribe seemed to move in the dim light from the oil of the birds, and he spake.

'"The Ngatikohatus dwell in my ancient home They fear nothing. They are as women amidst the *Waerengas* (cultivations). Let my sons be warriors again. It is ended."

'A great silence filled the house of the *Runanga.*

'The *Tohunga* renewed his incantations and muttered strange things in words unknown.

'The spell was broken. We breathed again. But the *Tohunga* lay stretched on the ground as one dead.

'Our life returned to us again, for the darkness had ended, and the light of the morning shone through the crevices of the *Runanga* house.

'But none moved. We were afraid.

'When the first rising of the *Ra* (sun) over the *Maunga* (mountain) came into the dark house, it fell upon the dead face of the *Tohunga*, and he moved, and slowly awaked out of a sleep, which we thought was the sleep of the dead.

'He seemed to know nothing, and his red eyes had no light in them. Slowly the breath came into his body, which had been dead, for few enter the cave of *Te Reinga* to speak with the dead, who ever return to the sunlight again. Because the shadows of the demons lay upon them they often sleep and awake no

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more. But the incantations of the Priest were very strong, for he was a *Tohunga Nui* (great priest) and the Master of the Demons, and he lived.'

I sprang to my feet. The old patriarch had fainted and fallen back against the dead tree. I moistened his lips with water, and sprinkled a few drops on his face. In a little time he opened his eyes, and the light returned to his worn features, but he was very weary, and I asked him not to finish his story till the morrow.

In a few days Hohua recovered his strength. He was a wonderful old man. His recollection of recent circumstances was uncertain and feeble, but his memory for the events of three-quarters of a century ago, was remarkably clear and strong. With some little difficulty, I brought him back to the 'Master of the Demons' in the *Runanga* house.

'Yes,' he began, 'that *Tohunga* was strong and the demons were the slaves of his incantations.

'The warriors slept in the *Runanga* house for they were weary. When the women had made ready the food, they awoke them.

'When the warriors had eaten, they assembled in the *Marae* (the open space) and the women ate their food alone.

'Then the *Ariki* (the head chief) spake these words, "Warriors of Ngatipunga, yesterday we were women, to-day we are men. Let us obey the voice of the

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dead, and bring hither the whitened bones of our kinsmen that moan to us, from the *Pahs* of the Ngatikohatus. They were slain in the battle. Their flesh was eaten by our foes. Their bones bleach in the sun. Let us paint them red that they may be *Tapu* (sacred). Listen to their voices which float at sunset on the wind from the South. They cry for vengeance. Let us wash our feet in the blood of the Ngatikohatus."

'After many Chiefs had spoken, we heard the *Tangis* (wailings) of the women for their dead.

'The word of all was "Vengeance."

'The *Tohunga* made many incantations and offered sacrifices to the War god. At the next full moon—the night of the god—the warriors trod the war path, and went to attack our enemies the Ngatikohatus, and bring back the bones of our kinsmen.

'I was but a boy, and remained in our *Pah* with the women and children.

'But the warriors of the Ngatipunga returned no more. Their bones made bigger the heaps at the gates of the *Pah* of their foes.

'After many days, the young warriors of Ngatikohatu came to our village, and found only desolate women there, for the *Tohunga* had gone to search for our warriors, but we saw him no more.

'The young conquerors dwelt in the *Pah* of Ngatipunga, for they were bewitched by the sweet voices and soft glances of our maidens, and they remained, for they were the only men left for our women to

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nourish and live with. So these young chiefs became the fathers of the new tribe the Ngatihinekohatus.

'Enough,' gasped the ancient man, 'my voice fails, and my strength is feeble.

'It is ended.'

Hohua was exhausted and sad, and wearily sunk on the ground in front of his house. After a time he revived. I was sorry to have wearied him, but he said it was nothing. In truth, as he spoke of the long ago, he seemed to forget his great age, and the fire of his youth seemed to burn again within his thin and sinewy body. After this, though he had much to tell, I refrained from drawing him into exciting stories of the olden time.

Now the old warrior, Hohua the Land Tiller is gone.

It is well that the Maori people have escaped from the tyranny of the *Tohungas*. There can I think, be little doubt that the *Tohunga* in the old man's tale was a Ventriloquist, as indeed, were many of the Priests.

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CHAPTER IX.

A NEW NATION ON MODERN LINES.

Savage Argonauts.—Colonists found a Beautiful Climate and Fertile Soil.—Nothing from the Past.—Everything in the Future.—'Where to choose.'—A Warrior Race.—Heathens.—Cannibals.—Patriots.—Waifs and Strays.—Missionaries.—British Sovereignty.—Treaty of Waitangi.—The Bad and the Good.—The Law considered as a Blanket.—The Maori laughs at the Law.—The Constable's baton.—The Soldier's bayonet.—Rejects the Gospel and eats a Missionary.—A Bright Beginning.—A Gloomy Ending.

WE in New Zealand are Making a New Nation on modern lines. We have had, of necessity, many natural difficulties to contend with. Primeval forests, trackless swamps, extensive plains, fern-clad hills and rugged mountains confronted us. We have inherited nothing from the savage Argonauts, who, ten centuries ago, landed on our island shores. Not one fruit; not an animal except the descendants of Captain Cook's pigs; not a yard of road; no ancient temples; not a house; nay, not one stone upon another came down to us. Save a beautiful climate, a fertile soil, resources—innumerable indeed—but hidden, we have inherited nothing from those who have gone before us.

But if we fell heir to no ancient civilization with

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its splendour and its luxury, neither did we inherit its abuses and its decay.

We came with all modern appliances—picks and shovels, ploughs and steam engines, horses and ships, guns and Bibles and rum.

'All the Islands before us where to choose.'

No, not exactly, for we met in every bay, on every river, in every glen, in every forest, on every plain, a hardy race of men, the strongest in body, the keenest in mind which Englishmen had hitherto encountered; a race of warriors with the knowledge of children and the passions of men,—in a word—we came into the midst of the noblest race of savages that civilization has confronted in modern times.

The Maories were patriots. They loved their beautiful country. They were, it is true, a barbarian race of savage cannibals, fierce, warlike, and heathen. We found them, like all savage tribes, obeying no law but the law of force. Stubborn malcontents against all shams, yielding little or nothing to solicitation, they were ready to obey any man brave enough to take, and strong and wise enough to hold. Heroic, imitative and hospitable; they were also true hero-worshippers. Though democrats by nature, they cheerfully obeyed any chieftain with whom the *Mana* (influence) of courage and wisdom rested.

Then came the white man. The whalers, and other waifs and strays, whom time and circumstances brought to these shores, were a hardy breed. Brave and well armed, they brought the prestige of their race with them. They were imbued with those old-

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fashioned ideas of Nation Making that English pluck and English valour were a match against almost any odds. These lawless old rovers ruled the Maories as they have never been ruled since. They were heroes after a fashion, and in those days the Maories were hero-worshippers. They are still hero-worshippers. Unfortunately heroes are scarce in these money-grubbing times. Everybody says our fathers were heroes ; but somehow *we* can't find the time, or the devotion—or the courage.

So we began, in this haphazard fashion, Nation Making in New Zealand.

After a time came the Missionaries. With their lives in their hands, these good men went amongst the Maories, preaching and teaching the Gospel to every creature. Curiosity, if nothing deeper, secured the new teachers a hearing. It was indeed a noble undertaking. For a while the new faith had many adherents, and some of the hardest Gospel precepts appeared for a time to be more closely obeyed than in older and more Christian lands. It is true, there were some amongst the Missionaries who had mistaken their vocation, and others who may have failed in their duty ; but that ought not to prevent us from rendering homage to those faithful men who fearlessly toiled on in a good and noble cause. From present appearances the labours of these men have largely failed. The leopard has not changed his spots, nor has our modern Ethiopian changed his skin.

In this manner, we continued our efforts to Make the Nation on the lines then in fashion.

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Meanwhile England had found it necessary to acquire the sovereignty of New Zealand. She was anxious to keep out the French. She sincerely wished to christianize and civilize the natives. She had no objection to secure an outpost for the Empire. Last, and what she sought for least of all, she obtained a field for colonization.

By the now memorable 'Treaty of Waitangi' her Majesty acquired the sovereignty of New Zealand, and in consideration thereof imparted to the natives 'all the rights and privileges of British subjects.' The new sovereignty did not make much show at first. The early Governors were told to govern New Zealand on Missionary principles. Economy and philanthropy, then as now, were the orders of the day. We taught the natives reading, writing, and arithmetic—and a good many things besides. We talked much to them about the law. We made them presents, and appointed philanthropic *Pakehas* (Englishmen) to be their protectors. They received our money and our protection with great good will, wondering much at our liberality. Up to this point they were disposed to be very amiable savages indeed, and Nation Making went on smoothly for a time.

Unfortunately, the whalers, the Missionaries and the Government began to be jealous of each other. The Government dealt harshly with the early settlers. The Missionaries said the early settlers were bad men, and coveted the land. The whalers retaliated by saying that the Missionaries wanted the land, that the Government wanted the land, and that by-and-by

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the Government would bring soldiers and take the land.

When those reputed to be bad, said the same thing as those reckoned to be good, is it surprising that the Maories believed what was told them? From a very early period these three parties seem to have forgotten that they were dwelling in the presence of a warlike race, keenly alive to the smallest sign of weakness, and ready to rule us, if we failed to rule them.

Then began to work those fatal agencies, misguided philanthropy and mistaken economy. Then, as we have seen, began those fatal dissensions, which together brought the Colony to the verge of ruin.

Last of all came flour and sugar. The more we felt our weakness, the more we talked to them about the law, and the more flour and sugar we gave them.

Unfortunately, with all our talking, with all our teaching, we never taught them to obey the law.

Now, in the eyes of the Maori, a law is not a law if it can be either evaded, escaped, or despised. He tries the law as he tests the blanket he buys. He expects his blanket to cover him; he wants it for use at his *Whare* (house) and elsewhere. If he finds it a worthless poor affair, he will have none of it. So with the law; he wants it to cover him—he wants to take it home with him—he wants it to be everywhere. He very properly insists that the law he is called upon to obey shall be a power, like the law of the Medes and Persians which changeth not, irresistible, not to be trifled with. He expects to find it a terror

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to evil-doers, a praise to them that do well. If found guilty, he is prepared to go to prison if the law can put him there. If he has done anything worthy of death—though he has a strong objection to hanging—if the law is right and strong, he bows his neck to the inevitable. Let it only be the inevitable, and he submits without a murmur.

For a quarter of a century he was invited and bribed to obey the law. Mr. Justice Beckham and his constables appealed to him in vain. As a rule he has laughed at the *posse comitatus*. He was of course warned that the constable's baton would be backed by the British army.

In due time the British army came, and we made, on conquest lines, a further move in Nation Making. General Cameron overran Waikato with his 10,000 men, and then, at the command of 'philanthropy' and 'economy,' marched back again. Amidst endless dissensions between Governor, General, Ministers, and Representatives, we introduced Armstrong guns, steamers, rifles, and all the appliances of modern warfare; which though handled by the flower of the British army, they were brought against the Maories almost in vain. We have overpowered them—as Xerxes overpowered the Spartans at Thermopylæ—by marching over their dead bodies; and yet, though the remnant is hungry, naked, destitute, an exile from the graves of his ancestors—the Maori is not subdued.

This naked Savage from his wretched *Whare* (house) actually attempted to dictate terms of peace to his conquerors.

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This then was one of the results of the mode of Nation Making fashionable in England twenty-five years ago, when Colonies were despised, and the parochial policy of the 'Manchester school' was in the ascendant.

For twenty-five years the Maori tried the Law. He then told us he would not have the Law. He told us also, that he would not have the Gospel. He told us that he intended to turn back to his ancient ways. As though he were possessed, he went back to his old heathen worship, made more grotesque by bushmen's slang and snatches of Church songs and tunes. This strange medley, he called *Pai marire* (go gently) and *Hau hau* (the sighing of the wind). By way of showing his earnestness in his new fetish, he drove his Missionary teachers out of his borders, and finally ate one of them at Opotiki. Then he waited for the Law, and waited in vain, for a long time. At last, the laggard Law overtook the principal criminal and hanged him, when the crime had been well-nigh forgotten.

The people we found in New Zealand then, were savages, heathens, cannibals, tribe fighting against tribe; yet with these bad qualities the Maori was not all bad. He was hospitable, generous, and brave. Notwithstanding all, he had that in him which made the old settlers his friends. The settlers have been sorely calumniated, but they are his good friends still.

Half a century ago we made a bright beginning.

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We were full of hope, the Maories full of promise. We made them subjects, but we did not subject them. And after expending some millions of money, sacrificing many valuable lives and fighting battles on philanthropic principles, we appeared to be coming to a gloomy end. The good qualities the Maories possessed have been almost obliterated, whilst their bad ones are intensified.

> Poor race of men,
> Dearly ye pay for your primal fall.
> Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
> But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Who can look without pity upon a race once so full of promise, now so full of woe? And yet Christian teachers, the English nation, and the Colonists, have laboured hard to cast out the unclean spirit from this poor savage. But the truth must be told. We have not succeeded, for the last state of the Maori is worse than the first.

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CHAPTER X.

EARLY PERILS.

A NEW ZEALAND COLONIST :—*Early times.—Maori Dogs* versus *Sheep.—A dog captured.—Rescued.—A bold move.—A good Shot.—A dead Dog.*—THE AUKATI :—*Stocking runs.—A Native difficulty.—The* Aukati (*a barrier line*).—*Times of Peril.—Breaking the* Aukati.—*The Chief Hori Ngawhare.—Kereopa the 'Eye eater.'—Hori powerless.—The murderer in the Forest.—A Night under guard.—An early Retreat.—A gang of Desperadoes.—A Volley.—Kereopa hanged :—Further attempts to break the* Aukati.—*Interview with Hohepa Chief of Oruanui.—'We will die together.'—Hohepa's Dream.—A Girl for a Guide.—Visit to the village of the Keepers of the* Aukati.—*A model Maori.—Mat Making.—Topi, a civilized Maori.—The Last Lunch possibly.—A Gallop into the hostile Village.—A Witch-looking woman.—A Fury.—A Maori Curse.—'Let the warriors sleep.'—A touch of Womanly Sympathy.—Maori Maidens.—Silver ornaments.—The Chiefs in the Forest.—A Volley.—Shooting pigeons.—A Second Volley.—The Girl-guide's Warning.—'Your blood will be licked by the Dogs.'—A Third Volley. 'To horse and away.'*—Aukati *Unbroken.*

IN the early times of English settlement in New Zealand and indeed, for ten years after England abandoned the Colony, the Colonists held their lives in their hands, facing innumerable perils, and doing heroic work in many directions.

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The late Mr. William Buckland was in every respect a typical Colonist. In agriculture, pastoral pursuits, and politics he played a prominent part. Of a bright intellect, keen perceptions, strong physique and undaunted courage, he held no mean rank amongst the Nation Makers in New Zealand. Like many of the early Colonists he had a strong liking for the Maories, and from his upright character, was held in high respect by them, greatly enhanced by the following incident.

In the very early days Mr. Buckland purchased land some miles south of the present City of Auckland, and beyond the then settled districts. Hundreds of Maories lived in the *Kaingas* (native villages) around his farm. At that time and for long after, the Maories were very friendly to the few white Colonists. On his farm, Mr. Buckland kept a flock of sheep, which were frequently troubled by Maori dogs. He warned the Maories that he would shoot the first dog he caught killing the sheep. One of the worst dogs was at last captured, and shut in an outhouse, till Mr. Buckland's return from the distant town. Next morning, whilst he was seated at breakfast, one of the workmen rushed in with the information, that the Maories had untied their dog, and were taking him away. At that moment a dozen Maories passed in front of the house, one of them dragging the dog along by its ears. To take down a loaded rifle, and step to the open door was the work of a moment. Telling the Maories to set free the dog, as he meant to shoot him, only raised a laugh of derision amongst the re-

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treating band. That instant, Buckland fired, and the dog dropped dead in the very midst of the Natives. From that hour, Te Pukeran (The Buckland) was regarded as a *Toa* (warrior) by the Maories, and the prestige he then won, never left him.

The Aukati.

Many years after this incident, Mr. Buckland and I purchased a large herd of cattle in Hawke's Bay, some two hundred miles distant from our estates. We sent a party of stockmen to drive them across country. On their arrival on the northern shore of Lake Taupo, a Native difficulty occurred. Two or three settlements of hostile Maories had drawn what was then known as an *Aukati* (or barrier line) across the country, which effectually stopped the travelling of the cattle on the direct road to our estates, about sixty miles distant.

The *Aukati* for many years after the war, rendered travelling in some districts extremely dangerous, besides causing a great loss of cattle. It was an imaginary line drawn across country by hostile Maories, with the avowed object of isolating the Colonists. The penalty for crossing this line by white men, or their horses, or cattle, often resulted in the capture and robbery of the stockmen, and in the loss of the cattle. Mr. Buckland and I, together or alone, made many journeys to various Chiefs to obtain the removal of the barriers, often at some personal risk.

On one occasion, I rode a long distance to a large

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Maori village to ask Hori Ngawhare, the principal Chief of the district, and an old friend of mine, to break the *Aukati*, so that the cattle could pass safely. Accompanied by two Maori Chiefs of rank, and two stockmen I suddenly came upon an armed party of natives encamped at a little village, about a mile from Hori's principal *Kainga* in the neighbouring forest. Happily, Hori was of the party, and we were safe. I at once explained my errand, informing him, that I intended to ride across country to bring my cattle over the *Aukati* line, if he would break it, and give me a safe conduct. He promptly said that he could not break the *Aukati*; that if I pursued my journey, I and my companions would certainly be killed; that I had already risked my life in coming so far, significantly adding that Kereopa (a noted outlaw who had previously barbarously murdered Mr. Volckner the Missionary), was at that moment encamped in the forest not a mile away.

He strongly urged our immediate return, but as it was now sunset, and we had ridden long and hard, I was in no mood to retrace our steps. Finally he consented to our remaining with him for the night, and at once posted sentries at the two paths which led through the forest to Kereopa's encampment. We tethered our horses, partook of food and settled down for a long talk about the disturbed state of the country, and upon matters generally. Far into the night, according to Maori custom, we continued our conversation. Stories of battles, ambuscades, surprises and escapes during the war, with sallies of grim

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humour, and the propounding of all sorts of knotty questions, made the hours pass lightly.

Early next morning, we saddled up and rode homewards, Hori and his companions remaining behind for a few hours, to cover our retreat. I afterwards learnt, that an hour after our departure, Kereopa and his gang of desperadoes burst through the forest opening, and learning of our escape, was furious with rage, and determined on pursuit. Hori firmly resisted the attempt. Several volleys were fired by both parties, by way of demonstration probably, for Hori Ngawhare was the great Chief of the district, and Kereopa, though a desperate villain, was a man of no rank and a stranger, otherwise we should have had only our good horses to carry us out of danger. As it was, we arrived at Matamata in safety, and a few months later Kereopa was caught and hanged.

Two months afterwards I made a second attempt to get the cattle across the *Aukati.* This time I made a circuit of 150 miles to Oruanui a *Pah* (fortified place) about 20 miles from the Maori village where the Natives resided, who had established the barrier. The chief Hohepa, of Oruanui was an old acquaintance of mine, and very friendly to the Colonists. I and my two companions were provided with quarters within the *Pah.* When I informed Hohepa of my intention to visit the hostile Natives, with the object of inducing them to break the *Aukati* and let the cattle cross in peace, he strongly protested against the attempt. He said the Maories, residing on the *Aukati* line were especially sullen because they had lost so

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many of their kindred at the storming of the Orakau *Pah* by the soldiers some years before. He said they would not consent, and that if I went to their *Pah*, he would see me no more, as I should never return. I replied, that my cattle were starving, and that I intended to make an effort to get them over the *Aukati*, and that I should ride over next day.

Seeing I was determined he finally said,

'Well, if you are determined to be killed, we will die together.'

Early in the morning Hohepa said he had dreamt in the night, that we had arrived at the hostile *Pah*, that the Maories gave us neither welcome nor food, that they surrounded us, and killed the whole party. I saw at once that Hohepa was really afraid, not perhaps for himself, but for me, and I promptly told him that I would go without him.

I needed a guide however, but not a man in the *Pah* would volunteer. I said they were nothing but women, and ought to wear petticoats. At these words, a fine handsome Maori girl of high rank, and a relative of the people living at the *Pah* I proposed to visit, said,

'I will go, if you will lend me a horse.'

We saddled up at once. Accompanied by my interpreter Mr. J. W. Preece, as cool and gallant a man as I ever knew, and by Nahirica my lady guide, we mounted our horses. At the moment of departure, we were surrounded by all the Maories in the fort, and greeted with such a chorus of 'laments' and doleful cries, that to avoid being demoralised by our fear-

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stricken friends, we moved off at once, rode down the hill, on which the fort was built, and putting spurs to our horses galloped across the plain.

After an hour's ride, we came to the foot of a hill, on the top of which lived the chief Ihaka, whom Nahirica wished to see before we continued our journey. Ihaka was a model Maori. His house and cultivations pleased me greatly. His wife was busy making a mat from dressed flax. The whole establishment was a striking evidence of the possibilities of progress by the Maori race under favourable conditions. He reminded me of an old-fashioned English yeoman, with his wife at the spinning wheel. Ihaka warned me not to proceed, but seeing I was determined, he finally bid me good-bye, saying, our only chance of safety lay in Nahirica, our girl guide.

We resumed our journey. After riding some miles, we noticed a single horseman coming towards us. This proved to be Topi a civilized Maori of my acquaintance. On learning our destination and object, he strongly urged our return, but finding I was determined to go on, said he would return and die with us. After a spin of some miles, we pulled up at the foot of a hill which Nahirica said was within half a mile of the *Kainga* (village), where the *Aukati* had been fixed. She advised our taking some food, as it might be the last we should ever have. A sardine and a biscuit satisfied us, and lighting our pipes, we rode slowly up the hill.

Directly we reached the summit, a pretty scene lay before us. Through the quiet valley a shallow stream

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wound its way, beyond which lay the village with its *Whares* (houses) scattered here and there amongst the cultivations, bounded by the dense forest usual in New Zealand. Nahirica advised our entering the village at full gallop. Putting spurs to our horses, we dashed down the hill, through the river, up the opposite slope, and drew up in front of the principal house. As we entered the village, we noticed only women and children who, instead of giving us the usual '*Haeremai*' (welcome) hid themselves in the houses.

We drew up in front of the house and remained motionless. After a few minutes of suspense, an old witch-looking woman came out of the house, her face full of bitterness and anger.

'Why have you hateful *Pakehas* (white men) come here?' said she in a voice of fury. For some minutes she cursed us in the most approved Maori fashion, until she foamed at the mouth, and then squatted down exhausted.

I quietly told her that my cattle were dying for want of food, and that I wished her to remove the *Aukati* so that they could go on to my own land.

'Never, never, never,' she replied. 'You killed my husband and sons at Orakau,' and breaking into a terrible fury, she cursed us and all *Pakehas*; with a vigour and venom that were almost appalling.

Curiously enough, the place where the battle of Orakau had been fought, and her dead heroes lay buried, was my property, and I at once told her that I would fence in the graves where they lay, so that my cattle could not walk over her dead kinsmen.

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Scarcely were the words spoken, before she hissed out,

'You killed them. Can you bring them to life again? You have made my *Kainga* desolate. Then why do you talk about their bones? If your cattle trample over their sleeping place, will they awake? If your dogs eat them will they cry out? No. They fell like warriors fighting for their country. Let them sleep quietly.'

Then, exhausted by her vehemence, or touched by some old memory, she burst into tears, and covered her head with the mat she wore.

I was deeply moved, and remained silent. Recovering herself presently, she said in a changed voice,

'You are not safe here. The men will return to the village shortly, and if they find you here, your place will know you no more.'

Then with a touch of womanly sympathy, or of Maori hospitality, she said,

'Have a little food, and return quickly by the road you came, for the *Aukati* will not be broken.'

Instructing her maidens, who by this time, had crept from their hiding places, to spread their simple fare of pork and potatoes before us, we accepted her invitation, knowing by this act that, so far as she was concerned, we were safe. Whilst we were eating, I placed some silver trinkets I had with me, on the necks of the maidens. They received them with the delight natural to children of the forest, none the less possibly, because they were young women. Having satisfied our hunger, we lit our pipes, chatting the

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while with the maidens who were friendly enough, their gay laughter and soft musical voices being in strong contrast to the harsh, strident tones of the old Chieftainess, who now sat silent and uneasy on the end of a fallen tree.

Suddenly three guns were fired in the adjoining forest. In a moment, the old woman sprang to her feet, and snatching the trinkets from the necks of the reluctant girls, passed them to me, saying,

'Go, did I not warn you? There are the men.'

Without moving, I quietly said 'They are shooting pigeons.'

Topi, his face full of terror, had rushed to his horse, and was moving off. Again the guns were discharged.

'Shooting pigeons,' said the old woman, 'the next volley may be for you.'

Nahirica now rose, and strongly urged our instant departure. I had intended to wait for the men, but after Nahirica's warning, Preece said the wisest course would be to depart at once, as the faces of the women were full of terror, and indicated mischief.

By this time, Nahirica had brought my horse, and as I was in a minority of one, I gave the word to mount. Again a volley, this time at the edge of the forest. The old woman in a cracked, excited voice, said,

'Depart now, *now*, NOW,' in higher and higher tones, 'or your blood will be licked by the dogs.'

Bidding the anxious women good-bye, we galloped down the hill, crossed the river, and ascending the opposite slope were quickly out of range. Topi said we had had a narrow escape, and that I was a fool to

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have risked it. Nahirica said she was glad we were out of range, and though neither Preece nor I thought we had really been in much danger, we agreed that 'all's well that ends well.'

The *Aukati* remained unbroken. The cattle, being on bad feed had to be removed, and I arranged for them to be driven by the only route available, a long circuit of 150 miles or more, to the eastern foot of the Pateterre ranges, Mr. Buckland taking charge at that point.

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CHAPTER XI.

MAORI RAIDS.

Cattle seized in the Forest.—Maories as Butchers.—Cattle stolen.—Driven to the King.—Proposal to rescue.—The Taihoa *(waiting) policy.—Letter of warning to Maori Chief.—Cattle restored.—Dangers of early Colonists.* THE HALF-CASTE :—*Fine physique of Men.—Beauty of half-caste Women.—Half-Castes as Footballers in England.—As Stockmen and Boatmen :—Bob Barlow the half-caste Stockman.—Dangerous fanatics.—A Hauhau dance.—Bob carries off the Sacred pole.—No more trouble.—Winiata the murderer.—Escapes to the King.—Bob attempts his Capture.—Bob as a pig merchant.—A Carousal.—The sleeping murderer.—Bob binds him on horseback.—Carries him off.—Perilous Night Ride.—Delivers Winiata to the Police.*

SOME time after the incidents narrated in the previous chapter, Mr. Buckland started across the Ranges with about 200 head of cattle. Just before he emerged from the forest, a mob of fifty broke and returned to the east side of the range. Shortly after the 150 cattle remaining were seized by Hakaria, a noted rebel, a few miles from my station, fifty of which were killed on the spot, and the remainder driven across the island to the King at Tokangamutu. The Ngatihaua tribe were asked by Mr. Buckland to recover the fifty head, which they consented to do, and

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to hold them until the King's pleasure should be known. The cattle having been seized, Mr. Buckland returned to town.

It was then suggested that policemen should be sent to arrest Hakaria and some others who were concerned in the seizure.

I was requested to meet the Premier of the Colony on the matter. I pointed out to him that the best policy was to wait—that probably the outrage had been instigated by a few violent men, and that, if they were let alone, the good sense and good feeling of the majority might be expected to prevail. Moreover, I pointed out to him, that so far as I was concerned, I declined all Government interference or help of any kind; that I was fully prepared to stand the consequence; and, rather than my enterprise at Matamata should become, in the present critical state of affairs, a cause of war, that I would cheerfully sacrifice every shilling I had invested there. The Premier entirely concurred in my view, and as far as the Government were concerned the matter ended.

No effort of any kind was made to obtain possession of the cattle, nor were any more attempts to break the *Aukati* made by Mr. Buckland or myself, further than that I wrote two letters—one to Tana te Waharoa, (Wi Tamehana's successor) and one of similar purport to Tamati Ngapora (the Maori King's Prime Minister). As these letters throw some light on the subsequent proceedings, I subjoin a copy of the letter to the Chief Tanna, son of my old friend Wi Tamehana.

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'Auckland, March 18—.

'To Tanna.

'Sir,—Salutations—This is a word from me to you. Buckland's cattle and mine have been taken by you. I desired my cattle to come round by sea. That was the word I said to Tamati and the rest at Kotuku. Whilst I was at Waihou, Buckland had gone to Tauranga, and, meeting Hori Tupaea there, he brought my cattle over the range. This is the word that I hear. These cattle have been seized by your friends the Hauhaus, who fired off guns and stole the cattle, and have killed some. They are now eating them.

'Hearken, this work is done under your shadow. Is it right? What evil thing have I done that my cattle should be stolen? What wrong have the cattle done that they should be eaten by Hauhaus? O, son, take heed to your steps. You are approaching the edge of the precipice. Hearken! Do you not hear the roar of the ocean below? Why does my friend continue to live in a dark house? Evil counsellors dwell therein. Your father dwelt in the sunshine.

'Tawhiao (the King) does not approve of this bad work. He knows that it will lead to fighting if it be not stopped. Do you stop it, and restore the cattle. Hearken, there are many *Pakehas* here who wish to live at peace with the Maories. Why do you permit bad men to put that peace in danger of being broken? Friend, this is another word: the new Governor has arrived. He has had no hand in the troubles of this island. He is clear. He is a wise man, and desires strongly to do good to all the Maories and the

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Pakehas. He has heard of the rivers being shut up, and of the cattle being stolen. I have seen him, and have said to him, "O Governor, this bad work has been done by ignorant men, who do not know the right way." I have said to him, "Do not be angry with them, wait, let us hear all; let there be no fighting." The Governor said, "Good, I will wait, and hear for myself, for I do not love war."

'These words are good words; I approve of them. Do you, O Tanna, ponder well all the words of this letter.

'From your friend.'

I steadily pursued what the Maories term the *Taihoa* or 'waiting policy,' with the result, that one hundred of the stolen cattle were returned by the King's command, fifty valuable cows having been killed before he could interfere.

These incidents may serve to show some of the difficulties and dangers the early Colonists of New Zealand had to face, in their work of Nation Making.

The New Zealand Half-Caste.

The Half-Castes of New Zealand are in general a fine type of men and women. Usually the sons and daughters of the adventurous men who settled in New Zealand before the Islands became a British Colony, and of Maori women, generally of rank. They are of fine physique, the women being often very handsome.

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The achievements of half-caste Maories in English football matches will have shown of what stuff they are made. The statement that 'the half-castes of New Zealand possess the bad qualities of both races and the good qualities of neither,' is one of those sayings more remarkable for epigrammatic point, than for truth. The statement is simply a libel. I have employed Maori half-castes as stockmen, boatmen, and one, as Captain of a river steamer, and I never had better servants. One of my stockmen, Bob Barlow, a half-caste, was remarkable as a horseman, and of wonderful strength, agility and courage. When I first employed Bob, he was a fine, handsome well-built fellow about eighteen years of age.

At that time, just after the Waikato campaign, the country swarmed with sullen rebels who mostly became 'Hauhaus,' a dangerous set of fanatics ready for any atrocity. They had abandoned Christianity, and fallen back on a grotesque medley of their old Heathenism, with scraps of a weird, mad mysticism. They practised strange rites, kept the tenth day sacred instead of the seventh, dancing round a pole, uttering the most extraordinary jargon, and becoming so excited in their orgies as to render it extremely dangerous for white men to fall into their hands, whilst under the influence of this strange and terrible madness.

Whilst under the excitement, they professed to have received revelations, declared themselves invulnerable against European rifle bullets, and often proved their belief to their cost. They declared their intention and power to drive the Colonists into the sea, and

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frequently fixed times for doing it. These Hauhaus were a thoroughly dangerous set of malcontents, and cost the Colony a very large expenditure of money, and the loss of many valuable lives before they were extirpated, or had become once more under the dominion of reason.

Shortly after my location on the plains of Matamata, the Hauhaus made converts of all the neighbouring tribes, with the result of giving my people a great deal of trouble. One day, about fifty Hauhaus were dancing round a sacred pole in the usual excited fashion, when Bob Barlow my half-caste stockman, weary of the bother they caused by their rampant madness, rode full gallop into the ring of dancing savages, plucked up the pole, and bearing it off, dashed it into the river near. This exploit, by its very daring, had a remarkable effect, for they troubled me no more.

Some time afterwards Barlow left my service, married a Maori woman, and became a dealer in horses, cattle and pigs in the King Country. When I next saw him he had developed into one of the strongest, biggest, and best-built men I have ever seen. Some years later, a dreadful murder was committed by a Maori labourer on a farm five miles from the City of Auckland. Winiata, the murderer, evaded the police, and escaped across the frontier to the King country.

The King and his chiefs refused to surrender the criminal, though the murder had been committed for plunder. Though Maories despise a man who kills

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another for his money, they are yet so influenced by a daring crime, that its perpetrator becomes a hero, after a fashion, in their eyes and acquires a *Mana* (influence), which, in those times, they did not care to meddle with. So Winiata, having retreated some twenty miles over the frontier, pursued his occupation of a pig trader unmolested.

After many fruitless efforts to obtain his surrender, the Police Inspector of the Waikato district induced Bob Barlow to attempt his capture. Provided with a spare saddle horse and some bottles of rum, Bob, accompanied by his wife, visited Winiata's settlement to buy pigs. After a day's bargaining the pigs were bought, and the purchase completed by a carouse with Winiata and his companions, most of them outlaws like himself. In no long time, the whole party were in a deep sleep. At a signal from Barlow, his wife brought round the horses. Taking up the sleeping Winiata as if he had been a child, Barlow carried him out of the *Whare* (house), bound him securely on the saddle, and leading Winiata's horse, rode off quietly into the darkness, followed by Mrs. Barlow. Once clear of the dangerous ground of the Maori villages, he quickened his pace. During the journey Winiata awoke and became restive. Barlow tightened his bandages, and unslinging his rifle, drove the prisoner before him. At grey dawn he arrived at the frontier town, and delivered the murderer to the police authorities.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*A hard day's ride.—The sleep of the Weary.—Rain without ceasing.—Light in, Smoke out.—The* Whare Runanga (*Council house*).—*Carved Ancestors.—The members of the Club.—Yawns or Yarns.—We agree to tell Stories.—The Club called to order.—The* MAGISTRATE'S STORY :—*Thirty years ago.—Cheap Government and no Debt.—Plenty to eat.—Had Little Money and were Happy.—You have altered all that.—Progress and Debt.—Borrowing.—Taxes.—Yet not Happy.—A Primitive Prison.—Donald the jailer.—No cranks.—Only Kindness.—'Punch' amongst the Prisoners —'They wadna stay wi' us.'—Jack let out.—A Hornpipe and a Wedding.—'Ye maun be hame by nine o' the clock.'—Peter Macsandy's house.—Castle or Prison —From one to the other.*

WITH three companions I had ridden from early morning over a long stretch of plain. Late in the evening we arrived at a Maori village, where some Native friends of mine lived. Comfortable quarters were provided for us, and having attended to our tired horses, we ate our simple fare, with appetites that needed no other sauce than the hunger, which our long ride had developed. Later in the evening, two more visitors arrived. Tired with our long ride, we

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rolled our blankets round us, and fell asleep on the floor of the *Runanga* house, with no more wooing, than a sixty-mile ride afforded.

During the night, the wind had changed, and before we had finished breakfast, the rain was falling steadily. For three days it rained heavily without ceasing, and we were kept close prisoners in our Maori house. Happily the house was large, being a *Whare Runanga* (council house). We kept a fire of *Totara* logs going, Maori fashion, in the centre of the hall. The usual porch at one end enabled us to keep the small door and the two small windows open, which served to let the light in, and the smoke out.

After the first day, it became very tiresome. We piled logs on the fire, and kept our pipes going. Some of us tried a stroll, but the heavy downpour quickly drove us inside. We narrowly examined the huge carved figures of ancient Maories ranged at regular distances round the capacious hall. Every one of these curious figures varied in some particular, but all possessed the same grave, solemn far-off look in their Egyptian features.

Next morning, it rained harder than before, and we had another miserable day before us, when somebody proposed that instead of yawning so much, we should tell stories, to while away the weary hours, which seemed to move with leaden feet in our gloomy chamber.

The party consisted mostly of old Colonists—an Indian Magistrate, a Major, an Interpreter, a Surveyor, a Station manager and myself, with the old Maori Chief of the village.

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The Magistrate was elected President of this 'Runanga Club,' as the Major named it. Taking his seat—on a log—with a gravity befitting his office, the President called the Club to order, and volunteered the first story.

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY.

'In the early times, say thirty years ago, I spent two years in New Zealand. In those days you had no railways or telegraphs, only one Bank in each principal town, a simple and cheap system of government and no debt. The hardy Colonists of those times were simple in their way of living, moderate in their desires, worked hard on their own bits of freehold land, with plenty to eat, and little or no money, and were happy.

'Whilst I have been away these thirty years or so in India, you have altered all that, and I find, that during my absence you have made, what it is the fashion to call, great progress. That is, you have built railways in and to all sorts of places, some alongside navigable rivers, others along the coast line, making harbours there, where Nature never intended harbours to be, and serving to deprive your railways of their legitimate traffic. In the matter of telegraph lines, dry docks and harbours you have gone ahead wonderfully. In education you have, as the Yankees say, "beat the record," in passing your boys and girls through all the "standards" but one, namely, the standard of "work." Of that, your costly system teaches nothing,

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unless it be, how not to do it, or to be too proud to do it.

'In the matter of Government, I fancy this little colony has a larger army of Civil Servants, does more talking, and borrows and wastes more money, than any other country of the same size in the world.

'To do all this you have borrowed about thirty-seven millions sterling, and have the satisfaction—if it be a satisfaction—of being the heaviest taxed community to be found anywhere on the face of the earth.

'With it all, you don't seem to be as happy as in the old days, when, if you had little, you owed nothing, and what you had was your own.

'Sir George Grey had given you an excellent system of Government—Provincial and General. Your mad Borrowing Policy destroyed your Provincial Governments, and if you don't take care, it will destroy your General Government also, and bring you back to a Crown Colony once more.

'I don't call your present condition worth having. I love the old style better, when I knew you in the long ago, and I shall tell you a story of those simple pleasant times.

'In the little town—now a large city—where I resided occasionally, amongst the necessities of the primitive civilization, even of those times, a prison was provided. The jailer Donald Mac Donald had peculiar notions of prison government. His system may be described as one in which humanity, consideration and trust were the main features. The prison was a

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slim, weather-board building, through the walls of which, a prisoner might have easily kicked his way out, whenever it pleased him.

'Nevertheless, Donald never lost a prisoner. He had no silent system, no treadmill, no cranks, nothing but himself and his kind heart. He knew nothing of the various systems of prison administration which have been tried, each to be abandoned in its turn, until, after many systems and many years, Donald's system in its main features, is the one now most in favour.

'Now for my story.

'One day a visiting Justice seeing some Illustrated papers—"Punch" amongst the number—on a prison table, enquired of Donald, why they were there?

'"Hech mon, dinna ye ken? for the prisoner laddies of coorse," replied the jailer.

'"Nonsense," said the Justice, "who ever heard of prisoners reading 'Punch'?"

'"Eh mon," replied honest Donald, "they wadna stay wi' us, if we were na kind to 'em, puir bodies."

'On one occasion, a sailor in a passenger ship had been committed for disorderly conduct. A few days after the sailor had been consigned to Donald's care, the Captain of the ship and the lawyer who had prosecuted, were having a friendly glass of toddy in the bar parlour of the "Bruce's Arms," when they were disturbed by uproarious singing and dancing in an adjoining room.

'"Hallo," said the Captain, "surely that must be the voice of my sailor."

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'"Nonsense," replied the lawyer, "why he's safe enough in prison."

'"That's his voice and his song anyhow," said the Captain.

'To settle the matter, they adjourned to the room where the revellers were making merry, and there, sure enough, was Jack doing a sailor's hornpipe. It appeared that two of the passengers had that day been married, and were rejoicing with their friends accordingly. To add to the fun, they had asked the jailer to let out Jack, who was a merry fellow enough when "off duty." The kind-hearted Donald had let him out, and when the wedding party separated, Jack retired to the prison, where he served out his time without any further trouble.

'Not unfrequently, a prisoner would ask the good-natured Tonald to let him out for the evening.

'Donald would say, "Weel mon, ye maun be hame by nine o' the clock, or I will lock ye oot, 'deed I will."

'And indeed occasionally he did, greatly to the discomfort of the truant prisoner. It rarely happened however, that he had to resort to this extreme measure, for his chickens usually came home to roost at the appointed hour.

'After my departure for India I always longed for news from your beautiful country, where I had spent many happy days. Amongst other stray items, I remember a queer prison story of the young city with an ancient name. It had so happened, that His

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Honor Peter Macsandy Esquire (that was the name I think) Superintendent of that part of New Zealand, a merchant, chief magistrate, and a sort of Deputy Governor of the district, had been unable, in those pre-steam postal times, to make some necessary remittances to his friends in Scotland at the appointed date. In due time, the creditors entrusted the case to a local lawyer, who took the necessary proceedings to recover the amount, and failing to secure payment, obtained judgment, execution, and a warrant for the committal of his Honor to the common jail of the City.

'Not relishing the select society in charge of honest Donald, and not being destitute of some knowledge of the peculiar laws of those primitive times, and having a great store of the grim humour peculiar to his countrymen, his Honor was equal to the occasion, and straightway proclaimed, in a Government Gazette, "Splashbrook House"—his own home—to be the common jail of the City, following it up by issuing a mandate to the jailer, to "remove the body of one Peter Macsandy to the common jail," which was thereupon done. By this proceeding His Honor was enabled to transact his own business, and the public affairs of the district with the least possible inconvenience to himself, and to all Her Majesty's loyal subjects in that part of the Colony.

'Strange as this story may appear, it is substantially true, as I myself subsequently saw the Government Gazettes of the day, in which both of these curious notices duly appeared. This extraordinary style of

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administration was however, a little too much even for those free-and-easy times, for, shortly afterwards, another Government Gazette appeared, in which it was announced, that His Honor Peter Macsandy Esquire had been deprived of all his public offices.'

'Well,' said the Major, 'that is a racy story, but it is in the main true, for I remember the whole affair myself.'

After some hearty laughter at this specimen of Scotch humour, and some regrets for the good old times of the simple past, the President said,

'Now Mr. Surveyor, suppose you give us a story.'

'Well,' replied the man of the chain, 'after such a beginning, I fear my story will make a poor show. However, anything is better than the everlasting rain outside, so gentlemen, fill your pipes before I begin.'

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE SURVEYOR'S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*The Surveyor's lot not a happy one.—Compensations.—A silent world.—Nature's Temple.—Scarlet Blossoms.—Orange Blossoms.* TREES :—*The* Aka, *the* Houhere, *the* Titoki, *the* Nikau *Palm.—The* Puriri, *its massive strength and beauty.—The auger Borer.—The King of the Forest.—*THE KAURI TREE.—*Nature's Masterpiece.—An all-round tree.—Kauri Gum Varnish.—The* Rata.—*A Cathedral pillar.—Crimson flowers.—A real Christmas Tree.—*THE TANIWHA.—*A Terror.—A little Lizard and a big Chief.—The Chief escapes.—In a* Taniwha's *Cave.—A Native boy.—Gobbling fears.—'O Will where art thou?'—Stalactites.—Beauty and Vastness.—A dip in a Pool.—'Ah.'—Tui escapes from the* Taniwha.—*Draws up the Rope.—Alone.—Out of the water.—Bones in the Cave.—A whispering Echo.—All hope gone.—In a fever.—A goblin War dance.—Going mad.—'Hallo down there.—Rescued.*

'THE Surveyor's lot in New Zealand is not always a happy one. In wet winter weather, cutting lines through swamps is a good many shades worse than living in a comfortable prison, like that kept by the Magistrate's friend Tonald Mac Tonald, if it were not for the disgrace of it. The only jolly thing about winter surveying, is the getting to a snug camp at

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night after the day's work is done, and finding a smoking hot dinner ready. That makes up for all.

'Cutting lines through a grand old forest, entangled with supplejacks though it be, has many compensations. It is like working in Nature's grandest temple. In a silent world—for in the depths of the forest, no bird sings, no sound is heard. One moment as you cut your way along, you are attracted by the graceful *Aka* climbing over some dead tree, hiding its decay by a glorious display of scarlet blossoms. None can help admiring the elegant *Houhere*, with its white flowers—the orange blossom of the New Zealand forest—blushing amongst their leafy setting of leaves of delicate green.

'Right in the line you are cutting, stands a *Titoki*, elegant in its stately beauty, crowded with round jet-black seeds in their setting of brilliant scarlet. But there is no help for it, down it must go. These seeds yield a fine oil. The wood is very white and tough, and though a little heavy, made us many an axe handle, not much inferior to hickory. I never cut down a *Rewarewa* without regretting that its very remarkable and beautifully figured wood should be left to decay, instead of being used for furniture. What can be more elegant than that ornament of the forest—the *Nikau* palm—with its spreading fronds and white-ringed trunk?

'Sometimes, in a forest opening we would meet with a noble *Puriri* six feet in diameter, rising with all the massive strength and spreading beauty of the grandest English oak, and in the shining splendour of its dark green foliage, unapproached by any New

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Zealand tree. The wood is similar in many respects to teak. It is of amazing strength and durability, and were it not for the curious cylindrical holes in it, made by a queer pith-like grub with a head like a shell auger, it would make most handsome furniture. The strange thing about these holes—usually about half an inch in diameter—is, that the boring grubs never come near the bark, having apparently been deposited in the heart of the growing tree as larvæ, then in some unknown way, developing into a grub, which bores its hole about six inches in length, and after filling it with its pith body, dies in its tomb.'

'The wood is something like black walnut, is it not?' asked the Magistrate.

'Very similar to it, but far stronger; but,' continued the Surveyor, 'after all, the real "King of the Forest" is the KAURI. You fellows that have never seen one of these grandest of all trees, have a new sensation in store. Just fancy standing at the base of a smooth, round, giant trunk thirty feet in circumference, towering aloft without a branch for a hundred and fifty feet or more, then breaking into a spreading leafy crown such as no monarch ever wore. Truly this noble tree is one of Nature's grandest masterpieces.'

'I understand the timber is of great value for various purposes,' said the Magistrate, who seemed interested in trees.

'Of great value, I should think so,' replied the man of the theodolite, 'Why, it is used for almost every purpose you can name. Do you require a durable wood? Use the heart of *Kauri*. Do you want timber with lightness, strength and symmetry for ships,

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masts and spars, then take *Kauri*; or flooring for houses, or beams with a high breaking strain, or bridges, or planking; for all these and for many other uses, I believe there is not in all the world, such a generally useful, all-round tree as the *Kauri*, if it is only cut down in the winter months, which, unfortunately it is not. I have said nothing of its uses for furniture, but as a wood for strikingly handsome furniture the mottled *Kauri* would be hard to beat.'

'It yields a valuable gum I think,' observed the Magistrate.

'You are right. *Kauri* gum now supplies the world with a varnish, which for hardness, lustre, durability, polish and cheapness is not surpassed by Copal or by any other varnish. Indeed much of the highly prized Copal varnish is mainly made from *Kauri* gum. *Kauri* gum employs thousands of gum-diggers to obtain it in North New Zealand, and its annual export value is about 400,000*l*.'

'What do you think of the *Rata*?' the Interpreter asked.

'The *Rata*,' replied the Surveyor, 'why I think it one of the handsomest, and certainly the most remarkable tree in the New Zealand forest. I have seen it one hundred and twenty feet high, and I measured one thirty-three feet round at six feet from the base. It towers up like a vast clustered column in a cathedral, with rib-like buttresses stretching from its base on every side. The curious thing about this forest giant is, that it began life as a climber covered with rich crimson blossoms. Clinging to a small tree

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nearest it—usually a *Puketea*—it goes on climbing, clinging, and growing, until it covers up the supporting tree, kills it, and becomes the tree itself.'

'You said the *Rata* had handsome crimson flowers as a climber, does it lose them when it becomes a tree?' enquired the Magistrate.

'You seem very anxious to get to know all about New Zealand trees,' impatiently interrupted the Station Manager.

'Well you see,' said the Magistrate, 'when I was a young fellow, I spent two years in New Zealand, and was so charmed with its forests, that nearly thirty years subsequent residence in India, has not made me forget my old fancy.'

'No,' replied the Surveyor, after this little interruption, 'it retains the flowers in great profusion.'

'Is it a rare tree?' asked the inquisitive Magistrate.

'Rare? No. Do you know I was once surveying on a plain, bounded by a forest-clothed precipitous mountain chain, which was covered with them. It was Christmas time, and the whole mountain side was brilliant with a blaze of crimson flowers.'

'That must have been a grand sight,' said the matter-of-fact Station Manager, 'but I thought you were going to tell us a story.'

'I ask pardon,' hastily replied the Surveyor, 'but whenever I get into a Northern New Zealand forest, I forget everything else. Now for the story.

'Many years ago, I was surveying in a limestone

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district. During my survey, I heard of several caves. One especially—known amongst the Maories as "the Cave of the *Taniwha*"—excited my curiosity amazingly. Perhaps I ought to tell you, that the *Taniwha* is believed by the Maories to be a fierce monster of the reptile kind. They tell you he is like a lizard, but of enormous size, that he is found in lakes, swamps and caves. If you ask more about his appearance, they will take a piece of charcoal, and sketch a creature like a crocodile. The *Taniwha*, fable or not, is a real terror to them.'

'You are right,' said the Interpreter, 'I have often seen them paralysed with fear at so small a *Taniwha* as a lizard.'

'Do you think they really exist in any form to give colour to the Maori belief?' enquired the Major.

'Ask the Maori Chief,' replied the Surveyor.

'Do you think, Mangawhero (red branch) that there are any real *Taniwhas*?' asked the Interpreter.

'Yes,' promptly replied the Chief, 'long ago a *Taniwha* devoured one of my ancestors.'

'Have the Maories seen any *Taniwhas*?'

'Hearken,' said Mangawhero. 'When the reeds shake in a particular way, we know the *Taniwha* is in the swamp. When there is a swelling of the waters in Lake Taupo with a rumbling sound, we know that the *Taniwha* is there. (Lake Taupo being in the volcanic belt of New Zealand, is itself an ancient crater, and being still subject to volcanic influences, may have given rise to the superstition.)

'When we hear a strange noise in a cave, we know

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that to be the voice of the *Taniwha.* Enough. I am afraid.'

At that moment, a small lizard ran quickly out of some firewood near the Chief. With a mischievous grin, the Interpreter suddenly asked,

'What is that?'

Without a moment's delay, the Chief, a fine powerful fellow, sprung to his feet, with a face of terror, rushed out of the *Runanga* house, through the pouring rain to his own *Whare* (house), where he remained the rest of the day.

We were all of course greatly surprised that so big a man should have been so alarmed by a little lizard. But so it was. I have never met with a Maori who had really seen a *Taniwha* bigger than a lizard, but nevertheless they most religiously believe in their existence. So strongly is this belief embedded in their very nature, that I think it must be an ancient survival of a Land which the Maori branch of the Aryan race visited on their march of ages in the long ago—Egypt possibly. In any case—whether a fable, or an unforgotten tradition, the *Taniwha* is a very real terror to every Maori with whom I have conversed on the subject.*

* Early in 1889, a friend of mine had a party of Maories sowing grass seed in a forest clearing. Suddenly, one of them shouted 'Here is a green lizard.'

Instantly every Maori stopped work, each man seizing the first piece of wood at hand, rushed after the lizard, and beat the pretty little creature to pieces. My friend remonstrated with them for their useless cruelty, when they replied,

'It was *Tika* (quite correct) for a *Pakeha* (white man) who could

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'Well,' continued the Surveyor, after the Chief's flight, 'I was determined to visit the cave which a *Taniwha* was said to occupy. But no Maori would consent to act as guide to it. At last however, I bribed Tui, a Maori boy. Like most Maori guides, when danger is supposed to be ahead, Tui followed, instead of leading, all the while in a perfect state of fright. He kept on begging me to return, saying the *Taniwha* would certainly eat us both. Once he came to a dead stop, and declared he would go no farther. By promising another half-pound of tobacco, I at length induced him to come on.

'At last we came to the mouth of the cave. It was a pretty spot. A dark rent in the masses of limestone revealed a deep black vertical chasm, half hidden by the hanging branches of the *Kowhai* laden with clusters of bright yellow bell-like flowers, and by the *Ngutukaka* (beak of the parrot)—by far the handsomest flowering tree in the New Zealand forest—gorgeous with a profusion of bunches of splendid scarlet flowers, each flower like a parrot's beak. Right over the chasm inclined a lofty Silver tree-fern, perfect in shape and beauty.' . . .

not be injured by a lizard, to allow it to live, but with us it is a different matter.'

I enquired, 'what harm had the lizard done you?'

'You will see,' they replied, 'before the sun rises over the trees *Apopo* (to-morrow) we shall hear of the death of one of our nearest kindred.'

Strangely enough, within two hours, a Maori rode into camp leading a saddled horse, with the information that a young girl had died suddenly the night before.

She was the daughter of the Maori who first saw the lizard.

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'Now,' saucily interrupted the Station Manager, 'don't get into the forest again.'

Without noticing the interruption, the Surveyor continued,

'I led the way, my native boy Tui, trembling behind. Dropping a stone down the dark chasm brought up a hollow sound from below. Tui rushed backwards, stopped and implored me to fly before the *Taniwha* made his appearance. I then dropped the rope down and found bottom at thirty feet. I told Tui he might leave me and return if he wished. However, he gallantly refused, saying, that if I had fully resolved to be gobbled up by the *Taniwha*, he would have to share my fate and be gobbled up also.

'Making fast the rope to the overhanging silver tree-fern, I slowly lowered myself into the darkness below. Touching bottom, I looked up, and saw the agonized face of Tui, straining his eyes to see what had become of me.

'Presently he called out,

'"*E Wi kei hea koe?*" (O Will where art thou?)

'I replied, I was all right, and told him to come down, which he did, exclaiming,

'"*Aue! Ka mate au i te mataku*" (Alas! I shall die of fright), and indeed he was trembling in every limb when he touched bottom. After our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, we moved forward, and found the floor descending at an angle of forty-five degrees. Lighting candles, I found at the bottom of the slope, that we were in a large cavern, hung with white stalactites sparkling from a thousand points.

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Threading my way through the stalagmites on the floor, closely followed by Tui, I explored the wonders of a noble chamber adorned with fretwork of wonderful beauty.

'I had been peering into the lofty dome, vainly endeavouring to estimate its vastness, when stepping backwards a couple of paces, I fell overhead into a pool or stream of icy cold water. Happily, it was not deeper than my waist, and recovering myself on the instant, I found I was in perfect darkness. The sudden immersion had forced from me a lusty "Ah!" which was answered from behind by a yell, diabolical enough to have come from a *Taniwha*, but which came from the startled Tui, who had seen me disappear, and hearing my gasp, concluded I was grabbed by the *Taniwha*.

'So with this hideous yell he disappeared, and I was alone. No, not quite alone, for Tui's yell had disturbed a couple of birds, which screeched and flapped about in a horrible manner. I crawled out of the icy water, and after the toughest piece of work I ever had, I reached the base of the perpendicular rock, down the face of which I had descended by the rope, only to find that Tui had drawn up the rope after him. I instantly shouted to the runaway boy, but in vain, for, probably thinking, after the *Taniwha* had devoured me, that he would pursue him, he had pulled up the rope, and I was left to my fate.

'I was soaking wet, cold and hungry. In vain I shouted to the boy again and again, but no answer came. I commenced groping about the cave; unfortunately my candle was lost and my matches, like

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myself, were soaking wet. It was very dark at first, but after a while, I could dimly make out objects not far from the mouth of the cave. I found bones of animals, probably those of pigs and cows, which I concluded had fallen into the cavern, (though now I come to think of it, they may have been bones of animals which lived in New Zealand long ages ago, and were now extinct.) Hours passed away. I tried to climb the face of the rock till my hands were skinned, but all in vain.

'For a long time I could not bring myself to believe that I was to die in this horrible hole. Shivering in my wet clothing, my teeth chattered with fear or cold, or both; I shouted till my voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, but only a whispering echo came back from the walls of the cavern to mock me. I now fully understood that the wretched boy, fearing I was devoured by the *Taniwha*, had fled to his village, miles away; and as my Native chainmen and line-cutters had gone to their homes two days' journey distant, I felt I was probably doomed to a horrible death in the cave. Casting about for any possible help from Europeans, I remembered sadly, that there were (in those days) not more than half a dozen white men within a circuit of many miles of the cave where I lay.

'As the hours wore wearily on, my heart died within me. I gave up all hope of ever seeing the blessed sunlight again. I was growing feverish; one moment burning, the next shivering. I thought I was going mad. Though the cave was dark as pitch, all manner

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of horrid, luminous figures seemed to fill the frightful cavern, which first I feared, but now hoped, would be my grave.

'Days and weeks seemed to have passed since I had entered this black, horrible pit. I began to think I was in Hell. My tongue was parched with thirst; I understood then, why the rich man would have given so much for a drop of water in the place of torment. I had seen many a Maori war dance in the upper world. I saw them again, with fiery tongues hanging from horrible faces, and I shivered with terror at the horrid scene.

'Wearied out with hunger, thirst, cold and terror, I suppose I must have fallen asleep. If so, I must have slept soundly, for the hideous figures had disappeared, and I dreamt of dainty dishes on a well-furnished table.

'How long I lay, I know not. Strange sounds seemed to echo through my ears, and I awoke. I heard a voice.

'"Hallo down there" was the welcome call.

'"Dead or alive?" came next.

'I sprang up instantly, and shouted "Hallo" at the top of my voice.

'In a minute, the rope was lowered, and my deliverer, a *Pakeha* Maori, descended as I had done. I was very weak and half dazed, but a mouthful of rum from the flask of my friend, revived me greatly, and a few mouthfuls of biscuit enabled me to climb up the rope, which my rescuer had knotted, to render my climb more easy.

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'Happily for me, my deliverer had met with Tui in his flight, who told him I had been devoured by the *Taniwha* which dwelt in the cave, and that he himself had only just escaped being devoured by the monster. My friend formed his own conclusions from the boy's story, and came to my rescue.

'To my surprise, I found I had not been more than twenty hours in the cave.'

'How fortunate the *Taniwha* did not really get hold of you,' said the Major, who was as fond of a yarn as he was of a joke, 'or we should never have heard your story.'

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE INTERPRETER'S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*Rain.—Maori customs.—The* Makutu. *—An ancient survival.—The Fish of Maui.—The Evil Eye.—Bewitched.—Touching the Dead.—Certain death.—Building a Ship.—The Bewitched Chief.—The Stone on the Shore.—An agony of terror.—The Priest's* Makutu.—*The Shipbuilder's* Makutu.—*'Wait, we shall see.'—A Dog* makutued.—*A dog or a man.—The dog dies.—The Priest puts to Sea.—The Chief recovers.*—Makutuing *by Arsenic.* MAORI DEVOTION :—*Escape from a fortress.—The Three Fugitives.—A gallant defender.—Facing the Pursuers.—The Old Men make for the Forest.—'Presenting.'—Does not 'fire.'—The brave Youth shot as he kneels.—The Old Men escape.—His life for theirs.—An empty gun.—A Defence without ammunition.* COOKING SOAP :—*A Wreck.—A Cask ashore.—'White man's food.'—Raw Soap for Dinner. Not nice, but nasty.—A Bright Idea.—'Let us cook it.'—The Dinner spoiled.—Cooked soap too much for Strong Stomachs.* THE SPIRIT LAND :—*The Last Journey.—The love-sick Chief.—The Maiden of Low degree.—A stony-hearted Father.—The Young Chief dies of grief.—'I come, I come.'—The Maiden departs to the Spirit Land.—The Old Chief follows to prevent their Union.*

'NOW Mr. Interpreter,' said our President, 'we are waiting for your story.'

'Well,' said the Interpreter, 'I must obey I suppose, but I fancy when I have finished, that some of you will wish I had never begun. However it still

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rains, and as my yarns may help to run off the hours, I will do my best to interest you.

'I have no story of battle or imprisonment to tell. I never saw a *Taniwha*, nor was I ever nearly caught by one—at least that I know of. But I have certainly seen a good deal of Maories and Maori customs and perhaps I could not do better than tell you something about them. I may as well begin with

'THE MAKUTU.

'The Maories are a very imaginative people, and have, perhaps in consequence, many superstitions. They are the Celts of the South. The superstition of the *Makutu* (bewitching) took deep hold of them in former times, nor is it yet extinct, more than one instance having quite recently occurred amongst them.

'The origin of this curious Maori superstition is lost in antiquity. Probably it is an ancient survival brought by the Maories from the far-off Aryan lands, from which they are supposed to have come in the long, long ago, or from some country at which they dwelt or touched, in the marvellous succession of migrations and voyages, which finally ended at "Te Ika a Maui," (the Fish of Maui) dragged from the sea by the demi-god Maui, "the Islands of New Zealand."

'The belief in the "evil eye" is not yet extinct amongst Western Nations, and the power to "be-

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witch" is still believed to exist, by the most ignorant amongst them. These ideas survive amongst the Maories as the *Makutu*. When a Maori is *makutued*, he believes he is bewitched. It is sometimes caused by a *Tohunga* (priest), making incantations of a simple or occult kind; or by touching a dead body; by an imprecation or curse; by a glance of the eye; by touching the head with food, or even by passing under food, suspended in a house or tree.

'When a Maori believed he was *makutued*, he knew his death was certain, and resigning himself to his fate, died without loss of time, unless the *Makutu* was removed by the incantations of a *Tohunga*, or by the priest who had imposed it, or by one more powerful than he.

'An instance of the *Makutu* came under the notice of a friend of mine forty years ago, which will illustrate some of its peculiar features. My friend at that time was building a ship on the coast. There were then no European ship carpenters to be had, and being himself a master of the craft, he engaged two parties of Maories, who, under his skilful guidance—with the quick apprehension and readiness of hand natural to the Natives—carried on the building of the ship in a fairly satisfactory manner.

'After a time however, one of the tribal parties became dissatisfied with the influence of a young Chief at the head of the other tribe. The young fellow, by his quickness and docility, had become my friend's right-hand man in the work. The scheming of the first tribe under the influence of their priest,

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for the removal of the young chief and his tribe, was unavailing. When, one day at low water, the young Chief said, that he and his tribe must depart without delay. Being pressed for the reason, he said the old *Tohunga* of the other tribe had *makutued* him, by placing a small boulder on the shore just below high-water mark, and that if he did not depart before the water rose over the stone there would be an end of him.

'The poor fellow was in an agony of terror, begged my friend to allow him to leave the place at once, as he knew he would certainly die before next morning if he remained.

'With much difficulty, my friend persuaded him to delay his departure till next day. The master carpenter at once went to the camp of the malcontent tribe, and in their presence, reproached the old priest for putting the *Makutu* on the young Chief, telling them that he also possessed the power of the *Makutu*, and, drawing a circle in the sand round the old *Tohunga*, and making a few mesmeric passes over him, looked steadily for a few moments into his red eyes, and then declared, that before the tide had risen twice, he would be a dead man.

'The old priest raised his eyebrows, shot a mocking glance at my friend, and said "*Taihoa*" (wait, we shall see).

'At evening, there came, as usual, to the large hut, where the young Chief and his Maories were at supper, a dog belonging to the old priest of the opposition tribe, for the usual scraps of meat and biscuit. When

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the dog appeared, my friend stroked his back, ears, and tail in a way he had never done before. He then said,

'"By sunrise on the morrow this dog will die, I have *makutued* him. If he does not die, then, the *Makutu* I have placed on the old *Tohunga* (priest) will fail, and the priest will live."

'During that night, a sullen deadly terror pervaded both camps. It may seem strange that the *Makutu* (bewitching) should have such extraordinary power over the Maories, but it is nevertheless a fact. Undoubtedly, their strong and vivid imagination renders them peculiarly liable to its influence, as well as to many other beliefs and illusions. The young Chief was in mortal terror. Nothing that my friend could say, comforted him. He declared he would be dead before high water. His retainers bemoaned his hard fate, and *tangied* (mourned) over him beforehand, as though he were already dead.

'In the morning, before sunrise, the *Tohunga's* dog lay on the sandy shore, dead. Then the old priest and his tribe knew they were under the influence of a *Tohunga Nui* (great priest), from whose terrible *Makutu* they must escape without delay, or they would be all dead men.

'Rapidly gathering their more necessary articles into the canoes, they put to sea, so relieving my friend the shipbuilder of their unwelcome presence.

'From that hour the young Chief began to recover. One of his retainers carried the smooth round boulder

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far above high-water mark. The Maori workmen at once became merry and active as before. The shipbuilder's influence was unbounded. Was he not a great *Tohunga*?

'In due time, the building of the good ship was finished, and the Maori shipbuilders departed to their homes.'

'What an extraordinary circumstance,' said the Surveyor, 'how on earth did it happen?'

'I was about to say,' continued the Interpreter, 'that the master shipbuilder had given the dog a dose of arsenic the night before.'

'Ah,' said the practical Station Manager, 'I've *makutued* a good many Maori dogs in that way myself.'

'Now,' continued the Interpreter, 'as the Maories say, "that ends." Having given you an instance of the superstition of the Maories, I may as well tell you a story of their courage and devotion.

'Courage and Devotion.

'After the defeat of the Maories at Orakau, the soldiers pursued the retreating fugitives at all points as they escaped from the untenable fortress. A little party of Colonial troops led by a dog, came upon a party of three Natives, two old men and one youth. The latter was the only armed man of the party, the old men having thrown away their guns the better to make their escape. The pursuers were rapidly

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approaching. Before they could reach the forest not far ahead, the young Maori was observed to drop behind, and facing the pursuers, he knelt and presented his gun at the advancing foe. They stopped, fired, and missed him. Without discharging his piece, he sprung to his feet and ran on in advance, until he had overtaken the weary, unarmed old men, when he again faced about and presented his gun as before, but evidently reserving his fire, as he did not discharge his piece.

'By this time, the old men were drawing close to cover, the advancing soldiers rapidly lessening the distance between them. Again they fired at the youth, but missed as before. Once more the gallant fellow turned and bounded on. The worn-out old men were now close to the forest. Again, the now fainting youth faced his pursuers, and kneeling down presented his gun at the soldiers, now close upon him, but still no flash nor bullet came from his weapon.

'He remained kneeling, and, shooting him as he knelt, the soldiers rushed on into the forest, but failed to capture the older fugitives, for in the tangled undergrowth, they made good their escape. Returning from their fruitless search, the soldiers found the gallant youth lying dead on the track, without either caps or ammunition in his pouch, and that his gun was empty, not having been discharged nor even loaded; the brave fellow having, with an empty piece, gallantly covered the retreat of the two old men and secured their escape, by the loss of his own life. When the soldiers saw this, they were glad the old men had

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escaped, and heartily sorry they had killed their gallant defender.'

'I should think so,' said the Major, 'I have seen many gallant deeds done in my time, but I never knew anything to equal that.'

'No more gallant deed of heroic devotion and noble self-sacrifice, was ever done in any age or country,' said the President, 'it makes one regret, that a race capable of such deeds, should have met so hard a fate.'

We all expressed our admiration for the brave young warrior, and our regret for his untimely end.

After a short interval, the Interpreter said, 'You all seem rather sorrowful, let me tell you a story of another kind.

'COOKING SOAP.

'Long ago, in the very old days, there came ashore at a sea-side Maori village a number of articles from the wreck of a small Sydney trading schooner. Amongst other things, a cask containing some bars of soap came ashore.

'"White man's food," said the Maori wreckers, "let us eat it," and seizing each a bar, they struggled hard to swallow the mouthfuls of soap, but their teeth sticking into it, and finding it worked up into a lather, they concluded it required cooking.'

'Come now,' interrupted the hard-headed Station Manager, 'you are laying it on too thick.'

'No,' said the Magistrate, 'I don't think it strange, that the unsophisticated savages should eat soap; why,

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I remember at a dinner at Luxor, seeing some Egyptian colonels wash out their mouths with pieces of soap.'

'Well the Egyptians might like it,' said the Station Manager, 'but I know the Maories don't, for I have never seen them even wash with it until lately, much less eat it.'

'Perhaps their dislike for soap may have arisen from the wreckers' experience,' laughingly replied the Surveyor.

'Well,' continued the Interpreter, 'I don't know about that, but let me finish my story. Full of the cooking idea, the *Hangi* (oven) being already nearly filled with *Kumaras* (sweet potatoes) and fish, they placed the bars of soap over all, and sprinkling the food with water from a gourd, they covered all up with fern leaves, mats and earth in the usual manner. After the proper time had passed, they prepared for their evening meal, by removing the covering. The *Kumaras* and fish were properly steamed—for the Maories are excellent cooks—and the food placed on mats by the women, with a piece of the new food on each, by way of a special *Kinaki* (relish).

'Hungry as usual they were, but strong as a Maori stomach is, this new food was too much for them, and with many hideous grimaces, they were reluctantly compelled to give it up. The steamed soap had penetrated fish and *Kumaras*; they could eat nothing in the oven. Worse still, the oven itself was so saturated with soap, that they had to prepare new food in a new oven.'

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'No wonder the Maories don't care for soap,' said the comical Major.

'Though the Maories,' continued the Interpreter, 'are a hard-headed, matter-of-fact race, they are by no means devoid of sentiment, as the following incident will show.

'THE SPIRIT LAND.

'Long before the introduction of Christianity into New Zealand, the Maories had ideas of a Spirit Land more or less defined. They believed that all, young and old, chief and slave, took their journey thither after death. Many legends exist in connection with the Spirit Land, abounding in beauty, pathos or sentiment. Let me give you one of them.

'In a village on the sea-coast, a young Maori Chief of high rank, fell in love with a Maori maiden of great beauty, but of low degree. She returned his love, and many were the love passages and secret meetings between them, but, as in other communities, the course of true love did not smoothly run, for the youth's father, the great Chief of the district, forbade their union, and determined it should not take place. This opposition, as usual, only made them love each other the more, but in vain, for the grim old Chief was inflexible. The young Chief was inconsolable, refused to eat, and died of grief. Heart-broken, the maiden destroyed herself, saying as she threw herself from a cliff into the sea,

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'"O Parengarenga I come, I come to thee," and the ocean waves carried her to meet her lover in the Spirit Land.

'The old Chief hearing of her dying words, declared the union should never be. And rushing to the edge of the cliff *Taiaha* (battle-axe) in hand,

'"I go," said he, "I go to break asunder the chains with which the daughter of a slave seeks to bind the son of warriors," and plunging from the cliff into the waves, he was seen no more.'

'What a touching story,' said the President.

'Touching, do you call it,' said the Station Manager, 'when you next tell that story Mr. Interpreter, I think you might call it, "The Story of Three Fools."'

'Dick,' laughed the Major, 'I'm ashamed of you, you'll be in love yourself one of these days, and then you'll know better.'

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CHAPTER XV.

THE STATION MANAGER S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*A Country Journey.—Black and White pants.—A Hot spring as a washing tub.—Jack as a Washer-woman.—A Surprise and a Race.—The Chase and the Capture.—Marched to the Fort.—A Maori Court.—Tried and found guilty.—Girls in Boots.—A White skin under a Blue Shirt.—A Fair exchange no Robbery.—A Fight for a Pea jacket.—Floored.—Savage Oratory.—A Fierce Attack.—A Snake to the Rescue.—The Warrior and the old Woman roll over.—A General attack Snake in Hand.—A Complete Victory and a Quick Retreat.—We hold the Fort and recover the Booty.—We march off with the Honours of War.*

THE wind was blowing a hurricane outside. The Maories had made up a big fire, and though the storm howled round the corners of the *Runanga* house, it stood firm, and we were all of us glad of its friendly shelter in such a night.

'Now,' said the President, 'we are ready for the next story, Mr. Station Manager. You must have gone through some adventures in this Colony. Can you not tell us about some of them?'

'Yes,' said the man of bullocks, 'I have done some rough-and-tumble work since my arrival many years ago in New Zealand. I have been put into some

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queer corners by wild bullocks, as well as by wild Maories. The Surveyor's Story of the *Taniwha*, showing the fear the Maories have for reptiles, reminds me of an adventure I once had, with a snake in a Maori *Pah*, which I may as well tell you.'

The Station Manager's Story.

'When I was a new chum, I travelled about this country a good deal. One journey in the early days, I well remember.

'A shipmate and I tramped on foot through the Hot Lake country. In those times, there were no railways nor coaches, not many horses, no bridges and no roads but Maori tracks, here and there. We had been trudging along one hot day, nearly smothered by the heat, when happily, a thunder shower fell and cooled the air. We got a wetting, but as we kept moving we were none the worse for it.

'As we tramped on, we crossed a patch of tall fern newly burnt. When we got through, my friend's white moleskin trousers were covered with black stains from the burnt fern stalks. Being a smart-looking fellow, and something of a dandy, Jack grumbled a good deal about his black and white trousers, but there was no help for it.

'Later in the day we came to a hot spring, situated at the foot of a hill. It was very hot, too hot, or you may be sure we would have had a warm bath. All at once, a bright idea got into Jack's head.

'"Hallo," said he, "if this spring is too hot to bathe

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in, it is just the thing for a washerwoman, so here goes."

'The next instant he stripped off his black and white trousers, and dipped them in the boiling spring. With the help of a bit of soap we carried—the Interpreter's friends might have used soap for cooking, but the Maories of that time never used it for washing—for I don't believe there was a piece of soap in all that country, except the bit we carried. Jack worked hard, and, having washed his own clothes on shipboard, he didn't make a bad washerwoman. Whilst he was scrubbing away, two Maori girls came along with some kits of potatoes. On seeing what Jack was doing, they set up a howl, and ran back the way they came, as fleet as the wind.

'We couldn't make it out at all, but Jack wrung the water out of his pants and hung them on a bush to dry. We were having a quiet smoke, when we heard a loud yelling. The next minute, a mob of fifty Maories or more came running down the hill at top speed. We saw at once that something had gone wrong, and without waiting to find out what it was, we snatched up our swags and ran off at a racing pace, Jack seizing his damp trousers, for he could not wait to put them on.

'The Maories came on shouting and yelling in pursuit. I was in good running order, and could have beat the savages, but Jack's naked feet bothered him, and he was no match for the hard-hoofed Maories over the rough ground without his boots. I wouldn't leave him, so, after a long chase the Maories over-

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hauled us, and laid hold of us and our belongings, including poor Jack's pants.

'They made us go back to their *Pah* on the top of the hill. Inside the *Pah*, they held a kind of court over us. As nearly as we could make out, it seemed that the hot spring where Jack had done his washing, was the place where the Maories cooked their potatoes. I did not know then, but found afterwards, that to wash clothes in a hot spring where food was cooked, was against all Maori notions. But Jack and I were innocents abroad, and knew nothing of their ways, or that they used the hot spring to cook their food in.

'Well, there was a great row in the *Pah*. Some of the Maories were very savage. First of all, they seized Jack's pants, and made me pull off mine. After a lot of talk, they confiscated them, and two of the savages put their legs into them. Next they grabbed our boots, and the two girls, who had seen us at the spring, put them on.

'This seemed to settle them a bit, for they jabbered away a long while, one at a time, one after another. They then confiscated our blankets. I was getting very angry, and knowing how to use my fists, I would have liked to have tackled half-a-dozen of the rascals, one after another; but the whole tribe and all at once, were rather more than I could manage.

'After no end of talk, they made another move. Jack had been stripped of everything but his blue shirt. I stood leaning against a post with nothing on but my shirt and monkey jacket. An old woman

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then went up to Jack, and pointed to his blue shirt. The old witch wanted it. Jack strongly resisted, but it came to nothing, for two big savages came along, and pulled his blue shirt over his head, and there he stood for a minute, the old woman smoothing down his white skin, and the whole crowd roaring with yells and laughter. The old woman then put on Jack's shirt, and gave him an old rag of a blanket in exchange.

'It was my turn now. A big, brawny fellow came up to me, and made signs for me to pull off my pea jacket.

'I meant to fight for it, whatever happened, and, when he came on I was ready for him. Before he knew much about it, he lay sprawling on the ground.

'I have since found out that the Maories greatly admire pluck, and I suppose that was why they all yelled with laughter at the big Maori's downfall. He didn't laugh though, but picked himself up with a diabolical grin on his black face. I stood my ground, with my hands in my pockets. The ruffian I had floored began to make a speech. The way he ran from side to side, jumped off all fours, slapped his tatooed thighs, and put out his tongue was a sight to see. What he said, I didn't know, but the yells he let off, and the hideous faces he made, were enough to drive a wild animal mad.

'While he was going on at this game, I felt in my coat pocket, a toy I had brought from home with me. It was one of those flexible, green, wooden snakes, about two feet six inches long, which, if you grasp by

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the tail, writhes about, and looks for all the world, as if the reptile would spring at you. I had had great fun with this snake toy in Auckland, and I thought I would now try its effect upon the savages.

'So I waited. The Maori I had floored suddenly stopped his dance, and came at me with the spear he held in his hand. Before he could touch me, I whipped out the snake, and made a dart at him with it.

'The effect on him was wonderful. I was never more surprised in my life. The big savage fell back as if he had been bitten. His face, where there was no tatoo, turned a greenish hue, and nothing of his eyes, but the whites, could be seen. He tumbled over the old woman who had Jack's shirt on, and they rolled in the dust mixed up together. Seeing the effect my snake had on my assailant, I lost no time in following up my advantage.

'Snake in hand, I advanced at the fellows who had on our clothes and blankets. They ran screeching in all directions. Then I tackled the rest of the crowd, my snake and I darting about like mad. You never saw such a scrimmage, or heard such a screeching. Some of them fell flat on the ground out of sheer fright, others rushed through the gateway, the rest clambered over the palisades of the *Pah*, without stopping to say "good-bye." Weren't we nearly dead with laughing?

'In less than three minutes, I had cleared every one of the Maories out of the *Pah*, and Jack and I were left masters of the field.

'The sun had just set, and we began to feel cold for want of our clothes, so I went outside to get the fellows

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to bring them back. The savages were clustered in heaps on the slope of the hill, but directly I appeared, snake in hand, they ran off howling on all sides. I could not get near one of them, so I retired—as the soldiers say—within the entrenchments. It was great fun, but just a little too cool about the legs.

'Fortunately for us, the women had just taken the food from the ovens for the evening meal, and being very hungry after the scrimmage, Jack and I wrapped some Maori mats round us, and set to work on the pork and potatoes. After a hearty meal, we laughed and smoked till dark. Not a soul came near us, so we made ourselves as comfortable as we could till near midnight. We held the fort, sure enough, and thinking it better not to run the risk of being surprised, we slept and watched by turns.

'Early next morning we sallied out in quest of the runaways, but not a hoof was to be seen. But just outside the gateway, we found our clothes and boots, which pleased us better. To slip into them, and make a breakfast off the cold pork and potatoes, did not take us long. After that, we resumed our journey more comfortably than we expected, considering the row of the day before.'

'That's a good story,' said the Interpreter, 'and is another instance of the extraordinary fear the Maories have for reptiles.'

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD CHIEF'S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*The night, dark and dreary.—Beneath the skin of a Captive, beats the heart of a Man.—Children of the Soil.—Like dead trees in a Clearing.—I feel like a Slave.—A Hunchback on hot coals.—Fire-water.—A beaten dog.—The Music of the Paddles.—The days of my youth.—The Thunder of the War dance.—The Crack of the Stock whip.—I weep like a Girl.—Alone with his Sadness.—The Gloomy Hall.—Weird eyes.—Leaning on his Spear.—A Story of Old.—The* Pah *on the Shore.—Tukaka.—Dried fish.—Escape of the Hunchback.—'He will never return.'—The Priest's Dream.—Tukaka in the Oven.—'My burden of sorrow.'—Still and Silent sat the Chiefs.—Bones as fish hooks.—A great Curse.—The Warriors spring to their feet.—A sore Lamentation.—Cries for Vengeance.—In the Silent Night.—The Mother's Lament.—The Spirits of the Dead.—The Song of the Warriors.—In the ruddy glare.—A picture of Grief.—Incantations.—The* Pah *made strong.—Ready for the Battle.—Vengeance for Tukaka.—The War path.—The two Slaves.—The Priest's Charm.—Singing gaily.—Dead at a Blow.—The Challenge.—The Murderers.—A Watch by Night.—A long Siege.—In the Ovens.—The* Tohunga's *Dream.—'Let them live.'—Famine.—The Guests in the Fortress.—Treachery.—Two Guests escape.—Abundance of Food.—A Defiant War song.—Come out to be Killed.—'And we killed them.'—All.—Skins full of Bones.—Not worth Eating.*

MANGAWHERO, the Maori Chief, who understood English very well, though he would never speak it, had listened to the story of the '*Taniwha's* Cave' with great interest and trepidation.

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He gravely said to the Surveyor next day,

'The *Taniwha* was in the cave.'

'Why then, did he not devour me?' asked the Surveyor.

'Because you were a white man,' Mangawhero promptly answered, 'had Tui been left in the cave, instead of you, there would have been an end of the boy, the *Taniwha* would have eaten him.'

'Now Mangawhero,' said the Magistrate, who as I have said, was President of our 'Runanga Club,' 'let us have your story.'

It had rained all day. The night had come on, dark, wet and dreary. Inside the great *Runanga* house, the gloom was lessened by the ruddy glow of a log fire in the centre; and lighting our pipes, we settled down to hear the Chief's story.

Gathering his handsome mat around him, and placing a hot ember in his well-worn black pipe, with two or three puffs, he began his story.

'Hearken. Chiefs of the White faces. Salutations.

'The skin of the Maori is dark. I am old and my legs are feeble, but my thoughts are clear. I have heard my father Te Wakawa (magistrate) speak of the kindness of the Keeper of the Prison. It is well. That prison keeper was a good man. He knew that beneath the skin of a captive, there beats the heart of a man. His ways were wise. Enough of that. Hearken. The *Rangitira* (chief) of the Chain, has

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spoken of the trees of the forest. Great is my love for them all, and for the birds that sing on the skirt of the forest. Like my people, they are the children of the soil. The white man looks on the men, the trees, and the birds, and they wither and die.

'I am a stranger in my own country. I and my people are like the dead trees in a clearing. One falls and another falls, and soon we shall all be gone. The songs of my youth are heard no more.

'I clothe myself in a shirt and *Troutits* (trousers). My head—the head of a chief—is sometimes covered with a *Potae* (hat), and I become outwardly a White man. I look on my *Pakeha* garments, and I feel like a slave. They are the chains which the White faces have cast about me, but my heart is the heart of a Maori, and I long for the days of my youth to return.

'The hard roads of the *Pakehas* cut my naked feet, and when I cover them with the skin of a *Puroki* (leather), I walk like a hunchback on hot coals. Listen. The swamps are dry, their waters have run to the river, and the eels have departed. Their pleasant *Kinaki* (relish) is gone, and I smack my lips no more. When I drink the fire-water of the White man, I am a warrior again for a little while, but the fire dies away, and I am as a beaten dog.

'The canoe in the river ripples the clear water no longer, for the screech and the smoke of the steamer are there; the sweet music of the paddles is heard no more; and the songs of the young men, whose strong arms made the canoe fly swiftly on the bosom of the river, are ended. Alas! for the days of my youth

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will no more return, their light is departed. I hear no more the songs of battle. The thunder of the war dance has ceased, and the crack of the stock whip has taken its place.

'My heart is dead, and I weep like a *Wahine* (girl), when I remember the days and the deeds of the past.'

The old Chieftain was silent. His eyes were fixed on the dying embers, and we left him alone with his sadness.

We left the Council hall for a little while. The rain still fell in torrents, and the roar of the rapids in the distant river told us that every stream on our road was in flood, promising difficulty and danger, if we resumed our journey too hastily. Returning to the gloomy hall, its carved ancestral figures, with their weird eyes of shining shell gleaming in the ruddy glare of the fire, and their three-fingered hands at their sides, we resumed our seats on the logs.

The Chief was leaning on his spear in thoughtful mood. Presently he said,

'I cannot speak to you of this Island as it is. Hearken. I will be a youth again, and tell you a story of old.

'When I was a *Tamaiti* (boy) Te Rangiwhero (red heaven), my father was a Chief among the warriors of our tribe. We dwelt in a *Pah* (fortress) on the bank of the river. We ate fern root and *Taro* and we were strong. The *Kakahu* (a cape made of flax) covered

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our shoulders in winter, and we were not cold. In summer we hung our mats in the *Whares* (houses), and were warm. Now, when we wear the garments of the White man, we shiver and cough, and our feet are sore in the skin of the *Puroki* (bullock).

'Sometimes we planted *Kumara* (sweet potatoes) and ate them in peace. Sometimes our plantations were destroyed by our enemies; then, we dwelt in the recesses of the forest, where we had secret plantations, or we dwelt in our *Kainga* (village) by the sea, and caught fish for our *Hangis* (ovens).

'Then, we were strong and attacked our foes. We avenged our wrongs, and killed and ate our enemies.

'One day, I went with Te Rangiwhero the Chief, my father, and some warriors and boys of our tribe to visit a friendly tribe on the shore of the sea. For many days we remained with our friends, eating fish, singing songs and dancing *Hakas* (a favourite dance by men and women, *in puris naturalibus*). Then we departed to our own *Kainga* (village). As a mark of *Aroha* (love), my father left my younger brother Tukaka in the keeping of our friends for a time, in the fortress by the shore of the *Waiti* (salt water).

'For many days we dwelt in peace at our village.

'When four moons had nearly gone, the Chiefs of the *Pah* by the sea sent a present of dried fish to my father. For two days we feasted together. Then the strangers departed to their dwelling place with many *Ketes* (baskets) of dried eels to our friends by the shore, for great was our love to them for Tukaka, who was dwelling with them in peace.

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'Then, when the fifth moon was bright, Pukaki the hunchback, a slave boy, the companion of my brother at the *Pah* by the sea, crept at nightfall into my father's house in our village, sitting silent and sad.

'"When will Tukaka return?" were the words of the Chief my father.

'"He will never return," replied the *Tamaiti* (boy).

'Then the weeping boy, for he loved the young son of Te Rangiwhero, said, that an old *Tohunga* (priest) had dreamed a dream. "In the morning at sunrise the *Tohunga* told his dream to the assembled tribe. Then they killed Tukaka, put him in the *Hangi* (oven lined with heated stones), and ate him at their evening meal. The *Tohunga* said I was a hunchback, and *Tapu* (sacred), and he kept me for his slave, and I lived; but my heart was dark and sad, for great was my love for Tukaka. Then O Rangiwhero I escaped, and have brought to thee, my burden of sorrow."

'At these words the faces of Te Rangiwhero and the warriors of the tribe were dark, and quivered with fierce anger, but they sat still and were silent.

'After a little time, the hunchback boy asked, if the messengers from the tribe by the sea, had brought a present of dried fish in their *Ketes* (baskets).

'"Yes," replied the Chief Te Puke, "they were a sweet relish to our *Kumaras*."

'Then the hunchback boy cried out with sore lamentations, and would not be comforted.

'After a long time, he said,

'"O Rangiwhero, the fish you ate were taken by hooks, made from the bones of Tukaka your son."'

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At the remembrance of this great curse, the tears ran down the face of Mangawhero, and he silently paced the *Runanga* house. None of us spoke, for we felt the grief of the old man for his murdered boy-brother, was too great for us to comfort him.

At length he stood erect, and in a fierce voice resumed his story.

'When the hunchback slave boy had spoken, all knew that a great curse had been laid on our Tribe, and in an instant, every warrior sprung to his feet, except my father, who sat with his head covered. In a little time, he also stood on his feet. One by one, the warriors walked silently and in deep anger, into the *Marae* (open space) in the *Pah.* The women raised a sore lamentation for the killing of the boy Tukaka my brother. Loud were their cries, and many were the tears of the *Tangi* (mourning) they made for him.

'Then Te Rangiwhero, my father stood up in the bright shining of the moon. Lifting aloft his spear, he said,

'"O Chiefs, this cruel *Kohuru* (murder) cries for vengeance."

'With voices of fury, the warriors sprung to their feet, and stood in a ring round my father, lifting every man his hand, and all crying this one word,

'"Vengeance!"

'Then all was still, and in the silent night, Ruahine, the mother of my murdered brother, sang this "Lament":—

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'O Tukaka sweet bird of the forest, thou art gone,
Thy laugh was clear as the song of the *Korimako* (bell bird),
Thy face was the red blush of the morn,
Now, O son thou art gone.
No more wilt thou dig *Kumaras* (food) for thy mother,
Never more will the dark maidens laugh at thy smile!
Thy slayers had no mother,
No tears ran down their cheeks for me or for thee,
Their hands were dipped in the blood of a child.
Taurekarekas (slaves) have slain the son of a Chief.

'Then Ruahine's maidens in the silent night, chanted with tearful voices:—

'O warriors let not your feet linger,
Let not your hands rest, till a hundred slaves
Have gone on the journey to the Reinga. (The place at the North Cape, where the spirits of the dead depart to the Spirit World.)

'Then all the warriors of the tribe stood forth and this was their song:—

'The spirit of thy bird O Ruahine is flitting,
He lingers on the road to the Reinga,
He grasps the flax on the shore to stay his flight.
He waits for the spirits of his slayers,
That when he descends into Reinga's cave,
A hundred slaves may attend and obey.
O Ruahine, mother of the dewdrop of the *Kainga* (village)
We depart on the morrow to send swiftly his slayers
Along the shore.'

As the old Chief sang this song of his youth, his face grew dark with anger, his eyes gleamed with the

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passion of an unforgotten wrong, as, with mat on shoulders and spear in hand, he stood in the ruddy glare, a Maori warrior of the olden time, the impersonation of vengeance, fury, strength, and savage power.

In a little while his excitement ended, his outstretched arm dropped to his side, and with bowed head, he stood before us, the picture of grief. Silently he resumed the usual squatting position, and continued his story.

'On the morrow, the Chief my father sent to all the villages of the Tribe his fleetest young men, each bearing a small canoe decked with feathers and filled with the emblems of war, to summon the warriors to assemble at our *Pah*, when the full moon lighted the valley. When these had all gathered, the chief *Tohunga* (priest) of the Tribe made his incantations. He offered sacrifices to TU the god of war, and invoked curses and destruction on the foe.

'Next day at sunrise, the war party began their journey. On the third day at sunset, we arrived at the edge of the forest, and beheld the fortress by the sea, and our hearts burned within us to avenge the *Kohuru* (murder) of Tukaka. The words of the hunchback were in our thoughts, as we lay by night in the ending of the forest.

'Our enemies knew well that Te Rangiwhero would rise up to avenge the killing of Tukaka, his young son. They had made strong their *Pah* by the sea. They had gathered in abundance of food. They had filled the *Pah* with the warriors of their tribe.

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The earth walls of the fortress were high. The ditches deep. The waves of the sea beat round the cliff. On one side only the land appeared. They were ready for the battle. We sent no messengers to tell them of our coming. They were murderers and no Chiefs

'One word only was on our lips, "Tukaka."

'One thought only in our hearts, "Vengeance."

'We waited till the moon of the morning rose faintly over the trees of the forest. Then we trod the war-path, each warrior in the footprints of the warrior before him. Silently we drew near, in the breaking of the day, to the *Pah* where our enemies slept. We lay down in the tall fern, for the land of that village was good.

'At sunrise, two slaves came down from the *Pah* to gather *Pipis* (cockles) from the shore. Their eyes were dazzled by the shining sunlight on the sea. They saw nothing but the *Korora* (gulls) feeding on the sand. They heard only the morning song of the *Riro riro* (wren), and the fading calls of the *More poak* (owl), for the day had begun.

'Then I and my brother Pungehu crawled through the fern to draw the first blood for our dead brother. We remembered the *Karakia* (incantation) of the priest, when the sweet voice of the *Korimako* (the bell bird) had ushered in the coming day. These were the words of the charm of the Priest—

'The *Toa* (warrior) springs and wards off the blows,
He strikes and the enemy falls.

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'The two slaves came from the shore with the *Pipis*. They knew not that death was there. The morning wind sighed through the fern. But we held our breath, and waited for their coming. They came, singing gaily. We struck but one blow, and they both fell dead at our feet. Then our slaves cut their bodies in pieces, and threw them into the *Pah* of the Ngatikohurus (the tribe of murderers). That was our challenge. Then the murderers knew that Te Rangiwhero and his warriors had come for vengeance. Whilst they looked over the walls of the fortress, we danced the war dance on the shore of the sea.

'The *Pah* was strong. The sea was on every side but one. There, a narrow neck joined it to the land. The Ngatikohurus were many. They had gathered in all their tribe, for they knew the blood of the son of a Chief of warriors was on their hands; that they had cooked and eaten Tukaka as though he were a fish. They had dug three deep ditches across the neck of land, and made high banks before each trench. The *Pah* was strong, and filled with men and women and children and food. *Wai Maori* (fresh water) was there, and trickled down the cliff to the sea.

'We came to the *Pah* when the *Kukupas* (pigeons) were lean, and feeding on *Hinau* berries, for the spring was beginning. Te Rangiwhero knew well that the ripe *Tararire* berries would have made the pigeons fat, before we had killed our enemies, and broken their curse. My father said that three moons would

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shine before we returned to our villages on the banks of the river, and he commanded us to plant *Kumaras* on the edge of the forest, for our food.

'Every day we searched for food in the deserted villages of the Kohurus. Every day, we caught fish in the sea. A hundred warriors kept watch by night and by day in front of the outer wall on the narrow neck. Every day, the Kohurus (murderers) sung songs of derision, for they knew their *Pah* was strong, and their bellies were full of food. Their words were big words, but their deeds were small. Every day, the ground was shaken by the war dances of our warriors who watched. Many were the battles, but when the first moon had ended its shining, we had taken the three walls across the neck, and had driven the murderers inside the fortress. After that, they came out, when in the dim light of the morning, they could see the eyes of our warriors who watched. With loud cries they rushed down upon us. We waited for their coming. Our spears drank their blood, and few returned to the *Pah*. Again and again they attacked us, but they left the bodies of their slain behind them.

'Our *Hangis* (ovens) were filled by their dead. Many Kohurus we ate for Tukaka. Fiercely now they fought, for we saw their bones in every fight, their eyes were dim, and their lips hung down, for they were hungry.

'We had eaten all the food stored in the *Ruas* (pits for food) in their villages, but the *Tamure* (snapper) came to our hooks, the *Hapuku* (codfish) knew

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we were hungry, and every night, with the rising tide came into our nets.

'The Kohurus devoured the fish with their eyes, but none were found in their ovens. Then their hunger made them fiercer than before, and they fought with our watchful warriors every day. We killed many. We made our ovens hot for their slain, and ate them as a *Kinaki* (relish) for our *Kumaras* and fern root. Still they held fast, for their *Pah* was strong.

'Then Te Rangiwhero said,

'"They have no food. They are hungry, for we shut them in the strong place when we planted the *Kumaras*, and now we are eating them. The time has been long, but we remember Tukaka."

'Then we were strong and our anger burned fiercely, for we knew the murderers would soon be in our ovens.

'Then our old priest dreamed a dream, and at midnight, he said that my father had avenged Tukaka, and that the *Atua* (God) said,

'"Let the remnant of the Ngatikohurus live."

'At these words our hearts softened, and Te Rangiwhero said also,

'"Let them not die!"

'We waited for the sunrise. The *Atua* had spoken in the ears of our enemies also, for when the sun lifted his face above the mountains, the remnant of them came out of the *Pah*, with a priest before them, leading a young girl by the hand. They came

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to us with their bones sticking out of their skins, so hungry were they.

'We gave them some food. They ate *Kumaras* and fish all day, for they were empty. At sunset they invited our young men to spend the night with them in the *Pah*. My father sent twenty young warriors with them as guests. They were provided in the *Pah* with the special rite of hospitality, usual on peaceful visits.

'Then these dogs,' said the old Chief, his eyes gleaming with a fierce anger, which his great age could not extinguish, 'Then these dogs rose in the night and killed all the visitors but two, who jumped over the walls of the *Pah*, and slid down the cliff into the sea, and crawling to us, all bruised and broken, told in our tingling ears, the treachery of the Kohurus (murderers) in the *Pah*.

'In the morning,' continued the old man, 'the murderers shouted to us, that they had now abundance of food (meaning our young warriors whom they had killed), and singing a defiant war-song, bid us remain or depart as we pleased.

'Then our anger, which the peace-talking had cooled, burned in our hearts hotter than before. We hurled back their defiance, and danced a war-dance before the gateway of the *Pah*.

'They held out for a little while. But our anger burned like the fire in Tongariro (an active volcano).

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They grew hungry after eating our warriors whom they had slain in their sleep, but the *Pah* was strong and we could not take it. So we kept them shut up, until they came out to be killed.'

And with the gleam of vengeance in his flashing eyes, the old warrior said,

'Then we killed them. All. Man, woman and child. We had taken *Utu* (payment) for Tukaka. There were none left to fight or to weep. We had killed them all. They were only skins full of bones, and not worth eating.

'So we departed to our own villages by the river. Enough. My words are ended.'

The old Chief stood for a moment motionless, and then silently moved away to his *Whare*.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

THE RUNANGA CLUB :—*Natural Warriors.—The British Soldier.—The Ways of the Forest.—A good Front-rank man.—Warriors in the Mountains.—The Forest Rangers.—Bushmen and Nobles.—'Turn out.'—Within an ace of a Duel.—Sir Frederick and the Baron.—A Fire-eater.—Madcaps and Targets.—Major R. in the Forest.—Ship shape but wouldn't work.—Pipeclay.—'On their own hook.'—Simple tactics.—Tell-tale Smoke.—Upon the Trail.—A naked Footprint.—The Broken Twig.—An abandoned fire.—Up with the Dawn.—The Camp at Nightfall.—A Look out.—Five puffs of smoke.—A Bee line.—Impenetrable Forest.—A high Bluff.—The Enemy discovered.—A hundred of them.—Examining their plunder.—The Maori Sentry.—Looking at Nothing.—Reconnoitring.—A Cow-bell tinkles.—The Signal.—'Fire.'—A sharp attack.—Complete Victory.—The Negro's booty.—A Bag of Gold.—Twenty pounds of Lead.—The Forest cleared of the Foe.* A MAORI DUNSINANE :—*A Maori war party.—A gigantic Chief.—Advancing under cover.—The Moving Fern Bushes.—The Foe in the Valley.—A Terrific contest.—Pierced by a Spear.—The battle rages.—A Chief dies.—Retreat.—Covered with the slain.—The Conquerors at Dinner.—The Old Command, 'Love your Neighbours.'—The New Practice, 'Live on them.'* A CHIEF'S REVENGE :—*Wahanui. A Woman's*

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Song.—The Capture of the Chieftainess.—The Oven heated.—'Sing thy Song once more.'—She sings.—Her Captor in a fury.—Roasts her Alive. THE STORIES ENDED:—*The Club breaks up.—Parting Words.—'Depart to your Homes.—'Remain at your Village.'*

'NOW Major,' said the President, 'we are ready for your story.'

'Well,' said the Major, 'I don't know that I have much of interest to tell, still, it may help us to pass the time till the weather clears.

'The Maories are natural warriors both in the open fern plain, in the tangled forest, or in their earthwork fortifications. Discipline and drill are of course indispensable in our military operations, but a British soldier, however efficient under most circumstances, is not the best man in a dense New Zealand forest, interlaced with sharp ridges and deep ravines. In touch with his right or left hand man, with his supports not far in the rear, the regular soldier is hard to beat, but those are just the conditions which cannot be secured in a dense, trackless forest. The combatant in a forest must know the ways of it; he must be a man of resource; he must know how to get into it; how to keep in it without being discovered; and how to get out of it. His quick eye must find and follow the faintest track made by naked feet on fallen leaves. He must be silent, watchful and unwearied. He will know that if the forest gives shelter to the foe, it gives cover to him, for indeed a big tree makes a very good front-rank man.

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'The British soldier, necessarily, does not possess these advantages. He dreads the forest, and brave though he is, he is often demoralized by its difficulties, which his discipline has done little to enable him to overcome.

'In the last war, Governor Sir George Grey soon realized the difficulty of driving out the daring and intrepid Maori warriors from the wooded mountain ranges, which bounded the then settled districts to the south of the City of Auckland. Through his representations, General Cameron commissioned me to raise a corps of Forest Rangers without delay. I had neither time nor opportunity to enrol the class of men I wanted. Still, with a few exceptions, I raised a fine body of men for forest operations. I was placed in command, and at very short notice, after receiving orders from the General, I entered the forest.

'With all my care, I soon found I had rather a strange medley. Old soldiers, men-o'-war's-men, bushmen and aristocrats. Amongst the latter, were the Hon. Mr. L., Sir Frederick F., Bart., and Baron von B. These latter fellows, though game to the backbone, were lazy dogs. One day, a sergeant in charge of a fatigue party, roused them up with a "Turn out you —— nobles." When off duty, which goodness knows, was none too often, an occasional carousal by the "nobles" would take place, which though clearly against "the articles of war," I found it convenient to wink at for a while.

'One morning, after one of these "sprees," the ser-

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geant, a rough and ready Yorkshireman, fond, like many more of my fellows, of a joke, accosted the Baron with

'"Well Baron, are your pistols in order?"

'"All right," replied the aristocrat, "but why?"

'"Don't you know," says the sergeant, "that you have to fight Sir Frederick?"

'"Mein Gott," said the Baron, jumping out of bed, "I am very glad you told me, I had forgotten all about it."

'Another of the fellows meantime, had roused Sir Frederick, telling him a similar yarn. However, that worthy baronet had either a better memory, or was less of a fire-eater, for he declined the meeting with thanks. In the interval, Baron B. pistol in hand, came dancing up to Sir Frederick's tent, determined to fight out the quarrel of the night before.

'By this time, the sergeant considered the joke had gone far enough, and with great difficulty pacified the fiery Baron. In the interval, the baronet had been stirred up and *would* fight anyhow. I had enough to do to prevent the two madcaps from making targets of each other. At last however, the imaginary quarrel was made up.

'When the Forest Rangers, as our corps was called, were first embodied under my command, the corps was attached to the "Flying column" under Col. N., and subsequently to the left division, under the command of Major R. of the 70th. This officer had somewhat curious notions of bush fighting. One day, he had ordered the force, consisting of two hundred men,

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into the forest on the Hunua ranges, then swarming with hostile Maories.

'Traces of the enemy having been discovered, the order of march was given—advance guard, skirmishers on the right in a deep wooded ravine, skirmishers to the left in another deep gully, the worthy major on the ridge between the two, and a rear guard to cover our retreat. This was doubtless very proper and ship shape, but it would not work in a forest as dense as an Indian jungle of a very tangled pattern, and only served to show, how unsuitable a rigid military tactician was, for the command of such a force in a forest. What with sentry go and pipeclay, my men got thoroughly disgusted.

'It was soon found that such a hybrid force with such tactics was useless, and the Forest Rangers were detached, and to use their own term, "put on their own hook," under my sole command.

'I always made a point of starting on an expedition at night, so concealing my movements. My tactics were very simple. We never went on a path except when following a trail, and never emerged from the forest by the same path we had entered. We carried three days' cooked rations—so avoiding lighting fires with their tell-tale smoke.

'Reconnoitring in the forest, we one day came upon a trail, which I felt sure, had been made by the enemy, who had just plundered the Wairoa settlement and killed some of the people. We tracked them for a long time, and then, owing to the trail running

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through a *Tawa* forest, we lost all traces of them. The *Tawa* roots had been trodden bare by cattle, so that notwithstanding the minutest examination not a trace of a naked footprint could be seen by the sharpest eyes. We trudged on, and at length I observed a twig, which had lain across the roots broken in the middle and pressed down, the ends being turned up. A close scrutiny revealed the impress of a staff, evidently carried by one of the enemy, the solitary dent from which had already many times enabled us to recover the trail.

'We crept stealthily on with renewed ardour. Further on, we came upon the remains of a fire, the ground under the ashes showing a very slight trace of warmth. We knew then, that the Maories were not more than a few hours ahead. Night came on. We posted sentries as usual, and rolling our blankets round us, snatched a few hours' sleep.

'Up with the dawn, we took up the trail. Slowly and stealthily we crept along through the mazes of the gloomy forest. After a long tramp we came upon the remains of another fire. This time, the embers were hot. With redoubled ardour we followed on. At nightfall we camped. At break of day, I sent two or three of the sharpest-eyed fellows up the tallest trees, to look out for the smoke of the enemy's fires. For a long time they watched in vain, but at length, just before sunrise, they reported five puffs of smoke rising out of a deep gorge.

'Without more ado, we left the trail and made a

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bee line for the point. A long and steady march, or rather crawl, through the trackless and almost impenetrable forest, its mighty trees, interlaced with supplejacks (a kind of vine), hanging like ropes in every direction, made our progress no easy task, even to my fellows, who, by this time, were all experienced bushmen. Against such mettle as theirs however, the densest forest could not stop our progress, and we came out on a high semicircular bluff. Around the base of the cliff roared a mountain torrent, which, some fifty yards further up the valley, dashed over a mass of rock into a deep pool below. The opposite bank was low, not more than a few feet above the stream, being a level flat a few acres in extent, sheltered by dense forest.

'There at last, we had come upon the enemy. It was a perfect picture. More than a hundred Maories were lying about in careless security, as they thought. Some were finishing breakfast, others cleaning their arms, many more were examining their plunder, taken a few days before from the homes of the Wairoa settlers, some of whom they had killed.

'I reconnoitred the position, and with two trusty followers crept round the bend, towards a track which crossed the stream just above the waterfall. Creeping noiselessly up the path, we spied a single Maori sentry, evidently posted to warn the enemy against pursuit from the plundered Wairoa district. Standing up in his white blanket, looking at nothing in particular, with his gun resting against a tree, he saw nothing. One of my companions begged me to let

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him knock the fellow over, but I forbade him to draw trigger, as I knew well enough, that as long as he was there, the enemy would fancy themselves secure, besides that, a report at that moment would have sent the enemy flying.

'I crawled back, and instantly dividing my party, twenty-six men all told, I placed thirteen at a point covering the enemy's position. The remaining thirteen, I placed nearer the waterfall, covering the path on which the sentry was stationed.

'This party I led, and instructed the first party, when they saw me lift my hand, to fire a volley right into the marauders, and then rejoin me.

'The dense forest and the roar of the cataract enabled me to complete my dispositions without in the least disturbing the enemy. Just at this moment, a cow-bell was tinkled by one of the Maories.

'"My father's cow-bell," whispered Aleck the guide.

'That instant I gave the signal. In a second, my party delivered their fire, followed by a second volley from the reserve. The first party had reloaded, and dashed over the torrent at the waterfall right amongst the enemy, now in complete disorder.

'The greater part fled, leaving a few brave fellows to cover their retreat. We made short work of them. In less time than it takes to tell, they were put *hors de combat*, and after a short, but decisive struggle, we remained masters of the field.

'Scattered around, lay the plunder taken from the

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Wairoa settlers. Rapidly seizing the most valuable portion, and setting up the wounded in the most easy postures, giving to each a mouthful of rum, we moved off at once. We would have done more for them, but there was nothing more we could do. We had to go, and that at once, knowing well that their departed friends would creep back in no long time. Fortunately we did not get a scratch, or, so small a force, in the heart of a dense forest, many miles away from any supports, might have been in a difficult position.

'We lost no time in retracing our steps. Amongst the recovered booty, Pompey, a gigantic negro in the corps, had carried off a heavy carpet bag securely locked, filled, as he joyfully supposed from its weight, with a large sum in gold. Having put many miles between us and the scene of the conflict, we halted for dinner. Pompey lost no time in breaking open his bag, when out rolled on to the blanket he had carefully spread to receive his golden treasure, about twenty pounds weight of—leaden bullets. Pompey swore frightfully at the deadly missiles, but his outlandish oaths were quickly lost in the uncontrollable laughter of his comrades. For my part, I felt that the bullets were a far more valuable booty than gold, for doubtless Pompey had saved many lives by the capture of his leaden spoil.

'I had the satisfaction of learning afterwards that we had killed the murderer of old Mr. H., as well as the ruthless villain who had so cruelly murdered the little children of Mr. T., both Wairoa settlers.

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'A still more important result followed the engagement, for the rebels cleared out of the Hunua ranges and molested the harassed settlers no more.

'Now,' continued the Major, 'let me tell you a story of battle of the olden times, which I may call

'A MAORI DUNSINANE.

'In the long ago, a Maori war party were encamped, some fifteen miles from what is now the European village of Kihikihi, in a hollow not far from the spot, at which the Hon. Mr. Bryce, in our time, met and pardoned the celebrated rebel Chief Te Kooti. The attacking party were led by Wahanui, a Chief of gigantic size and strength, and had encamped on a low hill surrounded by high fern. Cutting down the fern, each warrior advanced, holding a bundle of fern before him. Imperceptibly and slowly they moved down the descent upon the unsuspecting foe in the quiet little valley below. At length, one of the party in the valley, noticed the strange movement.

'"Ah," said the now confounded warriors, "the hill is slipping down upon us."

'Amazed by the strange sight, they hesitated, wondering at the unwonted spectacle. The attacking party, seeing the deception could no longer be maintained, dashed away their leafy covering, and with a wild war song, rushed upon the unsuspecting strangers. A terrific contest followed, for though taken at disadvantage, the surprised party quickly presented a compact front to the excited foe.

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'At the first onset, Wahanui fell, pierced in the throat by a spear. Two of his retainers held him up against a flax bush, so that his warriors should not be disheartened by his fall. The battle raged fiercer and hotter, until the leader of the party in the valley fell, mortally wounded. This was the signal for Wahanui's warriors to redouble their efforts, and, unable to resist the furious onslaught, the foe finally retreated, leaving the little valley covered with the slain.

'To this day, the remains of the ovens mark the spot, where the inevitable cannibal feast of the conquerors was held.'

'Those old Maories were a bad set,' said the Station Manager, 'I don't like their nasty way of eating one another.'

'Why,' replied the President, 'you surely don't think the Maories are the only people in the world who devour one another. If you look about, you will see numbers of people who, instead of obeying the old command, "Love your neighbours," Live on them, just as much as if they were wild beasts in a wood.'

'Let me tell you one more Maori story,' said the Major, 'which I may name

'THE CHIEF'S REVENGE.

'A year or two after the battle I have just described, the Chief Wahanui learnt that a Chieftainess of the defeated tribe had made a song, scornfully depicting him as a scheming slave, fit only to fight

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with women or slaves. In another of the constant tribal wars, which rendered the life of the Maories in those old days, a constant misery of fear or slaughter, it so happened, that this woman was made prisoner, and brought before Wahanui. Without ceremony he ordered an oven to be constructed on the spot, and a large fire lighted.

'"Now," said the infuriated Chief, "sing thy song once more, and for the last time."

'Knowing well her doom, she met her fate bravely, as became the daughter of a Chief of old renown. On the instant, she began her song, and with bitter irony and fearless scorn, she chanted forth her song, with every epithet and taunt, which could sting and enrage her captor.

'Seizing her in his gigantic grip, he held her bodily over the burning fagots, until she was literally roasted to death in his hands.'

Shocked at the horrible cruelty of this ferocious old savage, we could not help comparing the Maories of our own day, with those of the olden time, who, notwithstanding their faults, are infinitely less savage and bloodthirsty than their ancestors.

It was now late in the third day of our detention. The rain had ceased. The dark cloud canopy was at last breaking, the stars began to shine out fitfully, and, notwithstanding the pleasure the storytelling of the last two days had given us, we all joyfully looked forward to resume our journey on the morrow.

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The President therefore announced the dissolution of the 'Runanga Club,' and for the last time, we rolled our blankets around us in the 'carved house' of the Maories.

Next morning we found the wind round to the south, a clear frosty atmosphere, a sky of intense blue, without a cloud, and though the distant roar of many a torrent warned us of perils on the way, we gladly resumed our journey in the midst of the usual greetings from the assembled tribe,

'Depart to your houses in peace,' responded to by us, as we rode away,

'Remain at your village in safety.'

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A WARLIKE EXPEDITION.

The War in New Zealand.—A Full Private.—'On active service.'—Capturing Canoes.—A war Canoe.—Captain Lloyd our Commander.—A Maori war party.—Flagstaff cut down.—The Six-toed Man.—On the Trail.—Off it.—Her Majesty's forces in a muddy condition.—'The Articles of War.'—Wading or Bolting.—'Draw Bayonets.'—'Scrape Uniforms.'—The Six-toed trail lost in the Mud.—Angry and Wet.—Cautious and Valiant.—A deserted Village.—Friendly pigs and Hostile pork.—'Butchers do your Duty.'—The First blood drawn.—A picturesque Bivouac.—'All's Well.'—'More pork.'—Captain Lloyd Vigilant as ever.—Scouts in advance.—A Village full of Maories.—A meddlesome Interpreter.—The Captain's blood 'up.'—No Nonsense.—'Load.'—In for it.—'Charge.'—At the Double.—An awkward shot.—Visions of Glory.—Rifles discharged.—Killed and wounded.—Terror of Maori women.—Our Captain Merciful as well as Brave.—His pretty speech to the Dusky Ladies.—The Spoils to the Victors.—Marching off the Prisoners.—Something to Boast of.—Wet, but jolly.—Despatches to the War Minister announcing our great Victory.—Rifles would not 'go off.'—Despatches from War Minister.—Our Military Ardour Cooled.

IN the last New Zealand war the flower of the British army were engaged, assisted by thousands of Colonial militia and volunteers. I had the honour

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of serving as a full private in the Manakau Rifles. One morning, I and my groom were summoned 'on active service,' to capture the Maori canoes lying in the creeks falling into the Manakau harbour or gulf. I left my wife, children and women-servants in a terrible fright, but there was no help for it. Every able-bodied man had to go. The force, consisting of one hundred men, was under the command of Captain Lloyd, formerly an officer in the Irish Constabulary, a little mad perhaps, but as gallant a leader as ever men followed.

We captured a great many canoes of various sizes, from the *Kupapa* (little canoe) to the *Wakataua* (large war canoe). Amongst the latter class, was a notable war canoe. The topsides and figure-head were carved in superb Maori style. It was 82 feet long, and when fully manned, carried a crew of 100 warriors. Launching this canoe was a work of no little difficulty, requiring the full strength of the force to drag it on skids out of the Maori boat-house where it lay. A few old Maories, men and women, sat and watched the work. Arms were piled, and sentries posted, the latter precaution being unnecessary, for in accordance with the custom of the time, all the men of fighting age were off to the war, the old men and women staying at home to hold on to the land. An hour's hard work put the big canoe in the little bay ready to be towed by the steamer on her return up the harbour.

A week's cruising in the attendant little steamer, with some hard marching, enabled us to capture all the canoes in the gulf, which, with the exception of the

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great war canoe, were all subsequently destroyed. This war canoe now lies at the Auckland Museum.

During the expedition, Captain Lloyd received a despatch from the War Minister, informing him that the flagstaff at the Manakau heads had been cut down by a Maori war party, and ordering him to pursue and capture the offenders. We were informed that one of the hostile party had six toes. This enabled us to take up the track. For several days we followed the trail through forest and fern, by means of the six-toed fellow's footprints, until running it down to a deep stream, which we forded ; at this point we lost the trail, but after an hour's search again getting on the track. We followed it through all sorts of forest openings, and into many romantic glens, beneath mighty trees, lovely silver tree-ferns, and all the tangled greenery of the New Zealand forest.

In a score of places we might have fallen into ambuscades, but being one hundred to ten, Captain Lloyd pushed on, too intent on finding and keeping the trail of the fugitives, to give himself the least trouble about any other parties of hostile Maories. Happily, we met with none, and so kept our skins whole. After finding and losing the trail a hundred times, we ran it down to a broad salt-water creek. At this point the trail disappeared, probably in the broad belt of slimy ooze with which the creek banks were lined. Not a footprint could be seen. The fugitives had certainly crossed somewhere, but where? Captain Lloyd halted 'Her Majesty's forces' as he called us, at the edge of the muddy flat. It was

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nearly low water, with a belt of slimy mud a quarter of a mile broad, and a stream of salt water forty feet across flowing down the centre. He decided to cross, and gave the word 'March.' We obeyed naturally, being, as our gallant Captain had frequently reminded us, 'under the Articles of War,' otherwise, I think the whole company would have bolted, rather than have marched into the mud.

Seeing us hesitate, he roared,

'Now men, no nonsense. Forward, March.'

And march we did, right into it, our gallant commander pluckily leading the way, sword in hand. Ankle deep, knee deep, we floundered on, some of us sticking in the mud, the mud sticking to all of us, including the Captain, for that mud was no respecter of persons. The stream of salt water in the centre gave us great relief. Wading through it, up to our cartouch boxes, we floundered on through the muddy slime, which stuck to our uniforms in a very pertinacious way. After very hard work, we reached solid ground, wet, weary and muddy.

'Halt. Draw Bayonets. Scrape uniforms,' sung out the Captain.

This done, we were ordered to take skirmishing order, and search for the trail. The ground being hard clay, covered with scrubby fern, we sought for the trail in vain. Whether the Maories had gone up stream, or down stream, we could not tell. Any way, we neither picked up the six-toed track, nor the six-toed man.

I learnt afterwards that the fellow was made

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prisoner in the Waikato war, and finding, possibly, his extra toes a great nuisance in the way of showing his tracks, begged the doctors to cut the extra toes off.

Our Captain was very angry, and we were very wet. After marching about a mile, we fell in with indications of a Maori village. We marched for it, to fight there, or sleep there, as might happen. So our Captain said. But, being cautious as well as valiant, he threw out scouts in advance, and we crept on behind, as quiet as mice. In a little while, the scouts fell back, and reported that a village was there, but that not a Maori could be seen.

Still continuing his precautions for fear of an ambuscade, we advanced in skirmishing order, ready for the worst, and found the village quite deserted. We were glad and sorry. That is, the Captain said he was sorry, but as for the rest of us—I know it was mean—we were very glad.

Tuakoto was a large Maori village, with large cultivations and a number of good *Whares* (houses). To take possession of these, and hunt for, and find, potatoes and *Kumaras* (sweet potatoes), did not take us long. In the search, we fortunately dislodged a number of Maori pigs. Our commissariat had miserably failed us, and our gallant Captain at once gave orders to 'charge' the pigs, and capture as many as possible.

The interpreter to the force, said the pigs might be 'friendly' pigs, or rather the pigs of friendly Maories. But as there were no Maories there, either

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friendly or hostile, Captain Lloyd declared in authoritative tones, that he was not going to stand by, and see Her Majesty's forces starve in the presence of pigs like those, and without more ado, he declared them 'hostile pork,' and commanded the men to do their duty. Two butchers in the force at once stepped out, and 'did their duty,' and, for want of their knives, stuck a dozen of the captured pigs with their bayonets, (that was the first blood drawn on the expedition), and roughly dressed them in double-quick time.

Whilst this was going on, sentries were posted, and parties detailed to get firewood and water, of which, happily, there was abundance. In a little time, a dozen large fires were under way in the forest clearing, with the Captain's 'hostile pork' roasting or frying on every fire. It was a jolly time, and really quite picturesque. Our fellows felt, and looked, and ate, and finally, slept like warriors. Through the drowsy night, nothing disturbed us beyond the 'All's well' of the sentries, and the melancholy cry of the 'more pork,' a native owl, so called from his cry of 'More pork, more pork.'

Next morning we marched for a second Maori village about two miles away. Never relaxing his vigilance for a moment, our worthy Captain threw out scouts as before. Soon returning, they reported a large number of Maories about the village.

The military instincts of our gallant commander enabled him rapidly to make the necessary dispositions for the attack. Again, that meddlesome fellow,

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the 'Interpreter,' said he believed they were friendly Maories. But the Captain's blood was up, and he said in fierce tones, that he 'would stand no nonsense,' and without more ado, gave the word to 'load.'

We now felt we were 'in for it,' or that the Maories were, which was much the same thing, with a difference. Said the Captain with flashing eye,

'Men, you will do your duty, men always do' (at least almost always). 'At the word, "Fire," give it 'em hot, and fire low. Charge.'

Down hill and across the stream we 'charged,' helter-skelter, the Captain in advance. We dashed on at the double in good order, but one awkward fellow stepping on a mossy boulder, fell backwards into the water, his rifle going off at the same instant.

'Confound you,' roared the Captain, as the ball whizzed within an inch of his cap, 'fall into the rear sir, and take charge of the baggage.'

This shot nearly upset the Captain, and it entirely upset his plans. For, on gaining the crest of the hill, the women and children in the Maori village rushed together in terror. About a dozen old men disappeared into the *Whares* (houses). This was dreadful. All our gallant Captain's visions of glory vanished with the Maories.

In the rush, several rifles had been discharged, but nobody was the worse, except a few of the 'hostile pigs,' which furnished the only list of killed and wounded resulting from our well-planned and spirited attack. The Captain, though in a towering rage,

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manœuvred his men admirably, considering the stumps and logs lying about in all directions.

The Maori women were in great terror, and evidently expected to be killed off at once. But our Captain—merciful as well as brave—in a pithy speech informed them that British soldiers never molested prisoners of war, especially when they were women.

Our Captain, as distinguished for organization as for valour, ordered all the Maori men into one house, and the women and children into another. Sentries having been posted over them, we proceeded to search and loot the houses. We secured about thirty muskets, some ammunition, a number of spears, tomahawks, *Taiahas* (Maori battle-axes), greenstone ornaments, some officers' swords and soldiers' jackets, and a variety of other articles.

The Captain determined to march off the male prisoners under a strong escort, to the nearest European settlement. Before moving off, our courteous Captain complimented us on the victory we had won, which he said, though bloodless, was signal and complete. This speech was of course greeted with hearty cheers.

Laden with spoil, and proud of our decisive victory, we marched off with our trembling prisoners in proper military fashion, advanced guard, skirmishers on either flank, and all the rest of it. About nightfall we marched into the European settlement. The excitement caused by our arrival was intense.

Hitherto, the regular troops had made very little impression on the enemy, who swarmed in the forest

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ranges bordering the settled districts. That the first capture of prisoners was made by Volunteer soldiers was something to boast of. If we had not taken the 'six-toed' rebel, we had made sixteen prisoners, who though all old men, had each the regulation number of toes on both feet, as we had found, after a close examination.

It had rained all day, and we were very wet, but very jolly, for had we not won a great victory?

The Captain, while we were drying our uniforms, was busy writing despatches, which he promptly sent on to head quarters, conveying full particulars of our great victory, with detailed lists of the muskets and soldiers' jackets we had captured.

Meantime, we were ordered to discharge our rifles, but—whether owing to the heavy rain all day, or to some of the cartridges having got down wrong end first, when we were ordered to 'load'—not half our rifles would go off. We had a terrible job to get out the bullets, and our Captain, though the politest of officers when everything went on right, was furious, and swore like a trooper when the rifles would not go off.

We sulked a good deal, but remembering we were soldiers, and not forgetting the 'Articles of War,' we said nothing. Nevertheless we could not help thinking, that it was just as well that the young warriors of the *Kainga* (village) *had* all gone to the 'front,' or the great victory might have been on the other side.

In a couple of days, despatches arrived from head

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quarters. Imagine our disgust at being informed, that we had attacked a friendly village! and that our prisoners were all peaceable and friendly Maories!!

The Captain was instructed to release his prisoners forthwith, and restore all the captured property. Whether the thirty muskets were actually returned, we had no means of knowing, but as the war, out of respect for Exeter Hall, was then conducted on strictly philanthropic principles, most likely they were, and the ammunition as well.

Next day, a steamer conveyed us to our homes, with the captured canoes in tow, and our military ardour at *zero*.

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CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

England abandons New Zealand.—Fierce struggles between Colonists and Maories.—Able measures of the Hon. John Bryce.—The Land eloquent with Stories of Battle.—Victor and Vanquished.—Halo of Romance.—Influence in Making the Nation.—Ancient Briton and modern Maori Contrasted.—The Blood of a Princess.—Englishmen more Celt than Saxon.—Celtic imagination tempered by Saxon qualities.—British Celt conquered.—Irish Celt not conquered.—Influence of Language.—Irish Celt Not a Nation Maker.—Home Rule.—Suggestions for settling the Irish Difficulty.

AFTER five years of war, notwithstanding the wise and urgent protests by Governor Sir George Grey against the removal of all the troops, England retired from New Zealand. Every British soldier was withdrawn. The proud beat of the English drum was heard no more in the land, and the 'red cross banner' was left to be dragged in the dust by exultant savages, or to be defended by the abandoned and unaided Colonists. The policy of the 'Manchester school' had triumphed, and the Colony was left to its fate.

Massacres and the burning of villages followed. The Colonists were dominated by hostile bands of

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armed Maories. Battles on the East Coast, battles on the West Coast continually occurred, victory inclining sometimes to the Colonists, sometimes to the Maories, until at length, after twenty years of desultory and bloody warfare, under the gallant leadership of Colonel Sir George Whitmore, and under the able measures of the Hon. John Bryce the Colonists finally triumphed.

So fierce have been the struggles between the white man and the Maori, so prolonged the contest—a contest distinguished by valiant deeds by both races—so innumerable the gallant attacks, so memorable the defences equally gallant, in fortress, forest and ravine, that the Colony is eloquent with the heroic story, of dusky warriors gallantly defending their country, of Colonists as gallantly fighting for their homes, that now, when the long struggle is ended, and the Queen's writ runs everywhere, Colonist and Maori, the victor and the vanquished, regard each other, not as tyrant and slave, but with that mutual respect which brave men feel

For foemen worthy of their steel.

In the halo of romance which time throws round such a contest, we have an element in the work of Nation Making, which for centuries to come, will leave its mark on the character of the future New Zealand Nation.

New Zealand Colonists have the further advantage of living side by side with a race very similar to our ancestors as Cæsar found them. Results very different

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have followed the various conquests. In the one, the vanquished absorbed the victors. In the other, the vanquished are fading away, their reed-made dwellings, like their communist system of social life, contained elements fatal to a continued existence, and except their numerous earthwork fortifications, the Maori will hardly leave a trace behind. In a few generations a white descendant of some Maori princess may still be marked by the survival of the proud lip, or the soft, pensive black eye of the Maori, and may boast of his descent, as an English noble of to-day would boast, if the blood of the patriotic Boadicea ran in his veins, more than if he could trace a lineal descent from the robber William the Norman.

The Maories are the Celts of the Pacific. Some points in their story are not without interest in discussing the Irish Question now agitating the English-speaking race, as may be seen in the subsequent portion of this chapter.

We English people call ourselves Anglo-Saxons. Nevertheless the chief strain in our blood is not Teutonic but Celtic.

Looking at the fact that Cæsar found Britain well populated, and that after the first century of Roman occupation comparative peace reigned over a large area during the three following centuries of Roman rule, there can be little doubt that the Britons had so greatly increased in numbers, that the Saxon invaders in their small vessels, could not possibly have crossed the stormy North Sea in such numbers as greatly to

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increase the population. Yet in the reign of Alfred the Great, Britain had become Saxon in laws, government and language. The Celtic language, as a language, had disappeared. A few words remained. A few still remain. But the Celtic blood formed, as it still forms the largest strain in the blood of the English Nation.

The strong imagination, peculiar to the Celtic race, together with their partially civilized condition, were the chief reasons why the Britons yielded to the fierce, hard-headed Vikings. These sea rovers had little to lose and much to gain, and were valiant accordingly. The imaginative Britons, softened and enriched by the Roman occupation of their country, fell, though not without many struggles, under the dominant force of the savage Saxon pirates.

The Danes followed the Saxons. But though the vigorous Danish blood added some strong elements to the blood of the English nation, the Danish migration could not have greatly altered the proportion between Celt and Teuton in the population of England.

In the middle of the eleventh century personal freedom, and a crude form of self-government, had become practically the prominent features of what we call Saxon England. The imagination of the Celt had been tempered and balanced by the cold, hard, staying power of the Teutonic nature, and thus we have the foundation of the English character as we now know it.

The Celtic Briton, happily for his descendants, had

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been conquered, his imagination tempered, his language lost; but he himself remained, and remains the Englishman of to-day.

The Irish Celt, unhappily for himself, has never been conquered. A true hero-worshipper, he has never met with a hero. He retains the imagination of his ancestors, and is therefore more loyal to the Church of Rome than any other race. The Irishman of to-day largely retains his love for the Celtic tongue. These three—in the absence even of social progress—make his patriotism, at least a poetic dream, if not a political hope.

To these conditions we owe the Irishman of our times, who is as gallant, as romantic, as clannish, as turbulent and as thriftless (in his own country) as his Celtic ancestor of centuries ago. He is not a Nation Maker, and if he runs on his present lines, he never will be. It is only when Irishmen are removed from their surroundings, when their Celtic tendencies are modified by contact with stronger, harder influences and natures, that Irishmen become the generals, the statesmen and the administrators who have played so great a part, in building up the British Nation.

Pity that such a splendid raw material as the Irish nature offers, cannot be more perfectly utilized: that such a love of country, cannot be turned into channels more likely to benefit Ireland and the Empire.

Idleness and improvidence are not to be eradicated by an Irish Parliament. Nor are industry and enterprise to be developed by boycotting and Land Leagues.

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Ireland is like a pilgrim with a pea in his shoe, who makes no progress himself, and annoys his neighbours by his outcries.

If a policy of Home Rule can be devised, which will not ruin Ireland by separating it from England, it ought to be adopted. If by a system of County government, or Provincial government, or by any other system, the attention of the Irish people can be diverted from the absorbing devotion to a grievance, real or fancied, and fixed on such realities as personal progress, steady industry, more comfortable homes, a better system of farming, the establishment of manufactures—if by these means, Irishmen can be taught to be more self-dependent, to be less dependent on orators and governments, the Irish difficulty will be removed.

Nation Making in Ireland by partial conquest has failed. The only conquest now possible, is not by force of arms, but by the arts of peace, and by Assimilations. When the Irish landed estates are occupied by small freeholders, Nation Making in Ireland will have made a decisive forward movement. Out of his own country, an Irishman is a better soldier, a better farmer, a better man than in it. Under the coming changes, aided by a migration of English and Scotch settlers, the Assimilative force will come into action. Then, Ireland will become, what she has not been for seven hundred years, a prosperous Nation. The Irish people is a high-spirited race. It manifests no signs of decay; it is a close neighbour to a kindred and powerful nation; the Celtic language is disappearing;

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and there is no question of colour. These are all factors for a peaceful adjustment. Not martial law, not assassination, but good-will, and the fullest recognition of a community of interest between England and Ireland will solve for ever the Irish enigma.

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CHAPTER XX.

MAORI CHARACTERISTICS.

Indifference.—Self-possession.—'A man's a man for a' that.'—Savages and dandies.—Meeting of extremes.—The Maori's finger and the Gaslight.—TAIHOA:—*A waiting policy.—Sir Donald McLean.—A Sphinx.—A silent man.—Masterly inactivity.—Land buying.—Maori Chief and the Bags of Gold.—The Knight and the Chief play the game of* Taihoa.—*Two days of it.—The Chief loses.—The Knight wins and buys one hundred thousand acres of land.—Isolation.—No dealings with Samaritans.—Inflexibility of King Maories.—Proposed interview between the Maori King and the Duke of Edinburgh.—Not yet.—Race preservation.—Hon. John Bryce plays the game of* Taihoa *and wins.—Maori chiefs revisits their old Homes.—The fields of the foe.—Hauhaus.—The Chief's humour.—Storekeeper's dismay.—Maminga.—The Maori King revisits the old homes and the ancient graves.—Maori Lament.*

THE Maories, though full of curiosity, possess in a remarkable degree the faculty of never expressing surprise at any of the wonderful results which civilization reveals to them. Though without the trained indifference or insensibility which fashionable snobs seem so much to affect, a Maori 'savage' is quite their equal in taking everything he sees, as a matter of course. Nor does he betray any awkward self-consciousness in the presence of superiors.

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Though he may be of no recognized rank, he never cringes or manifests any sign of discomfort in the presence of a Chief of high rank of either race. He seems to feel on all occasions, that a savage is 'a man for a' that,' and acts accordingly. In this respect, unless corrupted by civilization, the Maori is naturally a gentleman.

When King Tawhiao and his Chiefs visited Sydney and Melbourne, nothing appeared to astonish them. Even the grander 'sights' of London affected them far less than similar scenes affect provincials, when they first make acquaintance with the roar and scenes of London.

In seeing any new object, however remarkable, for the first time, a Maori Chief slightly raises his eyebrows in much the same manner as an aristocratic dandy under similar circumstances; a savage child of Nature thus occupying the point of impassive indifference, which, after the wide circle-sailing of so-called training and culture, is attained by the 'curled darlings' of our own day.

What an odd meeting of extremes. What a long journey to gain so little.

Shortly after the introduction of gas into the City of Auckland, a Maori was in a store (shop) when the gas was being lighted. Seeing the lights, he asked,

'Where is the oil and the wick?'

'This light does not require either,' replied the storekeeper.

'*Maminga*' (gammon) rejoined the Maori, 'how

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can there be light without oil? that is no light,' and putting a finger into the gaslight, he quickly withdrew it, saying quietly,

'You *Pakehas* (English) are a strange people, your ships go along without sails, and you make light and fire out of nothing but the end of a piece of iron, which lights when you put a match to it.

TAIHOA.

TAIHOA (wait, don't be in a hurry) is a Maori word of great significance. It is constantly in his mind or mouth. Do you ask him to sell you a mat, a horse, or a greenstone ornament? He has but one reply *Taihoa.* Do you ask him to pay a debt he owes you? He replies *Taihoa.* Do you wish him to sell you a piece of land? Again the usual answer, *Taihoa.* Being a savage, he takes no note of time, at least of your time. So long as he sees *you* want anything from *him*, he gravely listens to your suggestions, wishes, or entreaties, and with a stony indifference, makes but one reply, *Taihoa* (be patient).

When *you* possess any article to which *he* takes a fancy, you hear nothing of *Taihoa.* Then, as impatient as a child for a new toy, he cannot 'wait.' If you turn his 'waiting' policy against him, he becomes impatient. The more *you* say *Taihoa* the more restless *he* becomes.

The late Sir Donald McLean told me a story

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which illustrates the power of the *Taihoa* or waiting policy.

Sir Donald had the face of a Sphinx, impassive, grave and expressionless, you could learn nothing from it of his thoughts or desires. Moreover, he could be as silent as a statue. If he had nothing to say, he said nothing. If he had something to say, he still said nothing, till the proper time to speak had come. He was as great a master in *Taihoa* (waiting) as the most impassive Maori.

As Land Purchase Commissioner for the New Zealand Government, on one occasion he visited the village of a powerful Maori Chief, for the purpose of purchasing a large tract of land, which the Government were very anxious to secure. Much preliminary talk had taken place on the matter, which had led to nothing.

Sir Donald was accompanied by a European attendant, in whose charge were two large bags of gold. After the usual salutations—for Maories, in their way, are polite and punctilious—food was presented to the visitors. The Chief had an idea that land buying was Sir Donald's object, but though hours passed, not a word was spoken about land by host or visitor. Night came, and long hours passed in chatting round the fire.

At length Sir Donald rolled his blanket round him, but before settling down to sleep, he bid his attendant hand the bags of gold to the Chief for safe keeping till morning. The Chief at once opened the bags, and emptied the contents on a mat, round

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which the Maories gathered to count the gold, to chink it, to place it in various squares, circles and other combinations, the operation greatly interesting them far into the night.

In the morning, the bags of gold were returned to Sir Donald's attendant, who retired to count the money, only to find the contents correct. Next day passed. Not a word was said about land, though that was really the subject uppermost in the minds of both Chief and guest. The night came, and the bags of gold were again entrusted to the Chief for safe keeping, only to be chinked and played with as before half through the night: the bags being returned next morning, and contents counted as before, not a coin being missing.

On the morning of the third day, Sir Donald ordered his horse, and prepared to depart. The usual ceremonious parting greetings had been said. From the Chief,

'Go on your journey safely.'

From the Knight, 'Remain at your village in peace.'

Still, not a word was said about land, either by the White Chief or the Black one. Sir Donald has his foot in stirrup, wondering which would be the victor in this silent contest. He had played the game of *Taihoa* (waiting) persistently and well, and won it, for, at the instant of departure, with his hand on Sir Donald's bridle, the Maori Chief, unable longer to restrain himself, said abruptly,

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'Why does my friend not speak about the land, does he not know I wish to sell it?'

'Do you?' carelessly replied the Land Purchase Commissioner, 'why did you not tell me your wish before?'

The horses were passed over to two Maori boys, the Chief and the Knight re-entered the house, and in ten minutes, one hundred thousand acres of land had been purchased, and 1,000*l.* had been paid in deposit on account of the purchase.

For a long time after the war, the King Maories maintained an attitude of obstinate isolation and sullen hostility to the Colonists. They fixed *Aukatis* (imaginary barrier lines) across which they permitted no white men to pass, declaring their determination 'to have no dealings with the Samaritans.' Te Ngakau the King's prime minister, maintained this isolation with severe rigidity, never for a moment relaxing it for years

In June 1869, accompanied by the late Mr. C. O Davis, I was requested by the New Zealand Government to visit the Maori King with the object of bringing about an interview between the King and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, then in New Zealand. The following extract from a Report I made to the Government presents some of the Characteristics of the Maories, worth noting.

'Yesterday morning a Native came up to us, and after regarding us for some moments, said,

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'"Well, this is Hare Reweti (Charles Davis)!" The native was an old man, only slightly tatooed, and with a little tuft of hair on his chin. He was attired in an old cotton shirt, over which was a common Maori mat, à la Roman toga. His legs were bare and brown, but sinewy though bowed, and his feet were flat and massive. His features wore a look of grizzliness, increased by a pair of sinewy eyes and a broad nose.

'Mr. Davis, turning to him, said: "Which is your tribe?"

'The native, whose name I afterwards learned was Werahiko Panipoaka, replied: "Te Haua."

'Mr. Davis: "Where do the Hauas live?"

'Panipoaka: "They live at no particular place. They are scattered all over the world (i.e. scattered throughout the island). They were like a ship which sailed on the ocean, but the ship was broken by the storm, and the planks were scattered far and wide. Like the planks of the ship have we been drifted about—some to Kawhia, some to Mokau, and some to other places. You (looking at me, and coming closer)—you *Pakehas* did this. Look at the sun shining in the heavens, giving light, and heat, and life to all men; but presently a mist arises, the light is withdrawn, and the earth is enveloped in fog. The mist and the cloud is the Governor, and the breaking of the ship was the work of the Governor. Mr. Governor (looking straight at me), this was your work. You first brought us guns and powder, and set about to make these things. When you had completed making

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them, you made swords,—you gave these things to us to destroy each other with. Then you sent us Missionaries, and we became religious. You told us to look up to heaven, and we turned our eyes upwards towards the heaven. While we were engaged in that way—in looking up to heaven—you looked down to the earth with a covetous eye to grasp the land. You made us despise the land, and give it away for that (pointing to his finger-nail). Then you commenced at our bodies. Wairau was first, Hone Heke second, Te Rangihaeta and Rauparaha third, and Te Mamaku fourth. Then came Taranaki, and, lastly, you dashed into the Waikato. Then I rose up to repel you. You put forth your strength, and I put forth mine. Your men fell and my men fell, and you thought to annihilate me. You tried your best, and I tried my best. We struggled for the mastery, but I have it. I am standing up here this day. You got yourself into a great ship, and a great storm came and rent her sails. You, England, who stood up like a great mountain, disappeared utterly *before the smoke of my pipe!*"

'This last was too much, and we burst forth into a hearty laugh. The old fellow had gradually warmed as he proceeded, and I expected nothing less every moment than that he would lay violent hands upon us.

'He was afterwards driven away for this rudeness in presuming to speak in such a way to *Pakhea* guests.'

All the efforts, bribes and blandishments of suc-

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cessive Governors and Native Ministers to restore amicable relations with the Maories, were contemptuously rejected. To every solicitation, they had only one answer—when they condescended to reply at all—'TAIHOA,' the meaning being, as elsewhere explained, 'wait, not yet.'

For half a generation, this masterly policy of inactivity, represented by the word *Taihoa*, had been played off by the King Maories, with wonderful success, against every attempt to conciliate them. Even before the war, when we desired to purchase lands, or make roads, they generally made but one reply. With lofty indifference, they said to us with Socratic brevity *Taihoa.*

To me, for years it seemed a singular anomaly that the Colonists, the representatives of a progressive and advancing race, should have so long failed to see, that *they* could afford to 'wait;' whilst the Maories, a decaying and diminishing people, should have so long and so successfully played off against us this waiting policy. So remarkable has been their persistence, that to me it seems to have been an instinct of race preservation, as though they felt, that directly the white man trod their fern wastes, or entered their forest glades, from that moment the fern began to disappear, the forest to wither. As they have often told me, their birds departed at the advance of the White man, and they, in like manner, were doomed to wither and fade away before the face of the stranger.

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Very gallantly have they held their ground. When beaten on the field of battle, resolutely withdrawing into their mountain fastnesses, refusing to treat with us or even to see us, saying to all our entreaties, *Taihoa, Taihoa* ('not yet, not yet.')

The Hon. John Bryce, late Minister of Native affairs, was the first to recognize the true position. He punished outrages with a firm hand, making no advances, avoiding all inducements or threats, he let them severely alone, turning against them their own masterly policy of *Taihoa.* Directly they found our solicitations ceased, their isolation began slowly to relax. When *we* seemed to be indifferent *they* began to be willing to make advances.

At last, a deputation of the Chiefs of the King party headed by Rewi Maniapoto, one of their most famous warriors, made a peaceful tour through the conquered Waikato country. They looked in vain for their old homes, and for the graves of their ancestors, finding these and the battle-fields, where they had fought so gallantly, covered by the homes and the fields of the foe—the resistless White man—and their strongest fortresses occupied by colonial troops. They were kindly treated by the settlers, and they returned as peacefully as they came, bearing with them the conviction that their beloved homes, their ancient graves, and the lands of their ancestors were gone from them for ever.

It was at the commencement of this visit, when

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they first entered the frontier town, that an incident occurred, which, though perhaps a little incongruous, I cannot refrain from narrating here, more especially as it gives us a glimpse of the humorous side of Maori nature. Shortly after entering the town, Rewi and some of his companions visited a store to purchase some saddles, blankets and other requisites for the journey they were commencing.

The storekeeper, anxious to do business, said,

'Very glad to see you, Rewi, and your Hauhaus' (a common name for the King Maories), 'I am all the same as a Hauhau.'

Looking incredulously at the shopkeeper, the great Hauhau Chief said,

'You all the same as a Hauhau, *Kapai*' (very good), and proceeded to select the goods he needed.

When a pile of saddles and blankets had been made, Rewi said,

'*Kati*' (enough), and the storekeeper proceeded, with many expressions of admiration for Hauhaus, to make out his bill, which when finished, he courteously handed to the Chief.

'What is this?' asked Rewi.

'This,' said he, 'is the bill for you to pay.'

'Pay,' replied the Chief, with a merry twinkle in his eye,

'You all the same as a Hauhau. *Kapai* (very good). We are all Hauhaus, you and we. Now you know, we Hauhaus have everything in common; what belongs to one belongs to all. We never pay

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one another.' And without further parley, proceeded to distribute the purchases amongst his followers.

Taken at his word in this practical fashion, the obsequious storekeeper looked aghast, not seeing exactly how to get out of the difficulty. Rewi finished the distribution, and then, with another merry twinkle, said,

'You a Hauhau, *Maminga* (gammon). You a humbug,' and paid the money due.

Some months after Rewi's visit, Tawhiao the Maori King, accompanied by a hundred chiefs, the remnant and the flower of the old nobility, made a peaceful progress through the English settlements in the Waikato country.

Nearly twenty years had passed since the vanquished Maori tribes had sullenly retreated across the frontier, and 'perched' (as they often said to me), 'like birds on trees,' looking over the wide plains of Waikato, which had once owned no sway but theirs.

Silently and sorrowfully they marched along the White man's roads, which had taken the place of the old Maori paths. Now and then, when a gnarled and withered tree marked the site of a village, or a forlorn tumulus, spared by the settler's plough, revealed the last resting place of a warrior famous in Maori story, very pathetic were the songs they mournfully chanted over the old homes and the ancient graves. At one spot, where long ago, a famous war party had crossed the plains, the whole company halted at a point, where cultivation had not

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yet obliterated an old memento, and gathering round the obscured relic of the past, they broke into a 'Lament' which they chanted with a pathos belonging not to the days of old.

THE SONG OF THE REMNANT.

The old tree stands withered and dead,
Its branches are broken, its life is gone.
The war gods of old are silent and still,
Tu's scarlet belt and the sharp-pointed spear
Lie in the dust, in the dust.
The shout of the warrior is heard no more,
The dance and the song have departed.
We look at the graves of the warriors,
But the foot of the White face is there.
Our ancestors silently sleep,
The day breaks. Why do we weep?
Though the sun shines on Pirongia's peak
We are in sadness, in shadow and gloom.
Hark! The cry of the night bird
Dies away on the morn.
It is the call of the dead.
It calls. It calls. We die.
The day is breaking. We live.
We die.

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CHAPTER XXI.

UTU (RANSOM).

Instance of Utu.—*A Man Killed.*—*A* Taua.—*The Avengers.*—*A Challenge and a Reply.*—*Maori Oratory.*—*A Song for the Dead.*—*The Sons of the Sea.*—*A Demonstration.*—*A Demand for* Utu.—*The Ransom paid down.*—*A Dead Pot no Payment for a Living Man.*—*A Woman's Reply.*—*The Ransom Accepted.*—*A Canoe Song.*—*Stripped and Hungry.*—*The Hunchback's Story.*—*A Counter Claim.*—*The Demand paid.* PAYMENT FOR THE DEAD:—*Cattle and Graves.*—*A Chief's Sorrow.*—*Fences for a Pound.* IO, *the Supreme God.*—*Leaving the Old Faith for the New.*—*The Church in the Wilderness.*—*Conversion.*—*'No Blanket no Hallelujah.'*—*Doctrine of the Atonement.*—*A Maori Chief's Idea of it.*

A CURIOUS instance of the ancient Maori custom of *Utu* (payment, ransom) occurred shortly after my arrival in New Zealand.

A Maori tribe from a village on the coast, had been engaged digging Kauri gum on the north shore of the Waitemata (Sparkling water). By some misadventure, a Maori belonging to a Tamaki tribe, in digging a hole for the gum, had been killed, of which the gum-digging tribe, with true Maori courtesy, duly informed the Tamakis.

In a few days, the gum-diggers learnt that on

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a certain day, a *Taua* (levying party) from the Tamakis intended to come and exact *Utu* (payment) for the offence.

On the day appointed, the canoes of the Tamakis were seen coming up the Waitemata harbour. The gum-diggers assembled on a little flat outside their camp, their spears stuck upright before them, and silently awaited the approach of the *Taua*. Shortly afterwards the Tamakis landed on the shore, made fast their canoes, and danced a defiant war dance on the beach. When the last shouts had died away, the gum-diggers sprang to their feet, and dancing a war dance in reply to the challenge, invited the *Taua* to come on and state the reason of their coming. The two apparently hostile parties met, and after the usual salutations by rubbing noses and shaking hands, the strangers began their *Korero* or talk.

A Tamaki chief, spear in hand, said,

'Salutations to you, who dig holes in the ground. Where is my son? I look for his face amongst you, but I see only the *Moko* (tatoo or tribal brand) of the Ngatimatas. Purutino, where art thou? Come to me O son. The canoes wait for thee on the shore,' and leaning on his spear, he chanted in plaintive tones, a Lament,

To the canoe, the canoe
On its pillow, the canoe waits for thee,
Return O son, the paddles are still,
The canoe gently rocks on its pillow the wave,
Return to thy mother who waits on the shore.

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'Chiefs of Ngatimata give me back my son, that I may return in peace to my village.'

A Ngatimata Chief rose to answer,

'Salutations to you, O sons of the sea. Hearken. The son of my father went forth at the rising of the sun, to dig for gum in a deep hole, his strong arms had made. Then the earth fell in, and thy son lay buried, and we knew it not. When the *Wahines* (women) had drawn the food from the *Hangi* (ground oven), and we were seated around the *Kai* (food), Purutino's place was empty. I sent a boy to call him, who found a hand sticking out of the earth. Then we rose in haste and ran to the hole, and dug away the fallen earth, but Purutino spoke not. His breath was gone. He lay like a stone. He was dead. Then we sought out his tribe, and sent a messenger to you. Enough. It is ended.'

In a moment Taranui, a Chief of the Tamakis, rose, spear in hand, and leaping and slapping his thighs, rushed with great fury at the Ngatimatas, as though he would drive his spear through one of them, but stopping at the instant the point almost touched the Maori—who sat immovable, not flinching a hair's breadth—the excited Chief said,

'Hearken. This is my word. You who dig gum from the earth have killed Purutino. He was alive. He is dead. You have killed him. Give him back to us, that he may return to his village. You say his spirit has departed to the caves of the dead. It is well. We have come for *Utu* (a ransom) for his life.'

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Then Taranui, who was a great orator, rushed backwards and forwards, slapping his thighs, and making hideous grimaces, demanding *Utu* at frequent intervals.

After the excitement caused by the furious oration of Taranui had subsided, a great silence followed, until Ruatiri, a Chief of the Ngatimatas, rose to his feet, and said,

'Hearken. I have heard the word of Taranui. It is good. We will give *Utu* (payment) for the youth who is gone. Enough.'

At these words the Ngatimatas went to their *Whares* (houses), and brought out all their possessions, placing them in a heap in front of the Tamakis —iron pots, spades, picks, blankets, mats, clothing, kits of potatoes, bags of flour and gum—everything they possessed.

This done, they sat down as before.

Both parties looked on the heap with silent gravity. After a while, Te Whetini, a Tamaki Chief, rose and slowly walked round the heap, and kicking it contemptuously, here and there as he slowly paced round it, said,

'Is that dead pot *Utu* (payment) for a living man? Will these blankets bring the life again? What are kits of potatoes, will they paddle a canoe? Will a bag of flour plant *Kumaras*? Why do my friends put these dead things on one side, and Purutino on the other? Who can paddle or plant for the mother of the dead? It is nothing.'

After hours of talking, slapping of thighs and

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other furious demonstrations, the matter was on the point of being settled, when one of the Tamakis, seeing a little cutter lying at anchor close in shore, suddenly started to his feet, and said,

'What are these iron pots and blankets as *Utu* (payment) for a man? Purutino was a man, and could go about from place to place. These are dead things, and remain still as you put them down. Let my fathers give to us the cutter. That *Kaipuke* (vessel) can move from place to place. Let that be the *Utu*. That is my word. Enough. It is ended.'

At this, Te Rawhiti, an old Chief and the owner of the cutter, sprang to his feet, spear in hand rushed at the last speaker, declaring he would not give up the cutter, and called upon his tribe to drive the Tamakis back to their canoes. The same instant, Rawhini his wife, an old woman, yet full of vigour and spirit, rushed up to Te Whetini, threw handsful of dust at him, and spitting in his face, declared he was a *Tutua* (mean person), and should have neither cutter nor iron pots.

For a few moments, it looked as if the *Korero* (talk) would end in a general fight—when the principal Chief of the Tamakis told one of the young men to carry an iron pot to the canoes.

The spell was broken. The storm subsided, and the heap of articles was quickly carried down to the canoes.

When the canoes were loaded, a general rubbing

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of noses followed. The paddles were plied to a Maori boat song, the Ngatimatas chanting, as the shining sprays fell from the gracefully moving paddles,

> Go to your home, swiftly strike the paddles,
> Carrying our *Aroha* (love) to the mother,
> To the mother, who watches and weeps
> On the shore.'

The swift canoes sped down the harbour, and the Ngatimatas returned to their houses—empty of everything—not even a potato remaining. The few White settlers who had witnessed the affair, kindly gave the plundered Ngatimatas, a few bags of potatoes to keep them from starving.

A week after the departure of the Tamakis, a hunchback, who had been absent with another party of gum-diggers, returned to the camp. On learning what had been done, the hunchback (the depositary of the tribal traditions) at once told how, that long ago, a Ngatimata man and woman fishing, had been driven by a storm away from the coast, and had been made prisoners by a party of Tamakis fishing for sharks, and that no *Utu* (payment) had ever been made for them.

After a long consultation and much *Korero* (talk) the gum-digging tribe determined to demand *Utu* (payment) for the captured man and woman; for amongst the Maories, no lapse of time destroyed the right to payment for a wrong. The Ngatimatas therefore went aboard Rawhiti's cutter, and made sail for

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the Tamakis' *Kainga* (village). They landed at a spot near where the bridge now crosses the river, just below the *Pah* (fortified village) of the Tamakis.

In the usual formal manner, a young Chief was sent to announce the arrival of the Ngatimatas, and their demand for *Utu*.

A vigorous war dance followed from both Tribes, and after two days' talk, much after the previous fashion, the Tamakis acknowledged the justice of the demand for *Utu*, and the Ngatimatas returned with much of their own property, and a good deal of their neighbours'.

The demand for *Utu* is occasionally made on curious grounds. I remember a Chief who had leased some land to me, over which my cattle grazed, coming to me, and saying,

'Some of my ancestors are buried on that land, and I am very *Pouri* (sad), because your cattle tread upon their graves.'

'Why do you not put a fence round them?' I replied.

'O,' said he, 'my village is far away, and I have no wood, no axe, and no money to do that work, and I mourn for my ancestors who sleep beneath the feet of the bullocks.'

Sympathizing with the sorrow and the sentiment of the Chief, I said,

'Well, I will fence round the graves, if you will point out to my stockman, the places where your ancestors are buried.'

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'*Kapai*' (good), he replied, 'great is my *Aroha* (love) for you, but my village is far away, and my horse is old and his legs are stiff, and the trouble will be great. Now,' joyfully continued he, 'give me a pound for *Utu* (payment).'

Looking in the face of the old Chief I said,

'Is that the measure of your reverence for your ancient dead? I will not give you the money, but whenever you will point out the graves, I will fence them in.'

He went away sorrowful, more for the money he failed to get, than for the silent dead. He troubled me no more, and the warriors of old sleep, without a ransom, in their unknown graves.

Formerly, as I have elsewhere stated, the Maories were heathens, under a priesthood not very dissimilar to the Druids of our Celtic ancestors. Worshipping many inferior deities, they paid special devotion to the *Atua* or God. But amongst the sacred circles of the *Tohungas* or priests IO, the Supreme God, was alone worshipped.

Then under the teaching and preaching of the Missionaries, with the exception of the *Tohungas* or priests, they almost universally embraced Christianity.

There are many causes for this remarkable forsaking of the Old faith for the New. The instant relief Christianity brought from continual inter-tribal contests; the arts of civilization taught by the Missionaries; the strong imagination of the Maori; and

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without doubt, the temporal advantages it offered them, had not a little influence in securing, what in some instances, passed for conversion. A curious instance of this latter influence, occurred to a well-known and very worthy Missionary.

This gentleman occasionally distributed blankets amongst the Maories who attended his little church in the wilderness, until, noticing in the case of one worshipper, that he came for a blanket rather too frequently, the Missionary told him that he could not give him any more blankets.

'All right,' promptly replied the Maori, 'no more blankets, no more Hallelujah,' and departing, returned no more.

Besides the causes, above given, for the adoption of Christianity, the universal custom of *Utu* (payment or ransom) for a wrong or crime, powerfully prepared the way for their acceptance of the great Christian doctrine of the Atonement. The practice of *Utu* or ransom as already stated, pervaded their social and tribal life. No wrong however trivial, no crime however great, but could be atoned for by a proportionate *Utu* or payment.

A striking instance of their knowledge of and application of the doctrine of Christ's atonement occurred not very long ago, at a meeting of the tribes, at which Tawhiao, the Maori King was present. At this meeting, the desirability of returning to the Christian faith was discussed. The doctrines of the various Christian sects were passed under review. It

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seemed however, as if little more than endless disputes would be the result, when a fine, thoughtful looking Chief rose, and addressing the assembly, said, with equal gravity and dignity,

'There are a great many religions (sects) believing in Jesus Christ—the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, the Wesleyan and others. It is not necessary that we should trouble ourselves to find out which is best. Their words are many. Their ways are many. But their faith is one. All that is needed for us to do, is, to believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, became Man ; that he gave himself, a living man for living men, as *Utu* (payment, ransom) for us, who have all sinned ; that he was ready to make payment for all who desire it, and will live their lives rightly. Christ said " All ye that thirst, come and drink of the water of life."

'When I am thirsty, if the water is pure, I don't refuse to drink, whether the water comes to me in a shell, a calabash, or a pannikin (tin pot). I am thirsty, and I drink.'

Before closing this chapter, it is fitting that I should note the occurrence of the general departure from the Christian faith, which took place amongst the hostile Maories—during and after the last great war—which was as general as their former adoption of it. One strong reason was doubtless, the continual squabbling amongst the various Christian bodies. Another, and a more powerful one, was that the Maories soon found that the Europeans they met with, rarely or never

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practised the Christian doctrines they professed. Another significant reason was, the Maories said,

'The Missionaries taught us not to do any work on Sunday, but we see the English soldiers build redoubts, march and fight battles on Sundays, and that they generally win the victory. Now, what is the use of our worshipping the Christian God? we hardly ever win a battle. No matter how closely we obey, what we have been told were His commands, He never helps us. He is the God of the White men, and does not regard the Maories. Let us turn back to our old gods.'

And, as I have said, they turned back, and fell into a curious medley of Christianity and Heathenism, from which they are now, however emerging, and are preparing I think, to become once more, Christians.

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CHAPTER XXII.

SALMON INTRODUCTION.

Noble gift by America to New Zealand.—A boat's crew.—Nation Makers.—On the River.—A New Zealand Morning.—River scenery.—In the rapids.—A Maori Hercules.—'Steady boys.'—A tough Struggle.—Victory.—A Titanic quern grinder.—Forest tints.—Shadows.—'Spell ho.'—Snags, Rocks, and Rapids in the River.—Tent pitching.—Locating the ova.—Kindly links.—Down Stream.—'There she goes.'—The tent in the forest.—Moonlight on the River.—A Morning Chorus.—New Zealand song Birds.—A feathered Bandmaster.—The Coming Day.—The Roar of the Rapid.—In the Cataract.—Through it.

SOME years ago the Fish Commissioners of the United States generously presented to the Colony of New Zealand, a million salmon ova. Having had some experience in Fish culture, the New Zealand Government asked me to take charge of a portion of the ova for location in the Northern rivers, and to forward the remainder to various points in the South Island. Though I had no great faith in the success of the operation in the Northern rivers, owing to the mild climate and the great abundance of eels in nearly every river, I undertook the work.

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How I deposited ova and young salmon in most of our principal rivers; how I travelled hundreds of miles in boats and canoes; how both Europeans and Maories heartily assisted me, would be a long story to tell, and probably when told, would be of no particular interest to anybody. I shall therefore describe but a few of the expeditions, of the many I accomplished, and these only by way of giving my readers some idea of New Zealand rivers, in a state of nature, with some glimpses of New Zealand settlers and scenery.

By rail and steamer, I conveyed 50,000 salmon ova to the Northern Wairoa river, meeting there an open steam launch placed at my disposal by Government. Favoured by a strong flowing tide, the launch sped swiftly up the noble river to a point near the Falls at the head of the navigation. At this point I transferred my ova chests and ice boxes to a strong boat, manned by four stalwart fellows, half bushmen half boatmen, good specimens of the strong hardy men who, in the forests and rivers, are taking their full share of the work of Nation Making in New Zealand.

Up at four o'clock next morning, whilst breakfast was cooking, I put fresh ice into the ova boxes by way of keeping my little friends cool and comfortable. During breakfast a solitary 'blight bird' warbled forth its gentle morning song, quickly imitated and improved upon by a *Tui*, the New Zealand mocking bird.

At six o'clock we resumed our places in the boat, long stout poles having been provided for the rapids we were approaching. Nothing could exceed the

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quiet and placid beauty of the morning and the scene. The measured strokes of the oars, rippling the inexpressible stillness of the limpid river, every tree, every tint of the living green of the wooded banks, reflected with exquisite delicacy and beauty by the glassy water. The deep green foliage of the *Karaka*, mingled with the emerald tints of the weeping willow, marking here and there, the long abandoned site of some ancient Maori village, whilst a lovely tree-fern spread the shadow of its silvery fronds on the bosom of the rosy-tinted river; or a giant *Kauri* reared its lofty, leafy crown, heavenwards in the transparent morning sky, a veritable monarch of the forest primeval.

Whilst the oars fall with a measured cadence, we hear a roar ahead, and rounding a sandy point we come in sight of the rapid, or rather cataract we had heard so much about. Huge rocks and moss-covered boulders bristle from bank to bank, flanking a wall of rock over which the whole volume of the Mangakahia river breaks with deafening roar, in a line of snow-white foam. Two hands in the bows stand by with ready poles, two more grip their oars for a strong and steady pull. My pilot, Te Puke, a Maori Hercules, tow-line in hand, wading, where a shallow served, or, springing from boulder to boulder, we slowly forge ahead.

'Steady boys, steady,' roars Captain Lowrie at the helm, 'down with your oars, out with boat hooks.'

And holding on for dear life to sharp rocky ledges, jutting here and there above the foaming, surging waters, our buoyant little craft, tossing about like a shell, the fierce cataract raising the water in a crystal

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curve high above either gunwale, we barely hold our own.

'Now boys, now. Heave ho!'

And straining every muscle to hold every inch we made, the tow-line drawn taut as a fiddle string over the brawny shoulder of the Maori—balanced like a veritable Hercules, on a slippery boulder—for one instant, it seemed as though our united efforts, and even his giant strength, must yield. One moment more of such fearful tension, and he must fall backwards into the roaring cataract. That instant, the boat hook in the bow gains an inch of purchase more, and every muscle strained like knotted rope strands, he holds his ground.

'Now boys, *now*. All together.'

A moment of supreme and vigorous battle, and the Maori, with one mighty effort, slowly heaves forward his giant frame, and at last, at last, the bows cleave the glassy wave, where it breaks and rushes down the fall, and we are once more in still water.

One joyous shout announces our well-earned victory, and running our gallant craft into a quiet little cove we spring ashore and rest our weary limbs.

After an hour's well-earned rest, we resumed our course up the river. At one point, I noticed a huge boulder lying on the river bank, very much the shape of a Titanic quern stone, as if some old giant in mythic times, had ground his grain, and worn it into a perfect geometric figure, or, as a modern geologist would confidently assure you, marking in this sunny clime,

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the existence of a glacial period a million years or so ago. Whatever of truth there may be, or may not be in these myths, ancient or modern, there, the huge round stone lay, a striking object of geometric beauty and immemorial age.

Frequently, jutting rocks projected their stony points half way across the river, making to me, sitting in the stern in full enjoyment of the changing scene, pictures of striking beauty, but to the stalwart fellows handling the oars, making the exercise of force and skill a constant necessity.

Resting for a minute in a quiet reach, after a stiff pull against a rapid, a solitary mocking bird greeted us with a curious medley of sound, now, with notes closely resembling the sharpening of a saw, followed by two or three notes full of melody, deep and rich, then again imitating the creaking of the file, reminding me of a carpenter sharpening his saw, whistling gaily in the intervals, as if to compensate himself for the screeching discords of his occupation.

Day after day, and all day long, we were pulling and poling amongst or over snags, of which this unexplored river was full, or forging our toilsome way over rapids, or gliding swiftly along many a quiet reach, or sweeping gaily round a noble bend. Richly tinted forest clothed both banks of the beautiful river, one moment reposing in deep shadow, the next, every twig, and frond, and leaf delicately pencilled in the brilliant sunshine.

As evening approached, the wooded points lay in

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deeper shadow, the opposite bends being gilded with the mellow tints of departing day. It is impossible to describe the effect of the living green of the forest foliage in this sunny southern land, passing from the deep rich tints of the *Puriri* and *Karaka*, to the soft golden hues of the *Mahoe* and *Ongaonga*, as they were mirrored, with still more delicate and softened tones of colour, in the placid reaches of the glassy river as we swept along.

At intervals, a rugged cliff or rocky point, scored and wrecked by the tremendous floods of a thousand winters, served by their bold and Titanic masses, to lend a greater charm to a hundred wooded knolls of exquisite beauty, on this most lovely of all New Zealand rivers.

As we steadily worked our way up stream, our progress became more difficult. Snags in every form of mossy beauty, or in gnarled and naked ugliness, barred our way with a tangled network of roots and stumps. In pulling up this river, a score of rapids and a thousand snags taxed to the utmost, the pluck and bottom of my boatmen, now struggling in a boil of foaming water, now, with concentrated vigour, forcing our little craft over a submerged tree athwart the stream, up a glassy sheet of green and shining water.

'Spell ho,' were welcome words to the hardy oarsmen, and though revelling amongst scenes rapidly changing from picturesque and placid beauty, to fierce and exciting struggles, I was not sorry for their sakes, when we came at last, to the village of the Maori Chief Te Wero.

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In my numerous expeditions on New Zealand rivers for acclimatization purposes, it was never my lot to contend with such a host of difficulties, as I met with on the Mangakahia river, and I certainly never sat behind a better, or more gallant crew, than the hardy fellows who had fought their way through every difficulty, and brought me and my precious ova to their destined goal without a single casualty.

Finding here a location for the salmon ova, suitable in all respects, I asked Te Wero's permission to place them in the river, to which he readily consented. We pitched our tent on a grassy knoll overlooking the spot I had selected, and enjoyed our rustic fare as none but those can do, who have spent a succession of summer days, both hot and long, in pulling and poling up a river, filled with snags and rapids, and have arrived at last, at the welcome end of all their toils.

After a hearty meal, we adjourned at Te Wero's request to one of the houses in his village. Here pipes were lit, and we passed the twilight hours of the summer night, in telling stories of adventure, shipwrecks and 'hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field.' The 'yarns,' though sometimes tough, were not without a humour of their own, and served to put a fitting finish to our arduous toil.

Next morning we were up at dawn, and commenced the works I had planned the previous evening.

A little island just below a point where the stream, with a rapid current, swept round a bend,

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leaving the other and more ancient channel almost dry, gave me the position I desired. Clearing out this channel, we brought the stream into a little bay, where the water lay nearly motionless. This stagnant condition, by the new flow of water, at once changed into a gentle ripple over the shingly bottom, and made a fine location for the little strangers, whose long wanderings were now to terminate.

This little bay I proposed to surround with a pig-proof fence, after the Maori fashion, so that no inquisitive porker might poke his nose amongst my embryo friends. Two of my companions went to the neighbouring forest, and with skilful axes soon provided sharpened stakes to begin with. Another, with Te Puke's help, rapidly fenced round the little bay, Te Wero and a Maori boy lending willing aid. In this manner, the work proceeded rapidly. To fix across the entrance and exit of the water, fine wire netting to keep out eels, and then, to raise a framework of light poles over the enclosed little bay, over which we stretched a covering of thin canvas, by way of keeping out the rays of the hot sun—so making a cool shadow on the rippling stream—and to protect my red coral-like friends from the shags, kingfishers, and other feathered enemies, required vigorous efforts. By midday we finished our work, then to lunch. When that grateful meal was over, the rippling stream had cleared off all the discoloration our busy hands and feet had caused in the watery enclosure.

During our long voyage, I had carefully supplied my ova-boxes with ice, and now, I was to see whether I

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had brought them safely through so many difficulties. I was delighted to find the ova in first-rate condition, as undisturbed in their cool mossy beds, as when they left the United States salmon house on the far distant McCloud river in California months before. With the ready help of my companions, I quickly placed 35,000 ova in the cool shingle bed, placing 15,000 more at a lonely spot a mile away.

So we finished our work. Every care had been taken to do it well; and I hoped that our labours might not be in vain. Some day, the banks of this beautiful river, will be covered with the houses and little farms of an industrious and happy people, and I trust the noble river itself will be well stored with salmon, and, when 'the King of Fishes' gladdens the hearts of the people, I hope the generous gift by our American Kin across the Sea, will not be forgotten, as one of the kindly links, which have helped to bind together that great English-speaking race, which holding so many vantage points on every continent and on every sea, is destined to lend a most potential aid in promoting peace and progress all over the world.

And now with light hearts, down stream. Our gallant little craft, which had come up the tangled river with hardly a scratch, had to run the gauntlet among snags and rapids, in better trim indeed, but impelled at many points by a swift current over rapids, snags and sunken rocks. The voyage was

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full of excitement, and not without some danger. Swept along by whirling currents, the innumerable obstructions taxed the skill and nerve of Captain Lowrie at the helm, and the gallant fellows at the oars, to the utmost. Now, dancing merrily along a quiet reach, the next instant, caught in a boiling rapid, or running head on to a huge sunken tree athwart the stream, the rapid current swept us on in zigzag courses, often more exciting than pleasant.

Sometimes no helm, nor oar could guide our buoyant boat, and more than once she fairly took charge, and surged from gunwale to gunwale in a manner curious to behold. Again and again, the Captain roared out,

'Back your oars, boys, back your oars.'

For an instant, it seemed as if nothing could prevent her running foul of an ugly-looking rock in midstream. By a shave we missed it.

'There she goes, let her have it,' and away we danced, whipping round a picturesque point, or rushing down a rapid, twirled round and round by many a whirlpool. How we escaped coming to grief was a mystery.

By sunset we had made good way, and coming to a pretty beach, where the river swept round a wooded point, we landed, and making fast, we pitched our tent between two noble trees, towering aloft a hundred feet or more, their leafy crowns forming a lofty canopy above us. To collect wood, light our fire, boil our tea in the 'billy' (bushman's kettle) was grateful labour, toil-worn though we were. What

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exquisite enjoyment, after the fatigues and dangers of the day, to sit around the ruddy fire, and eat our frugal meal with a zest, that no fat alderman, or gouty gourmand ever knows. No seasoned sauces, no Epicurean cookery to tickle our appetites, were needed.

And when the meal was over, to light our pipes, and lazily lounge in the brilliant moonlight, amidst the leafy stillness of the summer night—no Oriental Prince, nor modern millionaire ever revelled in happiness more simple, more pure, or more complete.

Below us, in the brilliant moonlight lay the placid river, one glorious sheet of silver sheen, not a ripple on its glassy surface. The deep, dark shadow of a wooded point lay on the opposite shore in impenetrable blackness. On our side of the river, every frond, every branch mirrored on the soft moonlit waters, presented a picture of exquisite natural beauty, no pen can describe, nor pencil delineate.

And then to sleep, and such a sleep.

At earliest dawn we were again astir. Whilst busied with our morning preparations, our old friend the *Tui*, or Parson Bird (so called by reason of his black plumage relieved by two white feathers at the throat), perched on a lofty tree, piped forth his joyous notes, as if to wake up the feathered tribe to give their morning song.

For a while he was the only performer, mocking with wonderful variety, the notes of half a dozen little songsters, curiously mingled with a cough, a

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sneeze or a laugh of his own, winding up with a 'Be off. Be off.'

Directly the rosy sunbeams touched the tops of the tallest trees, the *Tui's* invitation was accepted, and the general chorus commenced. The Cuckoo, trilling forth its long silvery notes, appearing to come from the opposite bank, but each note coming nearer and nearer, till it mingled in the general chorus. By this time, the feathered choristers had combined to pour forth a varied melody, the like of which can only be heard in the undisturbed solitudes of the New Zealand forest.

Whenever a pause occurred in this delightful morning concert of song, the *Huia* or Organ Bird warbled forth a delicate solo of organ notes, not loud, but of softest, sweetest music. Then, led by the lively *Tui*, who seemed to act as bandmaster, the feathered throng joined in a general burst of music, whilst at every pause, the mellow notes of the *Korimako* tinkled forth its tune, like the tones of a silver bell.

With this charming music above us we lingered at our morning meal, till when, at length, the sun had ushered in the coming day, the music ceased.

Not a sound came from the leafy shade. The curtain had fallen, and our musical banquet had ended. But no. Once again, the lively *Tui* whistled forth his melodious song, and then one by one, he mimicked the notes of every bird of the band, winding up with a sneeze, and a 'Be off. Be off.'

Whether he meant the command for his com-

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panions, or for us, I presume not to say. They were at least silent, and we could not do less than obey; and stepping aboard our trim little craft, we pulled gaily and rapidly down the river.

In a few hours, a distant roar marked our approach to the great rapid I have before described. In a little while we were upon it. It was dead low water. The noble river swept into the rock-bound pass in one grand translucent curve. Breaking as it fell, it rushed on down amongst the rocks, a roaring cataract of white and glistening foam.

'Peak your oars, boys,' sung out in clear tones the Captain.

'Steady,' and grasping the tiller ropes with a tighter grip, he headed for the roaring torrent.

Silent and still as statues, we held our breath, as our gallant craft bore down the shining curve. In an instant, she shot into the torrent, and was swept along and through the boiling, surging waves with resistless force. So tremendous was the pace, that before we had time to draw a breath, we had passed through the cataract in safety.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE RIVER.

RIVER THAMES:—*Navigation dangerous.—Canoe navigation.—Difficulties.—Maori pluck.—Swimming Adventure.—Rescue by Maories.—Canoe Voyage up river.—Snags and Rapids.—A Maori water Nymph.—Maori Sports.—Diving for a Bottle.—Exciting scene.—Bottles secured by a great Chief, and a Deaf and Dumb Girl.—The Chief's Chivalry.—Canoeing down stream delightful.—Exciting Songs.—Navigation stopped by Hostile Chief.—Road making over Mountains.—Removal of Rapids and Snags in river commenced.—Difficult work.—Maori obstruction.—The Man in Command.—A Colonist Killed.—River operations Stopped.—Resumed.—Dynamite.—Removal of enormous snag.—Te Au-o-Tonga rapid, a 'terror.'—A Storm.—Gallant deed.—Blowing up the 'terror.'—Magnificent Spectacle.*

THE Waihou or Thames river, when I first knew it, was only navigable for 30 miles from its mouth. Beyond that point, innumerable rocky bars, rapids, sandbanks, and snags (sunken trees) rendered navigation for any craft but a Maori canoe impossible. Even canoes, were often swamped in the rapids, or upset on the snags.

For years after I purchased the Matamata estates, stores and machinery (taken apart) were sent up the river in canoes. Very often the canoes were weeks going up, and not unfrequently coming to grief on the voyage.

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On one occasion, which I may mention, because it brings out one of the traits of Maori character, I had sent up three canoes, in one of which, amongst other things was a Croskill's roller, ploughs and a bag of salt. The roller, as usual with heavy articles, had been taken apart. Two of the canoes arrived at the landing on my estate: the third having run on a snag, had deposited the iron roller and the rest of her cargo at the bottom of the river. A week later, the third canoe arrived, with every article aboard except the salt. The Maories said the canoe had stuck on a snag, and upset in deep water, but the hardy, patient fellows had dived for the cargo, and secured every article, except the salt. Of that, the empty sack only remained. This they held up with great glee, saying that

'The water had devoured the salt.'

The Waihou is a dangerous river, owing to the quicksands with which it abounds. One of my adventures on the river came near a tragic ending. I had taken up some friends in the 'Caroline,' a small schooner to Te Puke, the then head of the navigation. Whilst her cargo was being transferred to the canoes, we stripped for a swim. Owing to an under current, caused probably by some peculiar tidal action at this point, by the sudden shifting of a quicksand, I was carried under, and, unable to extricate myself, should have inevitably been drowned, had not two Maories, one squatted on the bank, the other on the 'Caroline,' seeing my position, simultaneously dived and rescued

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me. I never forgot the true service those good fellows rendered me.

When the goods had been transferred to the canoes, we proceeded up the river. For three days we paddled over sandbanks, snags and rapids. The tedium of the voyage was enlivened by the chants and old canoe songs of the Maories. At every rapid the canoes were unloaded, the cargoes carried on shore, and the canoes hauled over the rapids. In some of the reaches where the current was swift, my Maories ceased paddling, and 'poled' the canoes, until we came into smooth water.

At one rapid, 'Te Au-o-Tonga,' the river was filled with rocks, except on the left bank, where there was a narrow channel of deep water. One of the canoes had a crew of three Maori girls, one of whom was deaf and dumb. This girl was busily poling, when her pole slipped off the edge of a rock. In a moment, she went down head foremost into deep water. This caused the greatest merriment amongst the rest of the Maories. The next instant the girl came up like a water nymph, and clambering into the canoe, resumed her pole as if nothing had happened.

In due time we arrived at the head of the navigation. The Chief William Thompson (the King Maker), with a large number of the Ngatihaua tribe were waiting to receive me. That afternoon, we pitched our tents and made ourselves comfortable. Next day, we had horse and foot races, of both of which the Maories are very fond. Amongst other sports, we had swimming and diving matches.

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At the point where we were encamped, there was a very strong 'rapid.' Just below, about forty young Maories were squatting on the bank ready for a diving contest. At a given signal, these amphibious fellows dashed into the river, and commenced 'treading water' waiting for a bottle filled with sand, to be thrown in. When they were all in position, the loaded bottle was thrown into midstream. The instant it touched the water, every Maori disappeared. Not a head was to be seen. Presently forty Maori heads came to the surface, most of them far below where we stood, carried down stream by the force of the current.

One young Maori secured the bottle, and swimming ashore with it, received the five shillings prize. I ought to have said, that the deaf and dumb Maori girl wished to be one of the divers, to which I did not consent; she walked up the bank, and covering her head with her blanket, sat alone in evident trouble.

Some of the Maories telling me that the Chief William Thompson, who was squatting on the opposite bank, was a great diver, I said, I would again throw in the bottle if he would dive for it. Thompson asked what the prize was.

'Five shillings,' I replied.

'Make it a pound,' said he, 'and I will try for it.'

I consented, and he at once swam across the river. All the principal chiefs immediately said they would dive for the bottle. In a minute, about sixty Maories were treading water in midstream. It was an exciting scene. Directly the bottle touched the water, every

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head disappeared, as before many divers were carried down stream. This time, it was not a young Maori who secured the bottle, but no other than Thompson the Great Chief, the King Maker. Swimming ashore, he gave me the bottle, and I handed the sovereign to him.

'No,' said he, 'I dived for the bottle, not for the money,' and like a true Chief as he was, he added,

'Throw in the bottle again, and let the deaf and dumb girl try for it, and let her prize be the pound I have won.'

I readily consented, for I was touched by his chivalry. Again, a great number dashed into the river, joined this time by the disconsolate girl. As before, when the bottle was thrown, every head disappeared. Singularly enough, the Maori girl secured the bottle, to the great delight of the whole company.

I made many voyages in canoes upon this beautiful river. Up stream, canoe travelling is sufficiently tedious and tiresome, but, down stream, it is very different. Indeed, I know no mode of travelling more delightful, than paddling in a canoe down such a river as the Waihou, with its quiet reaches, shady banks, and water clear as crystal, with a crew of half a dozen stalwart, merry Maories, gaily singing canoe songs to the music of their paddles.

Gliding along a placid reach, or sweeping rapidly round a lovely wooded point; now racing another canoe amid exciting songs, joyous shouts, and peals of laughter; now shooting a rapid, steady, silent and

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watchful; then once more, merrily paddling in smooth water. It is simply perfect enjoyment.

One day, while I was at Matamata, a Maori messenger arrived with the intelligence, that five canoes laden with my grass and clover seed, had been stopped by Tanna the son of my friend, the Chief Tamehana (Thompson), who had died about two months before. The messenger brought me a letter from Tanna to the effect, that he intended to break all his father's agreements with me; that he and all the Ngatihaua tribe refused to acknowledge the Queen's Government, and had determined to return to their allegiance to Tawhiao the Maori King; that he had turned back my canoes; and that he warned me to remove at once my servants, my sheep, my cattle, and all my goods to avoid trouble.

I knew well what this 'warning' meant.

At that time, there was only a horse track from Cambridge, the frontier town, to Matamata. I recognised the serious aspect of affairs, and I lost no time in useless negotiations with the rebel chief. I instructed the messenger to take the canoes down the river, and deliver their cargoes to my agent at Te Puke.

By this action of Tanna's I had lost the season for sowing grass seed. Without any vain regrets, I began next morning to lay off a dray road across the mountains, lying between Matamata and Cambridge. All the men (except stockmen) on the station, were

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moved the same day to the foot of the hills with horses, ploughs, picks and shovels. Before night, tents were pitched, and everything made ready for a start on roadmaking next day.

Under the able direction of Mr. Williams, my manager, sidings were ploughed, cuttings made, and swamps bridged for a length of seven miles, where the road descended to the Waikato plains. During the progress of the work, Williams was often threatened and 'warned,' but with steady courage, he and the men persevered. In six weeks, a good dray road was finished, which being the only road into the interior, served for the subsequent movement of troops, and Nation Making advanced a step. The completion of this road, enabled me to dispense with the river transit, and to hold the country. I had lost a year it is true, but amongst the difficulties and dangers of those troubled times, I counted that a very small matter.

The danger from hostile Maories in making this mountain road, and the great difficulty of transporting across it, the multifarious articles required for the establishment and cultivation of a great estate, were such as none but the pioneers of those early times had to contend against; later settlers, happily knowing nothing of them, in these days of peace, roads and railways.

After the lapse of several years of toilsome work over the mountain road, I saw that to cultivate the Matamata estates with fair chances of success, I must

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clear the Thames river of snags (sunken trees), sand-banks, and rapids. All my friends, who knew the river, said it could not be done: that the snags were simply innumerable: that the removal of one rocky bar, would only reveal the existence of another: that from the then head of the navigation, there were seventy miles of river which nothing but a Maori canoe would ever navigate: that it was a work, in any case, utterly beyond the power of any one man to accomplish, if it could be done at all.

I was in a minority of one, which was indeed no new thing, but I felt I could do the work, and I determined to make the attempt. The conception of the idea was one thing; the successful carrying it out was another, and a harder thing.

Besides the natural difficulties of the work, I knew I had to face the opposition of the Maories. My old opponent Tanna had fortunately left the Thames valley, and taken up his residence in the King country, but at that time, the river ran through a purely Maori district, and though the Maories were not unfriendly to me personally, I knew they were very jealous of any meddling with the river, as clearing it would open the country to White settlers.

As a first step, I interviewed two or three of the most powerful Chiefs, and after some difficulty, obtained their tacit consent to commence work. My next step, was to secure a suitable man to take charge of the operations. This was a task of no little difficulty, for in a country like New Zealand, riverine engineers were not then plentiful, especially with the

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indispensable knowledge of the Maori language and Maori ways. In such selections the main point is to have a clear idea of what you want to do, and then to keep your eyes open for the man. In this case, as in many other important works I have taken in hand and carried out, I found the man I wanted. He was a young 'Colonial,' a sailor, a born engineer, and a *Pakeha* Maori—that is—a European with a Maori training.

Captain Tizard, whom I had known as a boy, was the man I selected. The work began about thirty miles from the mouth of the river. Tizard commenced operations with a whale-boat, and a Maori crew. By means of gunpowder, crosscut saws, and tackle of various sorts, he made good headway for about a year. At the end of that time, a Colonist was killed by the King Natives, in a neighbouring district. The wildest excitement followed. Troops of armed and angry Maories passed up and down the river. One by one, the snagging hands deserted, and I was compelled to discontinue the work.

In about twelve months, the excitement subsided, and I recommenced operations. By this time, dynamite had become known, and I set to work with better equipments. I built a small steamer of very light draft (engined by my eldest son) and a strong punt of shallow draft. This was fitted with windlass, derrick, clutches and tackle of various kinds. The barge was decked over, with a house on deck for the crew. Taking aboard the necessary stores and a ton

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of dynamite, Captain Tizard resumed operations at the point he had left off, the previous year. The work was hard and difficult. Tizard and his Maori crew were regular water dogs, and it was well they were. The first summer, they spent much of their time in the water, depositing the dynamite below the water-logged snags. Subsequently, we found this was unnecessary, experience showing that it was sufficient to place the dynamite upon the snags or rocks, whenever the water covered the charge a few inches.

Working his way slowly up stream, by the end of the summer Tizard had cleared a narrow channel of sufficient breadth to enable him to get up to the cataract, Pako Pako (now named Stanley after the African explorer), the northern boundary of my Matamata estate.

Arrived at this point, operations ceased for the winter, the river being too cold for continuing the work.

Next summer we began at Stanley, and worked down stream, clearing a channel forty feet wide. Hundreds of snags (water-logged trees) were blown up, many of them of very large size. One of these, lay right across the river (except a passage of about eight feet), with a few inches of water running over it. The sand had banked up behind it, and from time immemorial it had been used for a crossing place. This snag, which was a tree about five feet in diameter, had created a fall across the river with a depth of water about eight inches in front of it, and eight feet below

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it. After a good many charges of dynamite had been exploded, the snag was finally removed, and the sand, being carried down by the current, gave an even depth of about five feet, above and below the site of the obstruction.

The removal of the numerous rocky bars forming the falls and rapids was a difficult undertaking, requiring a great expenditure of dynamite. One of these 'Te Au-o-Tonga' was as Tizard called it, 'a terror.' After a careful survey, he decided on a plan of operations. I went up to see the last of 'Te Au-o-Tonga,' the worst impediment to navigation on the river.

That night I slept on board the punt, accompanied by one of my sons, and an artist friend. We had half a ton of dynamite on board, upon which we lay in our blankets, and slept soundly enough, until we were awoke by a loud peal of thunder. Vivid flashes of lightning, followed by instantaneous thunder peals, warned us that danger was not very far off. Had the lightning struck the mast, there might possibly have been a terrific explosion heard in the quiet valley, but nothing more would have been heard of us. Amidst a torrent of rain, Tizard climbed up the mast with a length of fencing wire, which, by the lightning flashes, he was enabled to twist round the mast, with the end projecting a few inches above; then, throwing the coil of wire over the side of the punt into the water, he had provided a lightning conductor. After this daring exploit, he came below, and all hands went to sleep once more.

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Next day was occupied in making long lines of narrow calico bags, in which many hundred pounds weight of dynamite cartridges were placed, and carefully laid in position on the submerged rocks. Just before sunset all the preparations were completed. The steamer 'Tui' and the punt were moored under the lee of a high bank, and Tizard with a Maori boy went off in the 'dingy' (small boat) to light the fuse. That done, they lost no time in giving the dynamite a wide berth. I stood on the river bank to see what would happen.

After a few very quiet moments of suspense the dynamite exploded. Never did I hear such a terrific roar, or behold so grand, so sublime a spectacle. With a wondrous majesty, the whole breadth of the river seemed to mount upwards, diminishing in breadth as it rose, and then, for an instant, there was projected against the background of the purple mountains, a column of translucent water, adorned with a hundred radiant pinnacles rising higher and higher, and terminating in a final pinnacle five hundred feet above the river. Illumined by the setting sun, a thousand tiny rainbows dazzled us for one instant, and then, the gorgeous spectacle dissolved, and slowly fell back a shapeless mass of water, into the river,

An unsubstantial pageant faded.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

CLEARING THE RIVER.

RIVER THAMES :—*Successful operation.—Maori stoppage of River Clearing.—Salmon in river.—Meeting with opposing Chiefs.—Maori Speeches.—Old Chief's hostility.—An Old Woman's Eel catching.—Opposition removed and clearing work resumed.—Progress of clearing operations.—River Steamer built.—Removal of ancient Eel Weirs.—Clearing work pushed on.—Surveyor shot by Maories.—Work again Stopped.—Maories threaten to Fire on Steamer.—Successful Negotiations.—Work proceeds.—Narrowing Channel.—Planting river banks with Ten Thousand Willows.—River Clearing Completed.*

A WEEK of further labour, with the help of half a ton of dynamite, and 'Te Au-o-Tonga' the 'Terror' was a thing of the past, leaving a clear channel of four feet deep. This formidable barrier to navigation was supposed to have been mainly caused by the great quartz reef, which was discovered some years later, by the Maori, Hone Werehiko, in the Te Aroha mountain, from which it descended to the plain, crossing the river at this point.

I had now cleared the river as far down as the Ngatimaru territory, held by a powerful tribe of Maories of that name. The Chiefs of this tribe sent

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me word, that they would not permit the river to be cleared through their lands, and ordering me to cease operations, and withdraw my men and steamer. I appointed a meeting with them at the Omahu *Pah*, where the principal Chiefs resided.

On the day appointed I met them, accompanied by two or three European friends and Hori Parenga-renga, a friendly half-caste Ngatihaua Chief. Whilst waiting for the tribe to assemble, I was invited to see some of the fish (Salmon) which I had placed in the river, two years before. We were fortunate enough to see several fish, which the Maories said were my fish, as they had caught one, and that its flesh was red. We had however no means of verifying their report, as the tribe having assembled the talk began.

The *Pah* was palisaded on all sides, with the usual Maori houses inside, leaving the *Marae* (an open square) in the centre. On one side, about fifty Maories, old and young, men and women, were squatted, I and my friends being seated on the other.

A young Chief now rose and said,

'Mr. Firth, the word of Ngatimaru is, that you stop snagging, and remove your thunder, your steamer, your boats and your men.'

I replied, I was making the river navigable, that I would remove all the sunken trees, and that when I had finished the work, their canoes could be paddled up and down the river, without being upset on the snags.

Another Chief stood up and said,

'What better are we than our fathers? the river

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suited them, and it suits us, cease your work. Let the snags remain. Enough.'

I replied, 'You have spoken of the fish. Do you not know that these fish go down to the sea every year, and that they swim rapidly, and that some of them may perhaps run their noses against the snags?'

I knew I had laid myself open to a repartee, which was quickly made in true Maori fashion.

A withered old woman at once rose and said,

'When I want an eel for food, I go to a snag, and find it there. If you take out the snags, what shall I do for my eel? As for your fish, if they run their noses against the snags, why, let them do it. That is their business.'

At this sally, there was a general laugh, in which of course, we all joined.

Tutukai, an aged Chieftain now rose, and walking backwards and forwards in the usual style of a Maori orator said,

'I hate the Europeans and all their ways. The other day a European magistrate came here, and wanted to make a road through our lands. To-day, you come, and want the river. In a little time, you White faces will have all, and the Maories will have neither land nor river. Cease your evil work. I will have none of it. The river is mine, and you shall not remove the snags. The snags were in the river in the days of my ancestors, and you shall not touch them. I hate all your works. The snags belonged to my grandfather, they belonged to my father, they belong to me. They are mine. Cease your works.

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I hate all your European things. I hate all your ways. I hate all the Europeans. I want neither you, nor anything you have brought to this land of Te Ika a Maui (New Zealand). This river is mine. *Kati* (let it end). Depart.'

By this time, the old Chief had worked himself to a pitch of anger, which might have alarmed a stranger, and which a few years before would have meant mischief. In one bony hand, he brandished a spear, whilst the red shawl he wore round his loins, shook with the fierce excitement, with which his whole body quivered.

The old Chief sank down exhausted. I could not help admiring the fire and passion of the old man, and, if he wished to prevent his nation from dwindling before the face and power of the White man, he was probably right, in desiring to keep the aggressive Englishman out of the river.

Notwithstanding my own devotion to sentiment, I had undertaken the work of clearing the river, and I meant to do it. I said in reply,

'Tutukai, what is that garment you wear round your loins? Is that a Maori or European work? Did your grandfather wear a European Shawl?'

'No,' he grunted.

'Or did your father wear a shawl?'

'No,' said he.

'Then,' I replied, 'do you, who hate all European works and things, cast it from you. Throw it into the river, and let it go to sea.'

This reply was received with grunts of approval

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by the elders of the tribe and with hearty laughter by the younger ones.

The poor old fellow was beaten, and took no further part in the discussion. The Maori loves an argument, and, unlike some of his white brethren, he generally takes a defeat good-humouredly.

Another old Chief rose. 'The river is ours,' he said.

I asked, 'Which part of it?'

He replied, 'That which flows through our lands.'

'Very well then, fence it in. Why should you let the waters flow down to the sea? When you have fenced in your portion of the river, I will fence in mine, which is above you. So that, when you have banked up your waters, I will dam up mine, and where then will be your river?'

He said no more, and drawing his blanket over his head sat down.

One of the young Chiefs now rose and said, 'You are laughing at us. Never mind the old men. They do not understand new things and new ways. Give us fifty pounds, and go on with your work.'

To this practical speech, I replied, 'You ought to give *me* money for clearing the river, as it will be a great benefit to you.'

'It is you,' he quickly replied, 'who wish to have the snags removed, not we. The river is good enough for us as it is. Therefore you ought to do the work, and pay the money also.'

Seeing Pineha, a Chief of rank amongst the crowd,

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I said, 'Pineha, do you not remember, that when you and Hemi rowed me down the river in your boat last year, you ran on a snag, and knocked a hole in her bottom, and that if I had not stuffed my handkerchief into the hole, we should have had to swim ashore?'

Pineha said, '*Tenei*' (That was so).

'Then,' I replied to the last speaker, 'how can you say that taking away the snags will be of no benefit to you?'

Three or four young fellows now rose in succession, each in Maori fashion, saying the same thing,

'Give us the fifty pounds, and do what you like with the river.'

I saw there was some reason in their request, but I knew well enough, if I consented without any conditions, that I should quickly have been called upon to pay further 'black mail,' by every petty Chief who could say that he had not consented.

So, stepping into the middle of the square, I replied, 'I agree to pay you fifty pounds when the work is done,' and placing five pounds on a mat lying there, I said,

'I give you these five sovereigns as a deposit.'

A young Chief now rose and said, 'Why do you the White Chief of the Upper River, who own all the lands at Matamata, why do you hesitate about fifty pounds? That is nothing to you. Give us the fifty pounds, and give it us now.'

They went on in this strain for an hour more, but

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I would not consent, for I knew well the consequence of doing so, without a guarantee of good faith, not of those present, which would have been right enough, but of that of absent Chiefs, who I knew would say, that they did not receive any of the money, and had not consented.

It was now late in the day, and I had a long distance to ride, so, stepping again into the middle of the square, where the five pounds lay, I took them up, saying as I did so,

'This river with its five golden eyes has looked at you long enough. You will see them no more.'

And drawing on my glove, by way of avoiding as much as possible, the evil taint of stinking shark and putrid maize, which, though apparently relished by Maories, is not particularly agreeable to Europeans, I shook hands with all the principal people, and departed.

Several young Chiefs accompanied me to the river, urging me to give fifty pounds, and it would be all right. I refused, and accompanied by my friend Hori Parengarenga, we crossed the river to the place where our horses were tied.

Before mounting, I said to Hori, 'Return to the *Pah* and wait there. When they find they have lost the fifty pounds, they will talk the whole matter over again, and the result will probably be, that all the Chiefs will agree. If they do so, you will suggest that they write a letter to me, to be signed by all the Chiefs interested agreeing to my proposal. Should

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they do that, take two of the Chiefs with you to Matamata, and I will instruct my son to pay the money to them.'

We then rode off, and Hori returned to the *Pah.*

As I expected, after some hours' talk, they consented, wrote the letter, got the signatures of the Chiefs interested; in a day or two, went to Matamata and received the money.

After this, I had no further trouble with the Ngatimaru tribe, and the work of clearing the river went on as before.

In twelve months more, Tizard had cleared the river sufficiently to warrant me in building a steamer to run between Stanley and the Port of Auckland.

Having been deputed by the New Zealand Government in war time, to purchase in Australia a light draft and good carrying steamer, suitable for the shallow river Waikato, I had acquired the requisite experience for knowing what I needed.

I built the steamer on lines similar to that I had purchased for the Government. As she progressed, every nautical man in Auckland condemned her. Some said she was only fit for a mud barge; others, that she would never steam more than four knots; that she would never get up the river; that if she did get up, she would never get down; that it was not possible she would ever get up or down; and the rest said, she would never cross the Hauraki Gulf. Some of my candid friends laughed at what they termed my 'whim;' others were angry at what they

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were pleased to call my 'folly.' However I persevered, and the steamer has been running about nine years, a perfect success in all respects, making an average speed of seven knots, and carrying fifty tons on a draft of three feet six inches. I named the steamer the 'Kotuku' (white crane).

Several ancient eel weirs formed by posts across the river were a complete obstruction to steamer navigation, which, after much difficult negotiation with the Maori tribal owners, were allowed to be removed. Their removal was almost as difficult as the negotiation, but with the aid of the steamer's powerful winch the work was finally completed.

I appointed Captain Sullivan, a half-caste, to the command, and a more capable man, I never had in my service. Sullivan took the 'Kotuku' right up to Stanley, with a ton of dynamite aboard, additional and stronger tackle, and above all, a powerful steam winch. With these appliances, he overhauled and removed the snags and rapids still impeding the fairway.

During that summer the work of clearing made rapid progress; Sullivan had got well down towards Te Puke, the former head of the navigation, when one of those unfortunate affairs occurred, which had done so much to retard settlement in the North Island of New Zealand.

A party of Government surveyors were engaged on a survey of some land near the river, claimed by the Ngatihako tribe. A dispute in some way arose, with the result, that the Ngatihako Maories fired upon

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the surveyors, wounding one of them. Great excitement as usual followed. Large meetings of excited Maories were held at various *Kaingas* (villages) on the river, and my operations were again stopped, the Ngatihakos threatening to fire upon the 'Kotuku,' if she attempted to pass their settlement on the banks of the river.

On receiving this intelligence, I wrote a letter to the Ngatihako Chief, and despatched the 'Kotuku,' with Mr. Sam Edmonds as my representative, who, by his knowledge of the Maories and their language, and above all, by his well-known probity and straightforwardness was highly esteemed by the Maories, and in many difficult and even dangerous emergencies, had rendered me the most signal service. The result of the interview was, that the Ngatihako tribe consented to allow the 'Kotuku' to pass up and down the river without molestation, but with the understanding, that no more snagging was to be done for some time.

Soon after this, the Hon. John Bryce assumed the Ministry of Native Affairs, and by his able and determined measures, the Ngatihako malcontents were put down, and ceased to give any further trouble. From this time, I continued my snagging operations with nothing more than natural difficulties to encounter.

At various points, where the river was wider than usual, the sand had formed shallows which were as difficult to deal with, if not so dangerous, as the snags and rapids, so many of which I had successfully removed. At most of these broad shallows, I put down

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groynes, formed by driving iron pipes six feet apart, with solid iron points, and interlining the pipes with long lengths of flexible *Manuka* poles, and so narrowed the channels, that I secured a sufficient scour to give the necessary depth for navigation.

I finished the work by planting ten thousand young willow trees along the banks, at all points subject to the wash of the current. These trees have secured the loamy banks, and as time goes on, will greatly add to the beauty of this beautiful river.

In the difficult work of clearing about sixty miles of the river Thames, I was engaged for about seven years, expending on the enterprise, first and last, many thousand pounds. My friends told me that such a work ought to be done by the New Zealand Government, but as I owned large freehold estates on the Upper Thames, which I could not cultivate, unless the river was rendered available for the cheap transit of fertilizers and produce to and from my estates, and moreover, as for many years, I was the only landowner on the upper river, I did not care to follow the Colonial practice, but too common, of asking the Government to do the work, I set about it myself. Through a constant succession of natural and Maori difficulties, by the sturdy help of my faithful servants, I so far succeeded in rendering the river navigable, that not only I, but numbers of small industrious settlers in the great valley, as well as the large gold mining industry since established there, have been provided with cheap direct water transit to the City of Auckland.

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It has always been a great pleasure to me to think that, amidst thousands of dynamite explosions, frequently scattering showers of splintered snags and rocks in every direction, not a man employed in this dangerous work ever received any serious injury. And though, by a long course of depression of trade and agriculture in the Colony, I have been compelled to dispose of my Matamata estates, nothing can deprive me of the pleasure of knowing, if I have not benefited myself, that I have helped to benefit numbers of industrious people, and have helped to render accessible, tens of thousands of acres of land, which only require the expenditure of capital, skill and industry to make the splendid valley of the Thames the pride of New Zealand, and which, when covered with thousands of smiling homesteads, will play no mean part in Making the Nation of New Zealand, that is to be, in the not far off time.

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CHAPTER XXV.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

THE LAST OF THE MOAS :—*A Sea of Fire.—A Conflagration in the Olden time.—'O Son, it was a Terrible sight.'—A Covering of Darkness.—A Mighty Wind.—To the River for Refuge.—The Footprints of the Moas.—Faster than a Horse.—Warriors Strong and Fierce.—Burning of the Moas.—Roasted Birds.—Bones in the Swamp.*

ONE day, when I was chatting with my ancient friend Hohua, there was a great fire sweeping across the Mangapouri swamp.

An extensive fire on a great plain covered with tall fern, is a grand spectacle. With a face of fire a mile wide, sheets of flame detached from the sea of fire, and flying upwards like fiery banners, the spectator may well shudder at the thought of cattle or travellers being caught in such a tempest of fire.

But startling and grand as a great fern fire is, it is far less magnificent than a conflagration in a swamp forty miles in length, with the rank swamp growth dried by two or three dry, hot summers.

'That,' said old Hohua, 'is a big fire, but it is nothing to a great fire which burnt almost everything in the swamp and on the plains when I was a boy. Fern, patches of *Totara* forest, many Maori villages, the great swamp full of dry grass as high

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as a man, were all on fire. You Whiteskins are a great people. You show the Maories many wonderful things. But if you had seen such a fire as that, you would have trembled.

'For many days that terrible fire burnt between the rivers. Then it crossed the rivers, for the mighty wind swept sheets of flame and burning grass and reeds to the opposite banks.

'O son, it was a terrible sight. The fire swept onwards to the beginning of the mountains. Many Maories were burnt, and their bones lay bare on the black ground. In the day, the sky was black with the smoke of the fire, as if it were covered with a thick mat of darkness. The sun hid his face behind it. His shining came not through it. In the night, the heavens were bright, and the sky seemed on fire like the plain. There was a mighty wind and a loud roaring. The black smoke from the burning blinded and choked us. We could neither see nor breathe. Our skins were dry and cracked. We had no refuge but the river. We rushed into the river and stood up to our chins in the water, till the fire had run from us.

'That fire burnt all the big birds which you Whitefaces call Moas.'

'Had you Moas here then?' I enquired.

'Yes, before that great burning, there were many.'

'Did the Maories ever kill any of them?' I asked

'Only piccaniny birds' (little Moas), he replied, 'and but few of them. The old birds ran too fast on

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the plains. In the great swamp, where they often fed on eels, grass and other things growing there, we could not get near them. They were swifter than our spears.'

'How fast do you think they ran?' I asked.

'Faster than a horse. As fast as the fire chariot (the locomotive) now running over the plains,' he answered. 'We were afraid of the old birds. They were warriors too strong and too fierce, and we were afraid of their long claws and strong beaks.'

'What height were they?' I asked.

After a minute's thought, the old man said,

'The *Koroekes* (old Moas) were as high as one man standing on the shoulders of another man.'

'There are no Moas in New Zealand now,' I said.

'I know not what is in the rest of the Island,' the old man replied, 'but I have seen none here since the great fire. The dry weather for many moons, had dried up all the food except fern root, and the *Kumaras* we planted on the edges of the swamp. We hunted for eels in the mud, and we saw the marks of the feet of the great birds, and we were afraid. Then we climbed up the cabbage trees, and saw the necks and heads of many big birds amongst the reeds and the grass. Then we tried for many days to kill them, for our hunger for them was great. We sent messengers to all the Maori villages, to send their men to hunt the big birds with the long legs and necks. They came, and we killed a few birds. Their flesh was good, and their feathers were for the heads of Chiefs.

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'Then the fire began, and we escaped, but the birds were all burnt, for we saw them no more.'

'Not one escaped then?' I suggested.

'No,' he replied, 'all were dead. The fire and smoke after many days departed, and on the bare, burnt swamp, we found the bodies of many Moas, dead and roasted. Then we had great feasting on the big birds. After that, their great bones lay on the burnt swamp. Some, we made into weapons, but many bones remained there, until the rain made the reeds and *Raupo* grow as before. They were covered.'

'Are there any bones in the swamp now?' I asked.

He replied, 'Perhaps they are below, perhaps they are rotten. I know not. Enough.'

The old man was weary, and looking wistfully at the fire burning in the great swamp, he ended his talk, and lit his pipe.

I think it not at all improbable, when, as cultivation extends, the great Mangapouri swamp is drained, that amongst its other treasures, the bones of these gigantic birds—the Moas—may be found there.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW ZEALAND SCENERY.

Salmon Locating.—Steamer 'Transit.'—A Gallant Crew.—A Regatta.—A Stormy Day.—'A Boat Capsized.'—Sparkling Waters.—'There they are.'—Drowning Men.—Saved.—'How did you manage it, Jim.'—Purple Islands.—An Opal sea.—A River Scene.—The Salmon at Home.—Ruined Forest Kings.—Pillars in a Temple.—Ancient Nature and Ancient Art.—An Inspiration.—A Soldier of 'The Mutiny.'—An Irishman's quarter of an hour.—Putting on a 'Shpurt.'—'Rivinge.'—Laughing amongst the Stumps.—Waterfall Scenery.—An Icy drink from the Priest's Cave.—A Hard Gallop.—A Rosy Morning.—Homewards.

IN March I located the last batch of young salmon on behalf of the Auckland Acclimatization Society, making a total of about 54,600 fish which I had placed in various rivers in the year. As I have given a rough sketch of my first expedition last year, I may as well wind up by giving an account of my last attempt to stock our rivers with this useful fish.

I placed five casks containing nearly 600 young salmon aboard the fast little steamer 'Transit,' bound for the South Wairoa (Long River). Directly on going aboard, I recognized in the Captain and crew, the gallant fellows whom, a few weeks before, I had

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seen do a manly deed, though I am bound to say, that neither the actors, nor indeed anybody else, seemed to think much of it, for little or nothing was said about it. However as such deeds are not too common, even in Old England, let me describe it.

We have in the Auckland Harbour once a year, a Regatta—a sort of race meeting on the sea—when the ships in harbour are made gay with bunting, crowds of yachts and small boats racing, waiting to race, or hoping to race some day, make up quite a lively nautical picture. This year, it was a stormy day. At short and uncertain intervals fierce and sudden squalls swept down the harbour, giving a rough sea and no favour to good seamen, and promising many a ducking for careless novices.

I had just left the flagship in a small steamer to go ashore when loud cries of

'A boat capsized,' caused us to look for the direction. Twenty hands pointed to the head of the river, and as many voices roared out—we could not tell what—for a strong breeze was howling through the rigging. Without a moment's loss of time, the little steamer's head was turned in the direction, with the words,

'Full steam ahead.'

The deck was crowded with ladies and children, who, though very anxious, exhibited a good deal of colonial coolness. Head to wind, under full steam, our fast little craft behaved well. The white-crested waves came surging wildly on. Yachts with as much sail as they could stagger under (and rather more, as

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some of them found out), bounded over the green seas; boats, full-manned and well handled, thickly studded the Waitemata (sparkling waters). Meantime, everybody on board our steamer was looking for some sign of the capsized boat and her drowning crew. Not a trace could be seen. As the tiny steamer rose on a bigger wave than usual, a cry of

'There, there they are,' to be followed the next minute, by

'No! no! nothing to be seen.'

Still Captain Niccol steered straight on end. In a minute more,

'What is that?' followed by

'There they are,' from a dozen voices; and sure enough, two of the poor fellows on the port side, and two on the starboard side, were seen, their heads above water, and that was all. In a twinkling, one of the crew, Harry Hayr by name, a stout old whaler of the true Norse breed, dashed a life buoy over the port side to one, and a rope to the other. The latter, poor fellow, missed his grasp. In a second, Niccol shouted

'Stop her,' and abandoning the tiller to a passenger, he gripped the drowning man as he drifted past. To run forward and launch the little 'dingy' over the starboard side, was the work of a moment, and the gallant young Niccol jumping into her, was alongside the two drowning men, and with rare skill, hauled in one on each side of the cockle-shell boat. It was as clever and cool a thing as I ever saw done.

As the poor fellows were hauled aboard, a hearty

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cry of 'Saved,'—whether exclamation or thanksgiving does not matter—was on many a lip; and many a tear-dimmed eye twinkled with grateful pleasure, that four young lives had been saved. As for me, I reverently thought of the Bible words, that

'He that saveth a soul from death, covereth a multitude of sins.'

When I tell you that on this same Regatta day, four small craft capsized, but that in every case, their crews were rescued, you will have an idea of the smartness and courage of our Auckland lovers of the sea.

As we steamed down the gulf with my cargo of live salmon, I said to Captain Niccol,

'How did you manage it, Jim?'

'Well, I don't know, sir; at a time like that, you see, a fellow does it somehow, and thinks about how he did it afterwards.'

To resume my salmon story: It was a bright clear sky, not a cloud above, not a ripple below; the purple islands mirrored in the opal-tinted sea, as the swift little 'Transit' rounded Cape Baffle, and ran up the Wairoa River, like a thing of life. Anything more delightful cannot well be imagined, than the passage up this beautiful river. The banks lined with the feathery plumes of the *Toitoi* and the graceful native flax; rounding many a wooded point; sweeping into many a quiet reach; glimpses of settlers' homes nestling here and there in the Native forest at the base of

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a picturesque and wooded range—we sped on our way through a charming picture of country life, and quiet sunlit beauty. The sunset tints gilding the lofty summits, or glinting here and there athwart the placid river, would have delighted an artist. At length we arrived at the head of the navigation.

Transferring my casks of salmon into light traps supplied by a willing friend, we lost not a moment, and after a tramp of two or three miles we arrived at the point I had fixed upon for turning out my salmon. It was a lovely spot. The water rippled over the shingle with sweet and gentle music. The moon had just risen, and lent her grateful light to the task—welcome to us, and not less welcome to the salmon—of turning them out into the clear and sparkling river. Our work was quickly done, and we wended our way homewards, pleased that we had done it so well.

At five o'clock next morning, I and my friend were in the saddle, to visit a fine waterfall many miles up the river. A smart canter through a dense fog brought us to the foot of a wooded range. A stiff climb, and we reached the summit of the range, locally known as 'Sky High.' At this point we left the fog and emerged into the clear mountain atmosphere. The valley below, lay quiet and still, clumps of forest rising here and there, like green islands in a snow-white sea.

The sun was just rising over a wooded knoll, illumining a few dead *Kauri* trees. These ruined forest kings stood in the radiant sunlight like the silent,

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solitary pillars of some ancient temple. As we stood for a moment in the rosy morning, I felt that Ancient Art owed much to still more Ancient Nature, and I could not doubt that the long-forgotten builders of many a ruined temple, had gone to the forest for their inspiration and their model.

Descending the rugged mountain road we arrived at a clearing, and were met by its owner, a lithe and stalwart Irishman, a soldier of the gallant 70th, who rendered world-renowned service in the Indian Mutiny. A warm welcome, and

'The top of the mornin' to yez, and where may ye be goin'?'

'To the waterfall,' my friend explained, enquiring the shortest way to it.

'Bedad it's me that'll take yez to it in a quarter of an hour, jist turn your horses into me paddock, an' let 'em have a rowl an' a dhrink, an' we'll be there in no time.'

Accepting his invitation, we unsaddled our horses, and started on foot. If ever you come to this Colony, let me advise you, if you are pressed for time, to beware of a 'bushman's mile,' or 'an Irishman's quarter of an hour.' Over sharp ridges, down into gloomy gullies, through the forest, the path obliterated by graceful ferns with ugly names, we followed our stalwart guide. Toiling and broiling in the hot sun, half an hour had passed. Thinking of my waiting steamer, I said,

'I don't see the waterfall, and half an hour's gone.'

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'Oh, faith,' said our guide, 'put on a shpurt for half an hour, and ye'll be there in a jiffey.'

What with the heavy dew, the hot sun, and the killing pace, I began to feel rather damp, and felt we *had* put on a good spurt already.

'Go-ahead,' I shouted, and away we went. Leaving the forest, we crossed a mile of ti-tree, fallen the year before. Our walk over this wretched débris baffles description. Even our guide found it no easy work. Once he stumbled, and suddenly turning round, he assailed with his heavy boot, a pointed stump, exclaiming,

'The baste, but I've had me rivinge, for I've dimolished him intirely for yez.'

I could not help laughing, and wished he had 'rivinged' himself on a dozen more stumps, which had given me many a flounder. In half an hour more, we caught the first glimpse of the waterfall, and we were well repaid. The river tumbled sheer over a rocky wall, ninety feet high, into the troubled pool below. The rich foliage, the masses of naked rock, the everlasting roar, the dancing sprays, the lovely ferns, the dashing waters, together presented a picture of scenic beauty not easily surpassed.

Sitting in quiet enjoyment, we would fain have lingered, but we knew full well that 'time and tide wait for no man,' nor our steamer either, and we prepared to return.

'Be aisy a minit,' said our guide, 'an' let me git yez a dhrink o' could wather out o' the cave,' and stepping into a cavern, which might have been a hermit's cell,

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or more probably, the domicile of some ancient Maori *Tohunga* (priest), he brought us a cup of icy cold water.

And then, without a moment's loss of time, back we went over the stumps, through the supplejacks, across watercourses, over the fallen ti-tree, through the forest to our horses. A weary climb, a steep descent, and an hour's hard gallop through the pretty valley, now smiling in the rosy morning, brought us to our steamer, and away we glided down the river, homewards.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

AN AGED CHIEF.

A Cruel Custom.—A Strong Tapu.*—Hohua's Tales of the Olden Time.—Te Kooti.—A Threatened Attack.—I Fortify my House.—Two Mad Maories.—One Brave Maori.—Cowards.—'I wish I were a Youth Again.'—'I will Die with you.'—Hohua asks for Nothing, and shakes the Ashes from his Pipe.—Interview with the Prophet Warrior Te Kooti.—No Surrender.—Promises to kill no more Women.—Hohua's Story continued.—His Interview with Captain Cook.—'Hook Nose' and the Silver Button.—Hohua grows Old.—Becomes* Tapu.*—His Tribe leave him to Die.—'Eating Peacocks.'—Hohua Dies.—One Hundred and twenty-four years Old.*

THE cruel Maori custom of leaving very aged persons to die a lingering and miserable death, is difficult to explain. That a most kind-hearted and hospitable people like the Maories, should be guilty of such cruelty to their own kindred is remarkable.

It is probably a survival of some ancient practice in other lands, the reason for which has long ago been forgotten. The superstition however has continued its influence, whatever its origin. An unusually aged man is simply an object of fear to the younger members of his tribe, which increases with the age of

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the unfortunate victim. His *Tapu* becomes so strong, that his kinsfolk dread to touch him, or even to look at him, and unable to overcome their superstitious fears, they finally abandon him to his fate, sometimes even leaving the village with the ancient man as its solitary occupant.

In the early part of 1889 there died in this manner, Hohua Ahuwhenua, a very ancient Maori of my acquaintance. His story is of peculiar interest, as will be seen from his history in this and preceding Chapters. When I first knew him, twenty-three years ago, he was an extremely old man, of a thin, spare build, muscular, industrious and healthy. Many stories of his old warrior days the aged Chief has narrated to me, during our long acquaintance. His eyes would kindle, as he told of single combats, bloody tribal battles, and cannibal feasts of the long, long ago.

We naturally became great friends, and though I occasionally sent him a blanket in winter, or gave him a pipe and a little tobacco when I saw him, there was nothing of the mendicant about him. Not once, during our long acquaintance did he use to me a salutation, not uncommon amongst the Maories, when addressing Colonists,

'Great is my love for you, give me a shilling.' No. His wants were too few and simple, and his spirit too high, to permit him to beg.

I well remember, when in 1874, I was threatened at Matamata by the redoubtable warrior prophet Te Kooti, how Hohua crossed the river to my house.

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Apprehending an attack, I had fortified my house, and sent the women and children to Cambridge, a frontier town, some twenty-five miles away, retaining a few men to fight or run, as might be found best.

Two Maories, mad with the excitement of those times, had warned me of Te Kooti's approach, and urged my immediate flight. They said they had already warned the Maories in the neighbouring villages to escape, who, indeed, had been moving away all that day, men, women and children with all their belongings.

Next day, when all the Maories had departed, except two Chiefs of rank, who remained with me, Hohua crossed the river, as already stated, to see me.

'What,' he enquired, 'are you still remaining here? Do you not know that all the Maories have fled?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I know they are gone, but I remain here.'

'Are you not afraid? Do you not know that Te Kooti has killed many people, both English and Maori?'

'Yes, I know all,' I replied.

'Then,' said he, 'why do you not also go?'

'I have done no wrong to Te Kooti, or to any other Maori,' I replied, 'I am in God's hands, if He permits Te Kooti to kill me. Well. Te Kooti will do it. If God protects me, Te Kooti will not harm me. In any case, it is my duty to remain here, and I will not run away like a coward.'

'Now,' said the ancient warrior, 'I know you are a Chieftain.' He continued,

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'O, I wish I were a youth again. Then I could have fought at your side. But now, I am very old, my warrior days have gone, my strength is departed. But I will go to my house now, and when the clouds of dust tell me that Te Kooti and his horsemen are crossing the plain, I will return to you, and if I cannot fight for you, I can at least die with you, for great is my love for you.'

I was deeply touched by the old man's devotion. Had he asked me for a shilling, or even a tobacco pipe, the spell would have been broken. But he asked for nothing, and without another word, he shook the ashes from his pipe, folded his blanket around him, and like a brave old Roman, as he was, strode silently away.

The day following, Te Kooti sent a messenger, to say, that I was William Thompson's friend, and that he wished to meet me at that Chief's monument. How I met Te Kooti and his forty armed followers; how we had an hour's interview; how I urged him to surrender; how he refused and declared he would fight for his country till he died, if he were attacked; how I urged him at least to fight with men, and kill no more women and children; how he promised to spare them in future, it is no part of this story to enlarge upon. Let it suffice to say, that the interview ended without harm to me or to my two attendants, and that Te Kooti faithfully kept his word, not to harm women and children.

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To return to my old friend Hohua Ahowhenua (Joshua the land tiller), some particulars about whom may not be without interest. He would tell, amongst other stories of the old days, how, when he was a little boy so high—about twelve years old—that he and another boy, Taniwha—subsequently known amongst the Colonists, as 'old Hook Nose,' and long since dead—went down amongst a crowd of Maories to Hauraki at the mouth of the Thames river, to meet Captain Cook, when he gave them the first pig they had ever seen.

At this interview the boy Taniwha, showing a great liking for the silver buttons on Captain Cook's coat, Hohua told how the Captain cut off one of the buttons and gave it to the boy. (This relic, old Hook Nose treasured till his death; it was frequently seen by one of my friends, but has probably long since disappeared in some pawnbroker's melting pot.)

This incident fixed Hohua's age at the time I last saw him, about four years ago, at 120 years. I could not help a feeling akin to awe, in the presence of this ancient man—old Hohua—the only living man amongst earth's living thousand millions, who had seen the renowned navigator.

Since I sold my Matamata estates, I have not seen Hohua. I have however recently learnt that his tribe had become more and more afraid of him, on account of his great age, and in accordance with one of their strange customs, about two years ago, left him with a small store of potatoes to die in the abandoned village.

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A friend of mine riding through the deserted village, went to the *Runanga* house, and found Hohua there alone.

'What are you doing here?' enquired my friend.

'Eating peacocks,' said the ancient man.

My friend learnt that his Maori kinsfolk had left the old man to die. Happily, about twenty peacocks (which the Maories breed for their feathers) had been left at the village. After Hohua had eaten the potatoes, he began to catch and eat the peacocks, which had taken possession of the *Runanga* house. After a time, the tribe returned to the village to find all the peacocks gone but two, and the old man still alive, and his *Tapu* unbroken.

As I write this (August 1889) I learn that my old friend died three months ago, at the age, as nearly as can be ascertained, of 124 years.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOCATING FALLOW DEER.

Deer from Burghley Park.—The Marquis and the Maiden.—A Bit of Romance.—The Deer on the River.—A Lurid illumination.—A black rushing River.—The Jaws of the Narrows.—A hard Battle.—A Mountain Road.—Stalwart Colonists.—The Maories and the Fallow Deer.—Man-eaters versus *Deer-eaters.—Maori help.—A stiff Climb.—Hard Struggles.—Victory.—The Deer in their Mountain Home.*

TWELVE years ago a consignment of twenty English Fallow deer arrived at the port of Auckland. Of these, eighteen survived the ordeal of a three months' voyage.

Before describing their location in the interior, I cannot refrain from telling a pretty story told of the grandfather of the Marquis of Exeter, from whose seat at Burghley Park the deer were obtained.

This nobleman, inspired by an odd fancy, rambled incog. throughout England as an artist. Late one evening, he arrived at a shepherd's house, seeking food and shelter. The rude hospitality dispensed by the hands of the shepherd's fair daughter was so agreeable to the unknown stranger that, though a bright morning followed the stormy night, he prolonged his stay,

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sketching bits of scenery, here and there. With light step and witching grace the child of nature led the artist to wooded knoll and shady dell. Everywhere he found scenic beauty. Everywhere sunshine and shadow greeted him. Everywhere the innocent maiden stood out in his pictures the fairest sunbeam in them all. Until at length, the beauty and simplicity of the fair shepherdess won his heart, and at the end of a month, he asked the shepherd for his daughter, and shortly afterwards, she became the Marchioness of Exeter, said to have been one of the handsomest women of her time. Kind reader, pray pardon the introduction of this bit of true romance into pages which record the hopes, the hard work, the adventures, and reverses of the busy toilers and traders of this practical age—so-called.

The Auckland Acclimatization Society, to whom the deer were consigned, entrusted their landing and location to Mr. Thomas Morrin and myself. Some account of this rather difficult operation may perhaps not be without interest, as showing one of the many things to be done in the Making of this young Nation.

Transferring such wild animals from ship to railway cars, and thence to a river steamer, was no easy task, but it was safely done.

The flooded state of the Waikato River made our progress slow, and steady rain all day, did not render it quite a pleasure trip. About midnight we entered the Narrows. The thick darkness and the rapid current of the flooded river, made the navigation of the Narrows no easy matter. Captain Spargo, whose

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coolness and skill I could not but admire, now lit his lamps, in the shape of two large iron braziers, one on each side of the deck, forward of the paddle-boxes.

Just before entering the Narrows the fires in the braziers were in full blaze; two sailors constantly feeding them with wood and coal-tar. By this means, notwithstanding the thick darkness and surging current, the steamer was kept mid-stream; and slowly forged ahead, like some grim monster with fiery eyes, fighting against the black rushing river. As she dashed the water from her bows, the liquid fire illuminated the surging spray, and at intervals, as we passed a waterfall, fringed with shining foliage, it sparkled for an instant with rare and glittering beauty.

At length we reached the jaws of the Narrows under a full head of steam. The boat ground on her way through the seething waters; thud, thud, went the engines; louder and louder roared the steam, driving from the funnel, a fiery fountain of glowing sparks; whilst sheets of flame danced from the braziers, threatening every moment to set fire to the paddle-boxes. Now, I think of it, had a link or a bearing given way, it would have been awkward for the deer.

At last we emerged from the Narrows, and though the sensation was new and the surroundings weird and grand, we were not sorry to get into the less turbulent waters. At three o'clock next morning we arrived at the Cambridge wharf, and tumbling into bed at our hotel, snatched a few hours' sleep, ready for the hard work of the morrow.

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We had decided to place the deer on the park-like uplands of Maungakawa, a lofty range of wooded mountains, and had made arrangements accordingly. At early morn, the settlers mustered with their horses, waggons and sledges. It would be difficult to find a finer body of English yeomen than these hardy Waikato Colonists, who had so promptly responded to our call for help.

Without their willing and powerful aid we could not have accomplished the difficult task of transporting the deer up a precipitous range, 1,000 feet high, with the clay-tracks slippery as soap, from the heavy rains of the previous day. We were also fortunate in finding Mr. James Mackay and a large number of Maories at Cambridge. They were very inquisitive about the habits of the deer, and made many curious conjectures regarding them. One native said,

'It is all right. Mr. Firth is always bringing us some new fish or bird.'

'Ah,' said another, watching a deer chewing his cud, 'there is one of them grinding his teeth. I believe this new animal is a man-eater, brought here to destroy the Maories.'

Mr. Mackay who was standing near, said,

'Not at all; these animals eat grass and herbs, and if they did eat men, they might catch a stray *Pakeha* as well as a Maori.'

The Maori gentleman rejoined by asking rather a pertinent question:

'Are these animals fit for food?'

Mr. Mackay replied, 'Yes, very good eating; our

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Rangitiras (noblemen) preserve them in large fenced cultivations of grass and trees.'

'Now,' said the aboriginal, 'I don't believe this animal (pointing to a buck) tastes like cow or sheep; I think he strongly resembles *He naninani toa koroheke*' (an old he-goat).

Mr. Mackay laughed and said, 'Come and help us to get them to Maungakawa.'

Intelligent Native again made a characteristic answer, by asking the question,

'*He aha te utu ma Hohaia mo tenei maki?*' ('What sum will Mr. Firth give in payment for this service?')

Mr. Mackay replied, 'Captain Cook landed pigs in New Zealand, and you have good sport and food from them. There was no *Utu* (payment) for that, and there can be none for this. Now then, let us go and paddle this new canoe, and help to pass the deer up the mountain side.'

At this, about a score started on horseback. In the meantime the waggons had been loaded with their live freight in pens, and the cavalcade, accompanied by mounted settlers and Natives, started for the foot of the range. Arrived there, the waggons were unloaded, and the deer in their pens or boxes were firmly lashed on sledges, each drawn by a pair of staunch and strong horses.

Now came the tug of war. We had to climb the steepest and greasiest road in the country, and nothing but the admirable position of the upland valley of the Maungakawa, with its abundant grass, sparkling

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streams, wooded knolls and dells, would have warranted so difficult a task being undertaken, as placing them there. As each sledge was loaded Mr. Mackay told off a convoy of four Maories to accompany it. Three or four settlers followed in case of accident.

And so, one by one, the sledges started. With steady efforts and desperate struggles, amidst terrific thunderstorms, attended by torrents of rain, through the mud, through the rain, through the lightning, these sturdy fellows fought their way, and at last, were rewarded by placing the deer in the charming park-like valleys of Maungakawa, without an accident of any kind.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MAORI GRATITUDE.

Nothing for nothing.—Maori hospitality.—Generosity.—The Chief Last and Least.—William Thompson's Blanket.— Aroha.*—Forest work.—The Wounded Chief.—The Colonist to the rescue.—The watchers.—The Chief's Recovery.—Mourning turned to Joy.—A good-hearted fellow.—'Depart in peace.'—Sick Maories.—Shamming.—Not sick but lazy.—The Chief's Mother.—Her Gratitude.—A Generous Gift.*

IT has been often said that Maories have no gratitude, and that there is no word in their language to represent 'gratitude.' Both statements are libels. The word *Aroha* (love) is in common use amongst them, and means 'gratitude' and a great deal more. Innumerable instances have occurred within my own knowledge, where grateful deeds have been done by Maories, which might well bring the blush of shame to many a civilized Christian's cheek.

'Give nothing for nothing to nobody' is not a Maori maxim. It is rather one which many highly civilized people practise so continually, that it may be said to have replaced Christ's command, and to be one of the chief foundations upon which rest trade, commerce, banking and many other occupations and

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transactions of daily life. It was not a Maori who said

'That gratitude was a lively sense of favours to receive.'

The Maori in the old days, certainly exacted payment for services rendered in a general way, but few were more hospitable than he. No famished wanderer —European or Maori—ever entered a Maori village and left it hungry, whether he could pay for his entertainment or not.

If a Maori *Rangitira* (Chief, literally 'a ray from heaven,') be a Chief, he is expected to act like a Chief. If he have a greater store of this world's goods than his neighbours, he is expected to distribute them with a free hand; to be in a very real sense, a servant of his servants. It is his duty to consider himself least and last.

Let me give an instance.

When at Matamata on one occasion, not long after my friend William Thompson Te Waharoa had made a truce with General Carey, I sent a messenger to his village, to say that I wished to see him at my house. Late in the day, he arrived, his only garment being an old blanket. On my enquiring why he had been so long on the road, he informed me, that the Chief Te Waata had been at his village with his followers; that they had lost everything in the war, even to their clothing; that his *Aroha* (love) was great to them for their valour; that he could not let them depart without supplying their necessities as far as he could; that he had given every man, except the Chief,

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some article of clothing, and then had no more to give.

I asked, 'Why did you leave the Chief till last?'

Thompson replied, 'Te Waata was a Chief, and it was *Tika* (right) that all should be served before him.'

'Did he return to his *Kainga* (village) naked?' I enquired.

'No,' said he, 'I was a Chief, and he was my guest, and as I had nothing else left, I gave him the clothing I wore, and took his old blanket to cover myself.'

Many instances of Maori gratitude have come under my notice. Let me give one.

A long time ago when there were few Englishmen in the Colony, a friend of mine had a number of Maories employed in cutting timber in a *Kauri* forest, not many miles from the City of Auckland, then a mere hamlet. One day, a large log, falling in an unexpected direction, rolled over the Chief of one of the Maori tribal parties at work. The poor fellow was so terribly crushed, that his retainers lost all hope of his surviving, and at once despatched messengers to announce his death to his far distant tribe in the interior.

My friend, being a man of ready resource, took the dying Chief in hand, but with little hope of doing him any good. Unrolling a piece of calico, he bound it tightly round and round the body of the wounded man, having first cut off his scanty clothing, and washed his bruises. The Chief was so completely paralyzed, that he could not move a muscle or feed

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himself, or even masticate the rough food available in those rough times. After finishing the dressing and wrapping, my friend set his Maori workmen to build a rough shed over the sufferer where he lay, and appointed two Maories to attend him in watches day and night, giving him water, and, for some days, masticating the hard biscuits for the Chief to suck, or swallow as he lay.

After a week of this careful attendance, the poor fellow began to show signs of recovery. In a week more, he could turn round and sit up. At the end of the third week, he could crawl about, and it was evident he would recover.

At this stage, one night there suddenly rushed into my friend's camp, a large number of strange Maories, who proved to belong to the tribe of the wounded Chief. To their intense astonishment and joy, they found their supposed dead Chief alive and sitting up. Their wailings were turned into rejoicing. After remaining a day, and devouring nearly all the provisions in camp, they made a litter, and joyfully started on their long journey homewards, with their wounded Chief.

Before their departure, my friend, being a good-hearted fellow, provided the wounded man with a suit of clothes, a few pipes, a pound of tobacco, and paid his full wages from the day he was hurt. Maories are not very demonstrative in expressing their emotions, and, apparently receiving these good offices as a matter of course, they went their way with the usual departing salutations,

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'Remain quietly at your *Kainga*' (village).

To which the Maories who remained in camp, replied,

'Depart on your journey in peace.'

A curious little episode now occurred. In a few days a Maori fell sick, who was fed and attended to. Two days later two more fell sick, next day three more. My friend saw that something must be done. So he said to the Maories,

'Each sick man must pay me thirty shillings per week for his food, whilst he is sick.'

'*Kahore*' (No), said one and all. 'Did you not feed the wounded man for many days? Did you not get his food chewed for him? Did you not give him a pound of tobacco and three pipes? Did you not give him a blanket, *Troutits* (trousers), and a blue shirt? Besides these gifts, did you not pay him his full wages for all the time he was sick? Then why do you not feed and pay us when we are sick? He was a Maori, so are we. Why are you so hard now, when you were so soft (tender) before?'

My friend quietly told them that the Chief had been hurt in his service, that a tree had fallen upon him, and that it was right to be kind to him.

'Now,' said he, 'no tree has fallen upon you. You are not sick, only lazy. Therefore, if you don't work, you sha'n't eat, unless you pay for your *Tuka* (food).'

Without another word, every man set to work.

Late one evening, some months after the departure

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of the wounded Chief, an old Maori woman came into the camp, and presented my friend with a small quantity of *Kumaras* (sweet potatoes), and a handful of *Huia* feathers, the usual present to a *Rangitira* (Chief), saying,

'You were good to the Chief, whom we heard was dead. He is now alive and well. Great is my *Aroha* (gratitude) to you. I am his mother.'

Then she turned to the track leading to the landing place at the mouth of the stream. At the moment of her departure she quietly said,

'If you will send to the landing place, you will find some food for your young men.'

Next morning my friend went to the landing ground, with two of his Maories, to bring up the food to the camp. To his great surprise, he found a pile of *Kits* (flax baskets) of potatoes sixty feet long and three feet high; together with a great pile of dried eels and *Pipis*; with five large pigs tethered to stakes, and a quantity of Indian corn laid for the pigs to eat. The canoes carrying all this food had departed.

On seeing this great pile of food, my friend thought that whether or no the Maori language contained a word for 'gratitude,' there was at least a princely act of gratitude unostentatiously done.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

The Land we Live in.—Its primary condition.—A Fifty years' Work.—A Brilliant Record.—Excessive Borrowing.—Too much in a Hurry.—Advantages of the Colony.—Won and Lost.—Successes and Failures as Nation Makers.—The Stonebreaker and his Hammer.—Workers as Nation Builders.—Work an ennobling Gospel.—Dignity of Labour.—Hands Clean and hearts True.—A Nation after Christ's pattern.—The Boy Carpenter and the Judge's seat.—Duties of Masters and Workmen to each other.—The Lines on which Man must move.

FIFTY years ago this colony was occupied by a numerous and warlike race. It was without a road, a bridge, or a European house. It had no cultivated farms; practically no churches or schools; no White inhabitants, save a few Missionaries and runaway sailors and convicts; not a single sheep, horse, or cow in the colony.

In these fifty years what a mighty change has been wrought! We had to conquer the country at a heavy cost of blood and treasure, but we have done it. We have covered the colony with farms, schools, and churches. Our horses, cattle and sheep are

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counted by millions. We have constructed thousands of miles of roads, 1,700 miles of railway, and many thousand miles of telegraph lines. We have improved our natural harbours, and constructed harbours where Nature never intended them to be. We have filled the colony with villages, towns and cities, and in a country where, little more than fifty years ago, hardly a White settler would be found, over 600,000 White people dwell to-day in safety.

No such record can be shown by any British colony. It is a record of which we have no reason to be ashamed. To do all this, we have manifested marvellous enterprise and undaunted courage. There is nothing morally wrong about us. We have borrowed largely—far too largely—but we mean to pay our debts, and though we have been too enterprising —too much in a hurry—yet with great economy, wise management, common sense, and courage, we shall yet make this New Zealand of ours, what Providence intended it should be, a noble Nation, a happy home for millions of industrious people.

We have a country with a soil at least of average fertility, a climate far above the average of excellency, and a death rate far lower than in any other country in the Old World or the New. Our yield of wheat per acre far exceeds that of any colony in the British dominions, and is very far above that of any country in the world, with the exception of England and Belgium. We have neither the intense cold of American winters nor the fierce heat of Australian summers. Our cattle and sheep need no winter

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quarters, and our people wear practically the same clothing all the year round. The animals and fruits of all temperate climates grow here in perfection, whilst the fruits of semi-tropical lands thrive well; gold, silver, iron, coal, and almost every other mineral exist in abundance; whilst our forests abound with a great variety of timbers unsurpassed for utility or ornament.

Is a country with such natural advantages to be despaired of?

Is it not a country to be proud of? Is it not a country in which competence, prosperity and happiness ought to be within the reach of all, and a country in which true patriotism ought to flourish?

This then is the Land we Live in. Some of us have worked and won. Some of us have worked hard and lost. No, not lost altogether. The Colony is the better for our labour. Those who come after us will be the better for it. The Making of a Nation is the result of success and failure, the latter not unfrequently being the more valuable of the two. If rightly treated, failures will teach lessons which do not lie within the circle of success. Failures raise their warning voices and bid us beware: they temper daring with a truer courage—the courage needed to bear and conquer adversity. They lower our pride, and make us consider others more.

In the neighbourhood of my residence, are many men, some old or maimed, or have become in life's battle, waifs and strays, who earn their daily bread by breaking the scoria, cast in more fiery days from the

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volcanic mountain near. They are poor and many of them feeble, but small as is the pittance they can earn by breaking the volcanic débris into metal for the roads, there is nothing of the pauper about them, for their honest pride is greater and nobler than their poverty.

The stonebreaker's hammer has broken many hard masses of rock into road metal. Then, one day, the handle snaps, the steel is worn from the face, and the hammer is worn out. The stonebreaker and his hammer have been close friends for many a long day. Now, the hammer is worn out, and the stonebreaker, old and weary, working long hours in sun, and rain, and storm is worn out also. Their share of work is done. Many are the roads they have made passable for gay equipage, for laden waggon, for humbler dray. Worn out though the man be, he has not laboured in vain. Faring hard and working long, he is one of the toilers, who without knowing it—more's the pity—are Nation Makers. Broad roads now traverse the hitherto trackless plain and the tangled forest, and over them, troops of other Nation Makers wend their way.

The ploughman opens the furrow, and the strokes of the axe of the woodman ring through the forest. Both, when the day is done, go, toilworn to their humble homes. There, the soft voices of women, the merry prattle of children meet them. Before their humble meal is taken, it may be, the reverent tones of thankfulness are heard, and then, the silent

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shadows of the night descend upon their humble homes—the homes of Nation Makers.

Wage earners, though not so independent as the men who wisely cultivate their little farms, have some advantages. They are fighting the world behind the walls of the workshop. It is their employer who descends into the arena, and fights the wild beasts there, who are seeking whom they may devour. The Wage earner is often looked down upon. He is said to look for Saturday night. And why not?

He that has worked honestly all the week at the furrow, the bench, the mine, the factory or at the sweating dens—without events, without excitement, often without hope—why should he *not* look for rest when his work is done? Why should he not hail the Rest Day, the Sabbath as one of God's best gifts to man, in this toiling world?

The Gospel of Work is an ennobling gospel, if those who employ, and those who labour, will but cast away the selfish spectacles through which both, too often take jaundiced views of each other. The Wage earner, if he gives a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, has no need to hang his head. The employer, if he has done his duty to his workmen, may look them and the world in the face, without flinching.

Both are Nation Makers, whether they spend their day in working or directing, at the bench, at the quarry, in the mine, in the forest, on the ocean, in the factory or on the farm, in making shoes or shirts, in grinding wheat or baking bread, or in keeping the

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accounts of those who labour, or in any other of the thousand and one ways in which men and women work. Nation Makers every one, and of a nobler kind than he who wins a battle, smites down the strong man and breaks the hearts of women to set up one dynasty or to pull down another.

The humble unknown toiler, who has made a garment that protects one of the atoms of humanity from the winter's cold; the man or woman who writes a line which cheers a drooping spirit, warns the tempted of his danger, or helps to expose and right a wrong is a nobler benefactor, a greater Nation Maker than he, who through blood, hypocrisy and tears, wades with soiled feet and hardened heart to a fortune or a crown.

What we all need, is a clearer knowledge that we are all fellow workers from the loftiest to the lowliest, that so long as our hands are clean and our hearts are true, that every one of us is engaged in a great work: that though apparently we are trying to earn a mouthful of bread for ourselves, our wives and our little ones, we are all the while doing another work, not less necessary nor less noble.

We are building up a Nation.

And if we see clearly what we are doing besides earning our daily bread, and do our work rightly and wisely, with kindness and consideration for others in our hearts, then, we are building up a Nation after Christ's pattern—a Christian nation in something more than the name.

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It is said of a certain Judge, that in his early days when, as a carpenter's boy, he was asked why he took so much trouble to make smooth the bench for the Judges to sit upon in one of the Courts, replied,

'Because I intend to sit upon it myself.'

Stripped of its selfishness, the saying of the apprentice was not without a certain element of nobility.

With a not less lofty, and a more noble idea, why may not every toiler by thought or hand, say,

'I am making a Nation and cannot help but do my work well.'

In this way, the humblest toiler may bring more real nobility into his life, than gilded coronet or kingly patent can confer, for these, too often are but the trappings which flattery, money, vice or selfish ambition have earned and wear.

Whenever, if ever, these ideas penetrate humanity, 'a man will be a man for a' that.' The master will not regard his fellow Nation Maker as a slave or a machine, to be cast aside when he is worn out and can work no more; the workman will not in return, envy or hate his employer. The system of 'caste' which we zealously denounce in India, and as zealously practise nearer home, will then begin to disappear.

This may be yet a long way off. It will be frowned at, or laughed at as transcendental, Utopian, or as nonsense. A visionary dream it will be called, as it has been called before. Say rather, a faint tracing of the lines on which Man must move, if he is ever to attain to a developement worthy of himself; if he is ever to Make a Nation truly Christian, truly noble.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

PROPERTY *versus* MAN.

Nation Making a Gradual Movement.—England the greatest Temple of Freedom.—But perfect?—No.—Rights of Property more secure than Rights of Man.—A Relic of Feudalism.—A Man for a Sheep.—Balance held Unfairly.—Six months in Prison for begging.—Forty-eight hours for beating a wife.—Three Estates seized for One.—The Money-lender versus *the Man.—The Man Loses.—Property King, Man a Serf.—Philistines and Fashionable Philosophy.—A Crime against Humanity.—A Revolt and a Remedy.—Darwinian Doctrine.—The Wealth of the World to the Strongest.*

NATION Making in England has been a very gradual movement, neither springing from the genius of one great statesman, nor yet from the commanding word of a victorious general. It has been a growth through long ages of action and re-action. In no sense has it been a paper production, or of any defined pattern. Architects and builders have hewed, fashioned, pulled down and built up the rude material Cæsar found in British forests. Metaphorically speaking, many a Roman pavement, many a Saxon buttress, many a Norman arch attest the handiwork of the builders in fashioning the Celtic

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grit, which remains now, as then, the main constituent of the English Nation.

Full of incongruities the edifice may be, of no one order, a displacement here, a restoration there it stands to-day, as it has stood for ages, the greatest and the strongest temple of freedom the world has ever seen.

But perfect? No.

What human structure can be? Retaining much that is noble, grand and free, it has presented, and still presents many a time-worn usage, many an antique deformity, many an ancient injustice, of which the advancing intelligence of the age demands the removal.

One of the most deep-seated of these, is that English Law—an inheritance from feudal times—is more careful for what it calls, the Rights of Property, than for the Rights of Man.

When the Norman robber had parcelled Saxon England amongst his armed retainers, offences against 'Property' were punished with a severity unknown in Saxon times, whilst offences against the 'Person' were lightly dealt with. Modified somewhat by the long struggle between the Kings and Barons; still further relaxed by the 'Wars of the Roses;' amelioration making great progress under Cromwell and the Puritans,—it remained for our own times to abolish the penalty of death for stealing a sheep, and transportation for shooting a rabbit.

Still, after these small ameliorations, how much remains to be done in what we call free England,

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before English Law can be said to hold the balance justly between Property and Man.

In the United Kingdom and throughout the English Colonies, the Rights of Property are paramount, the Rights of Man of secondary importance. The records of every police office tell the well-known story of Property protected, and Man and Woman left too often, practically defenceless.

In proof of this, I may refer to the instance in a Scottish Court cited in another Chapter, of a poor starving boy being sent to prison for sixty days for stealing two shillings; whilst a man, for a second offence of beating his wife nearly to death, was sent to jail for twenty days.

Not that we are much better in the Colonies. We are just as unmerciful in our regard for what we call the Rights of Property, just as callous towards the Rights of Man as the people of the United Kingdom, as the following instances will show.

Not many months ago, in a Colonial city, an old man was charged at one of the Courts with vagrancy, and with having no visible means of support, beyond begging. He was sent to prison for six months. He was over seventy years of age, too feeble to work, was an old soldier, and had fought England's battles all over the world.

In the same Court, on the same day, a man—no, a brute—was charged with wife-beating, and sentenced to forty-eight hours' imprisonment. And this in a Colony ruled by universal suffrage—so difficult is it, for Englishmen to abandon the usages of a bygone

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age. Nothing but the ingrained respect for Law—even when unjust—prolongs the existence of the acts of injustice recounted in this Chapter. If they were the deeds of a despot, they would be resented and remedied, but so great is our liking for old customs; so bound are we by musty precedents and feudal usages; so utterly destitute of consideration for others, more especially the feeble and helpless; so devoted to money making are we, that we permit such shameful laws to stain our Statute Book.

What are we to say of the law of 'distress and replevin'—another feudal relic—by which, when a tenant of some humble home fails to pay his weekly rent, a bailiff may be put in possession. If the rent and bailiff's fees be not paid at once, his scanty furniture can be carted away and sold in five days. In this kind of terror and slavery, many of the humble poor pass their lives.

If more need be said, look at the arbitrary powers embodied in every bill of sale, in every mortgage deed, and in many other directions, where Man goes to the wall in contests against Property.

Take as an instance, a case where a man possessed of three estates of the estimated value of 3,000*l.*, 2,000*l.*, and 1,000*l.*, desires to borrow 2,000*l.* on the first estate. The money-lender has the property valued by his own valuer, usually at the cost of the borrower. If satisfactory, he advances the 2,000*l.*, and becomes the mortgagee of the first estate. Let us

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now suppose, that owing to a long period of depression, prices of produce from the land fall, so that the borrower fails to pay the interest, and the land has become reduced in value.

The money-lender sets the Law to work, and sells the mortgaged estate for 1,000*l.*, buying it in for that amount. The money-lender next proceeds to recover the balance of 1,000*l.* by process of Law, and attaches the second and third estates, sells the second property for 500*l.*, buying it through the Court at that sum. He next sells in a similar way the third estate, which realizes, say 300*l.*, which he buys in as before, leaving 200*l.* still due from the debtor. The money-lender finally attaches, and sells the household furniture of the debtor, to recover the balance still due.

This has all been done according to the Law, in that case made and provided, with the result, that the money-lender has sold (and bought) the three estates and the furniture of his debtor to recover the sum advanced on the first estate.

Now, seeing that the money-lender advanced the money on his own valuer's report, having the option of refusal to lend; the final result, though strictly according to Law, is manifestly inequitable and unjust.

By the simple provision, that the Property upon which a sum of money is advanced, *shall be the only security for it*, without recourse to any other property the borrower may hold, a great injustice would be removed, and a cruel wrong prevented.

How much longer will such relics of feudalism be

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permitted to stain English Law? Nation Making on honest lines has evidently some work yet to do throughout the English world.

During the last century, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to show, Invention and Capital have had a free hand in developing the Factory system, the Company system, and the Sweating system; with the result, that the most abject poverty dwells side by side with unbounded wealth; that starvation exists in the midst of plenty; that Property is King and Man little better than a slave.

Darwin's new gospel of 'the survival of the fittest' may satisfy the conscience of the Philistine and the Pharisee in their struggles to be rich; but though, for a time, it may continue to be the fashionable philosophy of the day—inasmuch as it justifies tyranny and wrong on the condition that they survive and succeed,—it is nothing less than a crime against Humanity. For the first time in the history of Science—so called—crime has been provided with an incentive, and furnished with a justification.

In a day perhaps not very distant, one of two courses may be adopted by those who have the power; either, they will revolt against, and remedy the injustice of the Law, or, they will apply the Darwinian doctrine to those who now hold so large a proportion of the wealth of the world.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

YOUNG NATIONS.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES :—*Botany Bay.—The Cannibal Islands.—Opossum and Kangaroo.—Fern root and each other.—Then.—Now.—Four million Englishmen.—A hundred million Sheep.—Not afraid to Borrow.—Able to Repay.—The English of the English.—'The old order changeth.'—Australasia for the Australasians.—Colonial Intellect.—Southern Sunshine.—Faith in the Future.—A Big Graving Dock.—H.M. 'Calliope' and 'Diamond.'—War ships of All Nations.—Our Enterprises sneered at.—Newspaper Reproaches.—The Imperial spirit.—We go on our Way.—Immigration needed of the Right Kind.—John Chinaman not wanted.—A mixture of Races.—A parochial spirit.—Four hundred Millions and Four Millions.—The Colonies held for our Kin.—Solution of Chinese Difficulty.—A fair Record.*

DURING the first century of the life of Australasia we have done a great work, and a good work. We have laid the foundations of Nations.

A hundred years ago Captain Cook found our Southern world a desert, inhabited by straggling tribes of wild men—in Australia hunting the opossum and the kangaroo, in New Zealand living on fern root and each other. Then, and for long after, Botany Bay and the Cannibal Islands were the terror of evil-

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doers, and not to the liking of them that wanted an opportunity to do well. The desert continent and the forest-clad islands long remained much as Nature made them—untrodden by the White man, his sheep or cattle. The savage inhabitants produced no one article which a civilized man could eat or sell.

To-day, nearly four millions of Englishmen, a hundred million sheep, and countless herds of cattle and horses are amongst the first fruits of this one century, whilst Australasian wool, mutton, wheat, and wine take high rank in the markets of the world, and New Zealand produces, acre for acre, heavier harvests of wheat, oats, and potatoes than almost any other country.

A hundred years ago the frail bark skiff of the Australian savage and the war canoe of the Maori were the forerunners of the navies which now sweep across the wide waters of the Pacific. *Then*, the *Gunyah*, the *Whare*, and the fortified *Pah* were the sole representatives of architecture in Australasia. *To-day*, houses, schools, churches, colleges, and palaces are to be found within its wide dominion. *Then*, the savage *Corroberee* and the Maori *Runanga* were the sole precursors of our courts of justice and halls of legislation. *Then*, a few faint tracks worn by naked feet were the rude forerunners of the roads, bridges, and railways of to-day. *Then*, not an ounce of mineral was known to exist. *To-day*, we own and work the richest gold and silver mines in the world.

Then, Australasia owed nothing to the world outside, and the world owed nothing to her. *To-day*, she

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owes a public debt of a hundred and seventy millions sterling, and in return has provided an English home for a hundred millions of English-speaking people in the future.

We are justly proud of what we have done. We have not been afraid to borrow, and we are in no doubt of our power to repay. We have, it is true, drawn largely—too largely—upon the future. But in all this have we not given abundant evidence of an Imperial spirit? In this sunny South we have faced and conquered difficulties and dangers, of which those who come after us will know nothing, except what history tells them.

In doing all this, is it strange that we regard ourselves as amongst 'the English of the English?' and like our ancestors of old, are steadfastly engaged in the heroic work of Nation Making, though under new conditions.

In times not long past, the countries we occupy were names of fear or terror to our countrymen who stayed at home at ease. *Then* anything was thought good enough for the colonies. But in this, as in other things, 'The old order changeth.' The founders of these young, strong nations have not laboured in vain. Our voice is making itself heard in the Councils of the Empire, and in the coming time, whatever France or Germany may do, neither of them will eventually rule in the Pacific. The potent voice of our American kindred has already cried 'Hold,' to an attempted exercise of tyranny. It will be heard again, should occasion demand it. Unless the Chinese immigration

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question be allowed to drift, the inhabitants of the Austral continent and its adjacent islands intend to be paramount in these Southern Seas. Our watch-word is, and will be:

'AUSTRALASIA FOR THE AUSTRALASIANS.'

There is no boasting in all this. It is our present policy, and will be our future history.

Who are these Australasians? or, rather, who will they be? Are they merely the four million pioneers now occupying the fifth, and possibly the richest, continent of the world? They will be, as the London 'Spectator' says, 'the fifty millions who, in another century, will dwell there.'

With much of the climates of Greece and Italy the intellects of Australasians will not be dimmed, nor their bodies dwarfed by the fogs and cold of the North. The glorious Southern sunshine will surely enter their souls and gild their lives.

We breathe a sunnier and a purer atmosphere. Freedom and sympathy are in the air. We do not, perhaps, love ourselves less, but we love our fellows more. Our workmen labour shorter hours, and for better pay, than their fellows at Home.

The present generation of Australasians, few though we be, have given abundant evidence of our faith in the future of our country. We have made roads, say if you will, for our own requirements, but, like the old Roman roads, they will remain for long ages after those who bravely dared the perils of the

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trackless wilderness, have passed away. Our railroads, our telegraph lines, our fortifications, our far-reaching educational systems, in like manner benefit ourselves in a measure; but of how much more advantage will they be to the coming millions, who will enter into and benefit by our labours? The latest instance of our perception of the needs of the present and of the requirements of the future, is manifested by the construction of the largest graving dock in the Southern Hemisphere, in the port of Auckland, New Zealand. In February, 1888, Governor Sir William Jervois opened this great dock, which has length and depth to accommodate with ease the largest ship in Her Majesty's navy, and into which, Admiral Fairfax on the day of opening passed two of H.M. warships—the 'Calliope' and 'Diamond'—both lying stem and stern together within its massive walls, under cover of the batteries which defend the harbour.

'Thrown like a shield in front of Australia,' to quote the words of Sir W. Jervois, New Zealand occupies a post of honour and of danger, which the construction of this great dock, shows that it is ready to hold, unless overpowered by a hostile naval power, when the dock would become the nucleus of a great naval station from which to conquer New Zealand, harass Australia, and dominate the Pacific.

With a munificence as Imperial as the spirit which led to its conception and construction, this great dock has been declared open to the warships, not only of Her Majesty's navy, but to the war vessels of all

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nations, and to Government vessels of every British colony free from all dock dues for all time.

Have we Australasians constructed this noble work for our own benefit only? No; we have practically done this deed for the benefit of every Briton throughout the world; for, as a blow struck anywhere hurts the whole, directly or indirectly, so a great work of this kind benefits, more or less, every man in any part of the world-wide Imperial dominions, as well as foreigners who, though benefiting by our dock, may afterwards batter down our city.

The little homes where we dwell—often built of wood—will perish like the houses of the Greeks and Egyptians of old. But such works as this Imperial Dock, like the Temples and Pyramids, but more useful than they, will remain an everlasting memorial of a form of Nation Making nobler than theirs.

The enterprise which has successfully carried out this, and a thousand other great works, is sneered at. We Australasians are taunted with our one hundred and seventy millions of indebtedness. Influential English newspapers reproach us even for our adversity, as though *that* was not largely caused by the one-sided Freetrade policy of England, which, by stimulating production in every country but her own, is not only impoverishing foreign producers, but is grievously injuring and ruining numbers of her own children everywhere.

We Australasians are English people, however, and though we resent these taunts and reproaches—as unworthy of those who make them, as they are

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offensive to those at whom they are hurled,—and though the English money-lender gets his interest, and the Australasian borrower gets no proportional equivalent in his own lifetime—unless indeed, submission to heavy taxation for the construction of works, which can only benefit in a small degree the present generation, be an equivalent—we are English people, as I have said, and therefore content to let our deeds speak. We shall not permit a not unnatural resentment to destroy the Imperial spirit which has animated us hitherto, and notwithstanding adversity and reproaches, we shall go on our way, doing as best we may, the work of Nation Making which lies before us.

We want a great migration to set in to our shores, but we want it to be of the right sort. We neither want English paupers nor English criminals. We do not want too many Chinamen, for instance. And yet we are told by our countrymen at home, who are complaining of the immigration of Germans into London, but who have hardly ever seen a Chinaman, that we are parochial and narrow in our desire to restrict the immigration of Chinese into Australasia. And yet the Germans are of our own blood, are frugal and industrious, are home lovers, and will gradually become English-speaking people, greatly to the advantage of the nation.

But a Chinaman will never become a colonist in any true sense. He has good qualities, the chief of which are thrift and industry He has gathered some millions of gold in the colonies, a large portion of which has found its way to China. He is a skilful producer

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of vegetables, but a great nation, or a young nation which means to be great, must have a more solid foundation than an onion or a cabbage.

We Australasians may, I think, be pardoned if, whilst we welcome to our shores our countrymen from home, as well as Americans, Germans, French, Italians and Scandinavians, we resolutely refuse to be overrun by Mongolian hordes from China.

We fully recognize that a mixture of races in the long past, has perhaps done more than any other single cause to make the English Nation what it is to-day, and that a mixture of breeds, on a still grander scale, is now producing similar, nay greater, results in the United States. We know that a mingling of races —if of the right sort—will eventually produce in Australasia a grand English-speaking race, which will some day play a great part all through these Southern Seas.

We do not want, therefore, to be made the victims of blundering British treaties, which, by permitting the irruption of Chinese into Australasia, threaten us with destruction.

If fifty thousand Chinamen were to migrate to Great Britain and Ireland, we should find how promptly those portions of the Empire would develope a narrow parochial spirit, not very dissimilar to that with which we are reproached. But John Chinaman knows better than to migrate to countries where money, fogs, and poverty contend for the mastery. He prefers more Southern climates. He loves the sunshine, and, like the rest of mankind, he loves the gold, and he migrates

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to lands where he knows both are to be found in abundance.

The Chinese are four hundred millions strong, whilst we Australasians do not to-day number four millions. We do not want these fair lands to be overrun by Chinamen. We mean to hold these bright English homes as heritages for our descendants, and for the millions of our countrymen and others of like blood, who, one of these days, will be inspired by the subtle impulse of a migratory instinct, and, like swarms of bees, will surely move from the parent hives. The 'how' or the 'when' may not yet appear, though the 'why' is becoming apparent enough.

We desire to retain the control whilst we can. To this end we require the treaties with China to be so modified or interpreted that *the number of British subjects* entering the Treaty ports in any one year shall be *the number of Chinese* permitted to enter Australasia, and all other parts of the British dominions in the following year, and so on year by year.

The Chinese Government does not, as yet, favour the emigration of its people. What may happen, when large numbers of the people in China become animated by the modern Western idea of 'the power of the common people,' and are made aware by their returning countrymen of the sunshine and the gold of the Australasian Colonies, it is not difficult to foresee.

I repeat, we want to check the progress of these semi-dormant hordes whilst we may. If nothing be done now, it may, at no far-off day, be beyond our

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power to restrain the coming multitudes without bloodshed or other violent means. If it can be restricted now, by peaceful negotiation whilst we are few, in half a century, Australasians will be strong enough to hold this noble English heritage against all unwelcome comers as Makers of young Nations.

This short account of some of our deeds and aspirations, as far as it goes, is a fair record of how we appear to ourselves. Nevertheless, we need what Burns prayed for—

To see ourselves as others see us.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

GREATER BRITAINS.

AS OTHERS SEE US:—*Early reputation.—Something worth Having.—Damaged articles.—The Manchester School.—Loom Logic.—Let the Colonies go.—Two Million square miles to a handful of Colonists.—Gold.—Wars.—The Beat of the English drum heard no more.—Anti-Colonial Spirit.—Blowing in Two directions.—The Eight Hours System.—The Spirit of the Age.—Work and Live, or Work and Die.—Alfred the Great an Eight Hours Man.—Experiments.—Watching Results.—Obstinate Problems.—Our Critics.—A Caudle Lecture.—Borrowing:—Hard Hitting.—If not well meant, well taken.—Flies in the Ointment.—Fad-Mongers.—A New Law, a New Loan, a New Tax.—New Zealand Enterprise and Volcanic Energy.—More Bold than Wise.—The Shocking Example.—Following Suit.—One hundred and seventy Millions.—Colonial advantages.—G. A. Sala.—J. A. Froude.—Wise Advice.—Angry Politicians.—Suffering a Recovery.—The First Century of Nation Making.—Enigmas of the Age.—Beginning the New Century with Hope and Courage.*

THE early and evil reputation of Australasia lingered long and died hard. We were long regarded as mere adventurers, as men who had nothing to lose and everything to gain. (That, by the way, being one of the elements—the old Viking element—of courage, and of the success which courage sometimes

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wins.) At length our merino wools, unsurpassed for fineness, strength, and beauty, and our *Kauri* timber and gum, unequalled in any other country, began to show that there was something worth having in this *ultima Thule* of the Empire, and our reputation rose accordingly. For, though it be a cynical thing to say, in this mercenary world it is too often the truth, that a man is valued, not so much for what he *is*, as for what he *has*. And so, up to 1850, we were considered worthy to receive shipments of 'ne'er-do-weels,' and other out-of-date or damaged merchandise or manufactures, on the avowed principle, that anything was good enough for the Colonies.

By this time, however, the 'Manchester school,' to which the adoption of Freetrade had practically given the control of Imperial interests, had begun to bring every national question to the test of what I may term 'loom logic.' We were then so few, that our consumption of calico was so trifling as hardly to be worth consideration. Emigration to the Colonies was discountenanced, if not discouraged, by the employers of labour at home, possibly because it might cause wages to advance.

Under the influence of this paltry spirit, even the very possession of Colonies was regarded by the 'new men'—the ruling middle classes—as of little or no advantage, and it was seriously considered whether it would not be better to dispense with them, to 'cut the painter,' as the phrase was, and let the Colonies go.

As if to emphasise this idea—with a generosity more reckless than wise—what may well be termed a

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farcical Responsible Government was granted, and more than two million square miles of territory was contemptuously handed over to the absolute control of a handful of colonists; so inflicting what might have been a grievous wrong upon the Empire at large.

Whilst the Manchester policy was in danger of becoming the policy of the nation, the discovery of gold in Australia burst upon the English world, opening wide the flood-gates of immigration, and greatly increasing the volume of trade with the Colonies. This, for a time checked the progress of the parochial anti-Colonial spirit.

But only for a time. For, when the momentum of the gold fever, with its attendant wild speculation, had in a measure ceased, the wars at the Cape and New Zealand again caused the question of the cost and value of the Colonies to be discussed on the old lines, with the result of the withdrawal of the small garrisons of British soldiers from every Australasian Colony, thus silencing 'the beat of the English drum,' which, an eloquent American statesman said, 'followed the sun in his daily march around the world.'

In the meantime, we were left to do the best we could with our 'golden' continent and our warlike islanders, our home critics giving us little more than criticism. Of that they were liberal enough. We were told that we were a burden upon the Mother Country, that we were too fond of 'blowing,' that our workmen were too well paid, and worked too few hours per day. The 'eight hours' movement, beginning to take root amongst us, was declared to be a

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monstrous innovation, entirely out of accord with what our critics facetiously called 'the Spirit of the Age,' which they appeared to think, required a man to work ten hours a day—involving often an absence from his home of thirteen or fourteen hours per day—and *then* to bed, to be ready for the next day's toil. This, in the opinion of our critics, would appear to be the 'whole duty of man.'

Our critics forgot, however, that we live in democratic countries where there is plenty of sunshine, and where 'the people' rule. Now, democracy in these Colonies has done, and is doing, many foolish things, of which our critics will justly remind us further on; but it has resolved—and it has the power to carry out its resolutions—that in these new 'lands of sunshine' a man shall 'live' as well as 'work;' and that, in order to live, he must not have all the sunshine banished from his daily life. In this resolve our colonial workman has but followed the example of the greatest and the best of our English kings—Alfred the Great—who gave eight hours to work, eight hours to recreation, and eight hours to sleep. Our workman has blazoned on his banner this ancient division of the day, with one addition, which he puts in this way:

> Eight hours' work, eight hours' play:
> Eight hours' sleep, and eight 'bob' a-day.

Our critics sneer at all this. They seem to think the right rule of life to be 'to get the greatest amount of work out of the greatest number, and let the fittest survive.' They ask us how we can expect to make

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iron, or cloth, or anything else, and compete with the white slaves at home, who work half as long again for less than half the pay? Well, I admit we are very small people, and that as yet in these Colonies we are but few, though we are grappling as best we may with various great social and industrial problems.

One of these problems,—'the Revolt of Labour'—in the recent strike of the London Dock Labourers, has cast its shadow across the industrial world. These poor fellows have had the strong sympathy of Australasians, and their monetary help—notably, of Victoria—in fighting their battle, and we rejoice at the victory they have won.

I readily admit that we want more light, but it is evident that we have, in a measure, the courage of our opinions.

But our critics do not appear to recognize that these are amongst the very conditions under which great problems are not infrequently most advantageously solved, under which Nations, worth loving, or living in have been, or must be Made. For instance, when a miner meets with masses of golden but refractory ore, from which, in his ignorance, he can extract but little of its real value, do we not know that he calls to his aid the skilful assayer, who takes—not tons—but 'grains' of ore, which he treats in his small crucibles and furnaces with tiny proportions of various fluxes, until—after many failures it may be—he discovers the easiest mode of separating the little button of gold from the worthless slag. Then the miner applies the knowledge so minutely gained to extract, it may be, a million of gold from a mountain of ore.

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In some such way, many obstinate problems may be most advantageously solved. And in the small experiments we Australasians are making in our small way to solve sundry refractory problems, social, industrial, Imperial or otherwise, our home critics have opportunities of being guided by our successes or warned by our failures, when the rising power of the English Democracy demands their solution. The Spartans made their slaves drunk that their children might know how to be sober.

In like manner England having given her Colonial children opportunities to make fools of themselves, or to work out their own salvation, she may by such experience teach her sons at home how they may learn to be wise.

Our critics see in us a great absence of reverence for things old, and a too ready adoption of new ideas. They see in many of us, a neglect of the virtue of obedience—filial and otherwise. And in this they are right.

They are alarmed at our rude independence, and at our ill-regulated enterprise. They do not understand our disregard for mere rank, when unattended by conspicuous public virtue, ability, or valour. They say we are altogether too democratic, and that we are far too ready to admit that 'Jack is as good as his master,' if not better. That we too readily believe that in 'universal suffrage' we have a panacea to cure all the ills of life.

To illustrate this latter idea of ours, one of them tells an old-world story of a certain poor curate who married a fine, but portionless lady. In a Caudle

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lecture the lady was heard to give vent to her disappointment, by saying to her husband : 'George, I thought when I married a man, that I should have everything. Now, I find when I have got you, that I have got a master, and nothing else.' The moral our critic drew from this story was, that in 'universal suffrage' we have got 'a master,' if nothing else. He is possibly not far wrong. At any rate, like the disappointed lady, we have our master 'for better, for worse.'

What our critics see, is that our 'borrowing policy' is strongly developing amongst portions of our working classes dangerous socialistic ideas. They say that we are rapidly losing our independence, and far too readily expect 'the State' to come, like a second Jupiter, to our help on all occasions. Some of our candid friends say that our New Zealand legislators have not only raised loans to pay for Maori wars, build roads, railways, telegraphs, harbours—the latter in all sorts of out-of-the-way and impossible and unnecessary places—but that we also pay for our boasted education largely out of loans ; and they further say, if we do not take care, that we shall be raising loans from which to pay a portion of the interest due to English money-lenders.

This is rather hard hitting, and we feel hurt naturally ; but there is a good deal of truth in it.

Amongst other things, our critics say that some of our legislators are not gentlemen—that their language in the Legislative halls is sometimes coarse to the last degree, and that occasionally a committee room

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serves as the arena for a battle without gloves, some of the M.P.'s forming the ring usual in pugilistic encounters. All this, of course, deserves to be denounced in strong terms; but it ought to be remembered, that one or two despicable insects will taint a whole pot of ointment.

Again, we are told that some of our statesmen—so-called—are little better than 'fad-mongers,' who waste the time of the country in useless talk, in making unworkable laws, and in attempts to solve every difficulty by a new law, a new loan, or a new tax. Amongst these 'fads' one of the most Quixotic, our critics say, is that of 'land nationalisation,' which means the practical abolition of freeholds. It is only fair to the rest of the Australasian Colonies to say that this chimerical proposal, as yet, has only been made in New Zealand, and even there, only by a few dreaming theorists.

Our critics hazard the opinion that New Zealand, being perhaps more accustomed to grapple with difficulties under new conditions than the Continental Australasian Colonies, or, being an island colony, possibly developed at an earlier period more of the enterprise characteristic of the island home of the race. One (who must be a believer in the theory that man is largely moulded by his antecedent or surrounding circumstances) suggests that, as New Zealand is the result of intense volcanic energy, and that, as even now, there are abundance of steam-jets, blow-holes, and geysers at various points, he thinks that possibly some of this energy may have been absorbed by the

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inhabitants. Another fancies the grand inspiriting climate may be responsible for some of the enterprise for which the Colony is remarkable. However that may be, it is certain that at the instigation of a financier more bold than wise, New Zealand instituted in 1870, the now famous 'borrowing policy,' which has since become too much the fashion throughout Australasia.

When this policy was first discussed, a few members of the New Zealand Parliament, and a few public writers, strongly warned the Colonists of the dangers and the demoralizing influences almost certain to result from the adoption of the 'borrowing policy,' but in vain, for the great majority of the people, encouraged by nearly all the newspapers, yielded at once to the glamour of the magician. Almost every one of the predictions of the earliest opponents of the policy have been realized, and New Zealand, having made as many railways as would serve a population five times her present number, is duly regarded by her critics as 'a shocking example' of extravagance and folly. She is now perforce recovering her senses, and, in sackcloth and ashes, declares that the bold financier's policy is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that 'borrowing' must cease.

The rest of the Australasian Colonies were not long in following the example set by New Zealand, until rather less than four millions of people have succeeded in borrowing and spending rather more than one hundred and seventy millions sterling.

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If the Continental Colonies will only benefit by the bitter experience of New Zealand, instead of waiting to be made wise by their own, our critics may declare them to show more common sense than their island kinsmen.

Meanwhile, the immigration which had been checked as the yield of gold from the mines diminished, received a new impetus, under the influence of the showers of English coined gold which the 'borrowing policy' scattered broadcast over the Colonies. Our English critics came over in shoals. Our progress astonished them. They saw our vast areas, our great works, our greater luxury—not so much in our wealthier, as in our working-classes. The talk about the Desert Continent and the despised colonists ceased, and both Colonies and Colonists assumed an importance proportionate to the big figures which the Board of Trade returns disclosed.

Our visitors were loud in their praise of our continental areas, of our fine climates, our great works, of our rich gold mines, of our varied productions and resources, and of our enterprising selves. New Zealand, with its lofty mountains, its fertile plains, its gold mines (having produced over forty millions sterling), its natural wonders, its grand scenery, its primeval forests, its splendid climate, and what not, received its share of these encomiums.

Amongst the crowd of visitors there came, recently, two distinguished men, G. A. Sala and J. A. Froude.

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Mr. Sala charmed us by his sparkling pictures and genial spirit. Our climate, our wines, our cities, our achievements, our success, and our mode of living—the latter he thought not so luxurious as it might have been—delighted him as much as he pleased us. A journalist of rank, a keen observer, a man of the world, and a newspaper correspondent of the first water, amidst his merry laughter at our 'blow,' and his jolly good fellowship at our tables, we welcomed his honest appreciation, mingled though it was with a good deal of good-natured 'chaff.'

The other—and the greater man—James Anthony Froude, looked at our country, ourselves, and our doings, with an appreciation which gratified us, but, with his clear historic intellect, he looked below the surface also. He saw that we were going too fast, and he honestly said so. His common-sense observations, and his wise statesman-like deductions were like the doses of wholesome medicine which—whether agreeable or not—a wise doctor prescribes for a feverish patient, and many of us, in New Zealand at least, made wry faces accordingly. He told us we were living too fast, and he strongly denounced our 'borrowing policy.' He did not like our disproportionately great cities, and other old-world evils, which he told us we were creating in these fair, young lands. Like other patients, we did not altogether like his treatment of our malady.

Some of our politicians in New Zealand, who were partly responsible for a good deal of our mad borrow-

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ing and spending, were quite angry, and denounced Mr. Froude in Review articles, and on public platforms in unmeasured terms. Though, on the principle of following a leader—even if he adopt the course sometimes followed by a second-rate barrister with a bad case, of abusing the plaintiff's attorney—some angry colonists, who at first supported our angry politicians, are beginning to see that the clear-headed historian was not far wrong.

One result is, that we are suffering a recovery, and steadily regaining our senses.

As our recovery progresses, and as we approach a right mind, there can be little doubt that we shall recognize those as amongst our best friends, who told us of our faults and taught us how to mend them. Notwithstanding our treatment of these two distinguished visitors, more especially of Mr. Froude, it may with truth be said, that they have described the Australasian Colonies better, have told us more wholesome and necessary truths, and have brought us, our country, and our deeds under the notice of 'Our Kin Across the Sea' more effectually than all preceding visitors: in a word, they have taught us 'to see ourselves as others see us.' Mr. Froude especially has rendered us most true and faithful service, which each succeeding year will make more and more apparent.

The first century of the Nation Making of Australasia has ended. What the record of its second century will be, must be told by those who come after

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us. With them, and the English-speaking race of the coming century, will largely rest the solution of some of the 'Enigmas of the Age.'

Meanwhile, we Australasians—conscious of our errors, yet modestly proud of our successes in Nation Making—begin our New Century with hope and courage.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT:—*Good government.—Three Systems.—The Weak point in Each.—Party* versus *Nation.—The 'Ins' and the 'Outs.'—Responsibility means Loss of Place and Pay.—Government by Bribery.—Representatives as 'Sturdy Beggars.'—Bread or a Stone.—Constituencies as Plunderers or Paupers.—Degradation of Free Institutions.—Borrowing the Cause.—An Overloaded Donkey.—Absolute Stoppage of Borrowing.—Retrenchment in Every direction Imperative.—Repeal of Property Tax.—Self-Government on its Trial.—Found Wanting.—The Remedy yet to be Found.—The 'Hare' system a Partial Remedy.—The Problem for Solution.*

TRUE Nation Making can only rest on Free Institutions—on government by the people for the people. In this Chapter I propose to show how this system of government may be degraded; its reputation injured; its objects imperilled.

In Nation Making it is self-evident that—other things being equal—a Nation becomes strong and powerful, and its people become prosperous and happy, in proportion as it is well governed.

There have been, and are various systems of government. Despotisms pure and simple, Oligarchies,

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Constitutional Monarchies, Republics, and Colonial governments.

The first two systems may be dismissed as not coming within the range of this enquiry. The last three —being those which are supposed in the last resort, to govern by the people, for the people—are the systems in which the Representative system is working out its destiny, under the manipulation of what is termed Responsible Government.

We may take the United Kingdom, the United States and New Zealand as fair types of the most successful forms of self-government to be found in the modern world. Theoretically, they are good self-acting machines. But like other machines, they require careful watching and frequent adjustment. If these necessary operations are neglected, the best machine will get out of repair, cease to do its work satisfactorily, and end by destroying itself, and injuring those who have failed in doing a very plain duty.

Let us see how the system works.

In the three countries selected we are met with a grave neglect of duty, and by a serious failure in the system, in the facts, that probably one third of the electors do not vote, whilst nearly one half of those who do vote—having voted for defeated candidates—are practically disfranchized, thus leaving the actual government in the hands of Representatives elected by one third of the electors.

In the United Kingdom the Government is nominally responsible to the people, that is, to one third of them. Under what is known as Government by Party

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nearly all questions are discussed and settled on *party*, rather than on *national* lines. And though, to the honour of English statesmen be it said, jobbery (to use a well understood term), is less a governing influence than in any other nation, still, it cannot be denied that almost every question, however vital to the Nation, becomes a Party question, a matter between the 'Ins' and the 'Outs.' It is true, that a job in its more sordid sense, is not the motive force, but the love of power and place, the emoluments and patronage of office, are the most potent influences by which Responsible government is carried on, in the first and greatest Representative Assembly in the world.

In old English days Responsibility was a reality, for it meant the axe and the block. In our times, it means nothing more than the loss of power, place, and pay.

In the United States, there is no Responsible government as we understand it, though there is government by Party in a very pronounced form. There the Ministers of State are appointed by the President and are responsible to him. Ultimately the President is responsible to the People, but only—except in very unusual circumstances—at the end of his four years' term of office, having for that period, within certain well defined limits, more real power than the Queen of England and the Prime Minister combined. At the end of his term, his Responsibility begins and ends with the loss of office, with its attendant patronage and pay.

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In New Zealand, Responsible government means nothing more than in the United Kingdom—loss of power, place and pay. Representative government, as now carried on in New Zealand, means Government largely by 'jobbery'—a degraded term for a mean system. Majorities in Parliament are made and kept by a system of bribery—a railway to this batch of Members, a bridge to that Member—and by way of a sop to Cerberus—the dog that does the barking—the many-headed, horny-handed, voting Democracy, flattery, talk and work are administered in varying proportions.

Said a legislator, to whom an elector was expressing regret that he had placed himself in the general crowd of Representative 'beggars'—sturdy and otherwise—

'I was a politician, and I was not going back to my constituents without a railway.'

'If I come to you,' said a legislator to a New Zealand Premier, 'and ask bread, and you offer me a stone, will that secure you my vote? No, indeed.'

The Premier was an adept in pauper legislation, he knew that many Members had their price, and he gave this 'sturdy beggar' his bread, in the shape of 60,000*l.* for a 'job' in his Little Pedlington.

Such law makers, and they are not few, but many, have lost the art of free self-government.

The Representative system in New Zealand, under what is practically universal suffrage, has become a disgrace and a danger. Under the vicious system which first, the Land Revenue, and then the Borrowing

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Policy has developed, true patriotism has become like a buried treasure—there truly—but of no use or value, until it is brought into circulation. So long as a large proportion of the electors on the rolls—and possibly the best portion—do not vote, then the election of Representatives is largely left in the hands of those who vote for their man, not because of his patriotism, his ability, or his integrity, but for his capacity to obtain in exchange for his vote, a road, a bridge, or a railway for his particular district—in other words—so much 'plunder,' to use a well known, and indeed, a fitting term.

These are the Members of Parliament who sell their votes—not for their own monetary advantage—but for some special favour to their district, regardless of the true interests of the Colony at large. They degrade the noble institutions they profane by their touch. They are so many unscrupulous larrikins, who scuffle and scramble for the pence which a reckless passenger scatters in the street.

So long as there is a Loan to be scrambled for, so long as money is borrowed, so long as Public Works are not paid for by those who want them—so long will good government at a reasonable cost—or indeed at any cost—be impossible in this, or in any Colony.

Year by year, it is becoming evident, that our noble representative system, is being more and more degraded by being used as a means to obtain or retain office. In New Zealand honest efforts are not made to secure good government and its attendant prosperity. Three fourths of every parliamentary

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session are occupied in bitter and mercenary struggles between the 'Ins' and the 'Outs.' A continual succession of motions of 'confidence or no confidence' wastes the time of Parliament, disgusts every honest-minded Member, and insults and robs the country.

Government in this Colony, under the pauperizing and mercenary influence of the 'Borrowing Policy,' has degenerated into an ignoble scramble for subsidies of all sorts, into a thing of tricks and bribes.

Now, at last, when the borrowed millions are expended, and as, happily, no more money can be borrowed, the feast of fat things is ended, and Government by bribery is coming to an end, because there is little but scraps and bare bones remaining. Under these circumstances, bribes were not so plentiful, nevertheless, during the Session of 1889, a lower depth of degradation was reached, when the Government, to provide a breakwater for one supporter and a railway for a ring of other supporters, attempted to lay hands on Trust funds—Post Office, Savings Banks' deposits and Government Life assurance funds. At this point, the House of Representatives drew the line, and vetoed the proposal.

The Members recognized that the Colony staggers under its heavy burden like an overloaded donkey, and refused to increase the load, in this, or in any other manner.

The heavy Public debt of New Zealand, it is clear, can be successfully dealt with—if the Colony is to

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escape drifting on the rocks of repudiation—on two conditions, and on two conditions only.

First :—The absolute stoppage of all borrowing, not for three years only, but for many years.

Second :—A most rigid retrenchment in every department.

The broad lines retrenchment must follow are plainly these :—

Railway making under any circumstances—however promising—must cease. The abolition of all steamer subsidies. The Education grant reduced by one half. The army of Civil servants, many thousands strong, reduced one half. The House of Representatives reduced to fifty Members, the Legislative Council to twenty.

If these reforms are made, the Property tax can be abolished, the heavy Customs taxation substantially reduced, and all public liabilities honourably met.

With such a reduction of taxation, capital and emigrants of the right kind will again come to New Zealand, and a sure foundation be laid for the progress and prosperity of this Colony, and Nation Making will proceed on safe lines.

There can be little doubt that Self-Government, government under the Representative system current amongst the English-speaking race—whether in free America, in freer England, or in the still more free British Colonies—is on its trial. In them all, the

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Representative system as at present conducted, is unequal to the strain and exigencies demanded from it, under the new conditions of industrial, monetary and political life.

Some of the difficulties would be removed by the adoption of the 'Hare' system of voting. That system would at least secure the representation of minorities, and in the Colonies, would do much to render government by bribery practically impossible.

The disease which affects the healthy action of Self-Governing Institutions, which indeed, threatens their destruction, is apparent enough. The perfect remedy has yet to be discovered. Its discovery and application is one of the problems which the Nineteenth century presents for solution to the Nation Makers of the coming century.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

PAUPERISM.

English Pauperism.—The Problem of the Poor.—The Sturdy Beggar.—Political Bribery.—National Pauperism.—Help from Jupiter.—A Helpful Community.—Lives Simple, Wants few.—Borrowing Policy altered all that.—The Borrowing Epidemic.—All Classes and all Colonies affected.—'Borrow and Conquer.'—Industry Disorganized.—People Demoralized.—Fever abating.—Feast and Music ended.—The Piper to Pay.—Prodigals becoming Sensible.—Going to Work.—The Unemployed.—Pauperism and Waste.—How the Money goes.—Adversity the School of Wisdom.—True lines of Progress.

IN this Chapter I do not propose to treat of English pauperism, of the hundreds of thousands of the very poor of London and of other large cities in the United Kingdom, who, if not actually living under public relief, are so near the verge of it, that when one day's food has been consumed, they often do not know, where the next day's food is to come from, and whom nothing but the noble independence so often found amongst the humble poor, prevents from sinking beneath the meanness and degradation of pauperism.

The settlement of this part of the 'problem of the poor' belongs to Nations already made.

I intend to treat of another kind of pauperism—

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the sturdy beggar kind—which more nearly concerns the Making of this young New Zealand Nation.

To scheme for the making of a road, bridge or railway; to demand employment at the cost of other people; and to obtain these objects by political trickery or electoral bribery, or by the power of votes, are forms of pauperizing influences affecting large sections of New Zealand and Australian Colonists. To beg, to bribe, to threaten the Government of the day to grant the demands of a petty, personal, local, mercenary character, under the stimulating influence of borrowed millions, has become so much the fashion in every Australasian Colony, as to threaten the extinction of the manly traits characteristic of Englishmen. In any difficulty or emergency, whatever its cause, it is too much the custom to follow the example of the lazy carter of old, and appeal to Jupiter for help, in the shape of the Government. *Not until borrowing ceases* will Jupiter's advice 'to put his own shoulder to the wheel,' be much regarded by the latter-day kin of the lazy drayman of old.

Before the advent of the 'borrowing policy' in 1870, New Zealand Colonists were a hardy, helpful, industrious community, without any great amount of this world's goods or conveniences, poor indeed, but yet so far rich, that what they had was their own. Neither pauperism, nor the spirit of pauperism was to be found in the Colony. Their lives simple, their wants few,

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the early Colonists called no pawnbroker, banker, or English, or other money-lender, Lord.

Nearly twenty years under the 'borrowing policy' have passed. Let us see how the account stands.

The public debt of New Zealand to-day, is 37,000,000*l.* That of the rest of the Australasian Colonies may be taken at a further sum of 135,000,000*l.*, or 172,000,000*l.* in all. Notwithstanding the warning offered by New Zealand, a reckless spirit of borrowing still pervades the Australian Colonies, which will probably impel them to continue to borrow as long as English capitalists will lend. What that limit may be, time will tell; possibly a further 100,000,000*l.* By that time, the Australian Colonies will have become wise by their own experience, and like New Zealand, will cease to borrow, when they can borrow no more.

The demoralizing influence, direct and indirect, of the 'borrowing policy,' running like an epidemic from Colony to Colony, has infected large sections of Colonial communities with a despicable taint of pauperism, which will require desperate remedies before it is eradicated. The evil has not been confined to any one class. Wealthy squatters, large landowners, merchants, storekeepers, publicans and large sections of the working classes have alike been sinners. Town and country vied with each other in their support of the policy of borrowing and spending. The working classes throughout New Zealand degraded the great principle of universal suffrage, by using their votes to

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promote a spirit of almost universal pauperism. When Sir Julius Vogel propounded his 'borrowing policy' in 1870, it might well have been said, that 'he came he borrowed, he conquered.' The Newspaper Press of the Colony, with few exceptions, suppported him Before the bold financier's dazzling schemes Parliament itself, with some exceptions, fell under the magician's spell, and joined in the general cry for borrowed millions, railways, and high wages. If, at any political meeting a warning voice were raised, it was drowned by cries of

'Railways, high wages, millions and Vogel for ever.'

So the game went on. Lured by the high wages the borrowed millions enabled the Government to give, the working classes rushed from the farm, the forest, and the mine, even from the sea, until the industrial system of the Colony was disorganized, and in some instances destroyed.

Nearly twenty years have passed, and the borrowing fever has abated. The Colony has had its dance. It has now to pay the piper. The borrowed millions have vanished. The feast is over. The husks remain.

Like the prodigal of old, the Colony has come to its senses. It is now going to work, not without some just flouting by its respectable elder English brother. For the present, the robes, rings and fatted calves are in the distance.

If we are not very merry under these circumstances, we are at least trying to be wise. Our horse being gone, we have resolutely shut the stable door.

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The borrowed millions have gone. The pauper spirit they have engendered will die hard. Depression and hard times are not very pleasant medicines, but they are the best of all remedies, and will eventually help the Colony to recover its natural health and vigour.

In the meantime, borrowing having ceased, Public Works practically came to an end, with the result, that large numbers of wage earners were thrown out of employment, and the cries and demands of the unemployed were heard in the land. For such a degrading exhibition, it is easy to blame the working classes. They have however been quite as much sinned against, as they have sinned. The Colonial Governments have reaped as they sowed. They have fostered pauper dependence, and greatly weakened manly self-help.

The difficulty was met by various expedients. In New Zealand, large sums have been expended in providing employment, often on unnecessary works. So great has been the deterioration of the old manly English character, that portions of the Colony heretofore regarding themselves as being specially English and wealthy, have stooped to beg or demand the expenditure of sums for relief, quite disproportionate to their legitimate requirements. That this reckless expenditure for the 'unemployed' has not been confined to New Zealand, will be evident from an instance occurring in a neighbouring Colony, where 250,000*l.* of Public money was expended in a few months, mainly on road-making on private property, or on other

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works practically useless to the general public, and expended without proper supervision and without even the necessary vouchers being duly furnished.

Is it possible to doubt, that under such a system, the manly independence characteristic of the English race, is in danger of decaying in the Colonies? Nation Making on such lines is impossible.

Necessity and adversity are sometimes the school of wisdom. They have so far influenced New Zealand, that the Colonists have resolved that borrowing shall not be resumed, and that this wise course, and settlement on the lands, are the true lines of safety and progress.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

INDEBTEDNESS.

Cost of Maori Wars.—Public Debt.—Private Indebtedness.—Interest paid by Excess of Exports over Imports.—England the Carrier and Money-lender of the World.—Decrease of Banking advances.—Excessive Imports evidence of Extravagance.—Private Indebtedness the real Difficulty.—A Fatal error.—Capital invested on English Account and Risk.—Borrowing Must Cease.—Emigration.

IN 1870 the Public debt of New Zealand incurred for Native wars, and for public works, mainly of a reproductive character, may be taken at the sum of seven millions sterling. *Then*, the population was about 250,000, liable for a debt of 28*l.* per head. To-day, the Public debt of the Colony may be taken at thirty-six millions sterling, and the population at 600,000, or a debt of 60*l.* per head.

In order to pay the annual interest of nearly two millions sterling, and a larger annual sum for interest on a Private indebtedness of, say forty millions sterling, we have reduced our public and private expenditure, so that our Imports have materially decreased, and by unflagging industry, have so developed the resources of these rich and fertile Islands, as to have greatly increased our Exports, and so created a sur-

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plus in one year—1888–9—by savings and gains of 2,301,319*l.*, as will be seen from

TABLE I.

New Zealand.

—	1888–9	1887–8	—
	£	£	£
Imports .	5,777,723	6,312,563	534,840 Decrease
Exports .	8,981,894	7,215,415	1,766,479 Increase
	3,204,171	902,852	2,301,319 Gain

According to some political economists, the balance ought to be the other way—if the Colony is healthy—to the extent of our Imports balancing our Exports.

In proof of this position the instance furnished by the Imports (362 millions) and Exports (221 millions) of the United Kingdom, say in 1887, will be cited, showing a balance of Imports over Exports of 141 millions sterling.

This difference is mainly caused by the fact that Great Britain is largely the carrier and money-lender of the world, and like Tyre of old, lays many nations under tribute.

In New Zealand we are borrowers (or rather have been), and not lenders. We are not carriers. We are producers. We have no sources of wealth, or any earning power outside the Colony. Our products of wool, mutton, beef, cheese, butter, timber, gum, coal and gold, &c., furnish the only means we have of paying for what we buy, and of paying interest on what we owe.

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Therefore, it is evident that our Exports ought of necessity to exceed our Imports—political economists notwithstanding—in our present circumstances.

That this excess of New Zealand Exports is a position of soundness and strength, will be evident from a comparison between New Zealand and Victoria as to Imports, Exports and Banking advances for the year 1888–9.

TABLE II.

1888–9	Imports	Exports	Credit balance	Debit balance
	£	£	£	£
New Zealand	5,777,723	8,981,894	3,204,171	—
Victoria .	23,972,134	13,853,763	—	10,118,371

This difference in favour of New Zealand being caused by a less expenditure and a greater productiveness in New Zealand than in Victoria.

Now, if we compare the reduction and increase of Banking Advances in the respective Colonies, we shall see how the balance is squared.

TABLE III.

Banking Advances for 2 years ending June 30, 1889.

	£	
New Zealand . . .	890,661	Decrease
Victoria	10,414,072	Increase

In passing, I may be permitted to express the opinion that the enormous Imports per head in the Australasian Colonies, so often quoted as an evidence of wealth, may be taken, rather as an evidence of extravagance and luxury.

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Apart from the Public debt of New Zealand—which can only be safely borne by a large increase of population through immigration—there is the Private indebtedness which is straining the resources of the Colony, if it is not impoverishing it, at a rate which, one of these days, will enforce attention.

The wonderful productiveness of New Zealand (as exhibited by TABLES I., II. and III. in Chapter XXXVII.), its surpassing healthfulness and vitality, its unequalled climate, and its remarkable variety of products, have inspired its inhabitants with a belief in its almost boundless capacity and wealth-producing power, and have developed an amount of enterprise, at a ratio probably unequalled, except by the United States.

Stimulated by these influences, the Colonists of New Zealand have incurred a Private indebtedness probably approaching forty millions sterling. Before the borrowing mania set in, prices of land were moderate, and large areas were leased from Government at practically nominal annual rentals. Then, any temporary depression was quickly removed by an advance in the price of wool and other products. But when leaseholds were turned into freeholds, by means of borrowed money, the interest upon which, is a far heavier annual charge upon the land, than the leasehold rentals were, an advance in wool and other products does not so readily afford relief as before.

That a young Colony of 600,000 inhabitants, with an indebtedness—Public and Private—approaching

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80 millions sterling, will find no little difficulty in bearing its burdens, is self-evident. That the full weight of such a burden is not yet fully realized, is also self-evident. New Zealand Colonists, and those who pretend to govern them, are straining the resources of the Colony to pay the annual interest. The unbounded fertility and resources of this young country may be equal to the strain of an annual export of 4,000,000*l.* sterling unrepresented by any Import, but it is an enormous burden for so small a Colony to bear. Amid the cries of 'Borrow, Borrow,' the question of 'REPAYMENT' has had no consideration. It is remitted for discussion to various periods in the twentieth century, so far as relates to the Public Debt. The philosophy of the hour has got no further than, that 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' Nevertheless the day of reckoning will surely come in the distant future for Public indebtedness. For Private indebtedness the reckoning day will come in the not distant future.

In the meantime, as a first step to safety, in New Zealand at least, the people have resolved to BORROW NO MORE, not merely for three years, but for many years.

We are learning the first lessons of wisdom, in that we are becoming aware of our folly. Like youth everywhere, we have displayed more enterprise than experience, more energy than wisdom. If we are not suffering from the follies and cowardice which are degrading to age, we are being punished for the mistimed energy and the misplaced audacity which are

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not unfrequently found amongst the indiscretions of youth.

Regarding the Private indebtedness, the fatal error has been made of borrowing English money on Colonists' account, thus casting the loss on land occupation, arising from a fall in prices of land products, entirely on the borrower's shoulders, though the money-lender was practically the owner of the encumbered lands, a mortgagor having only the right of re-purchase.

A safer and fairer course would have been for Colonial borrowers to have said to English capitalists :—

'This is a case for partnership ; we have the land with Colonial skill and experience to work it, but we have not sufficient capital. You have the capital and desire to employ it profitably. We have hitherto borrowed on our own account, and when prices of products fall, we find a difficulty in making both ends meet. The burden is ours, the risk largely yours. In future we don't intend to borrow on our own account.

'English capital is invested *on English account* in mines in every foreign mining country, and in all the metal-producing Colonies. In the United States, English capitalists hold on their own account, enormous areas of land, as well as railroads and a great variety of other enterprises on partnership account with American citizens.

'English investors are aliens in the United States, and are treated as such, often with scant courtesy.

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'In New Zealand, they are not aliens. They belong to us, or rather, looking at our indebtedness, we belong to them.

'Why then should not English capital be much more largely invested in land and other enterprises *on English account* in New Zealand, an English Colony—instead of in a foreign country—a Colony with resources in proportion to its area far superior to any foreign country, and a climate, which for geniality and healthiness, has not an equal in the world?'

In any case, Borrowing must cease for a generation. If New Zealand is to progress on safe lines, English capital for the future, *must* be largely invested *on English account.* The enthusiasm and ambition of the Colonists have led them to take burdens upon themselves, under which they are now staggering. If they are wise, they will resolutely refuse to increase these burdens by borrowing either on public or private account.

Emigration is a growing necessity, which England is at last beginning to realize. Why should not English capitalists send out thousands of English farmers, and tens of thousands of farm labourers to New Zealand, and place them on freehold lands which, as mortgagees, they either practically already own, or can obtain on favourable terms?

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE

Bread by sweat of Brow.—Labour the Law of Life.—The Charter of Humanity.—The True Glory of a Nation.—The Chief foundation of Greatness and Renown.—Concentration of Wealth.—Decay of Man.—Increase of Navy.—Withdrawal from Continental Complications.—Developement of Colonies.—Commercial Federation.—Confederation of English-speaking Race.—A Policy or an Idea.—English Capital in Colonies must be Invested on English Account.—Immigration Indispensable.—Neither Silly nor Greedy.—Colonies the Heritage of the English Nation.—Reckless Politicians.—Free Institutions Degraded.—Extravagant Borrowing.—Heavy Taxation.—Reduction of Expenditure or a Crown Colony.—A Policy of Drift.—Cultivation of Land a Safe Refuge.—Nation Making on Safe lines.—City versus *Country.—Fertile New Zealand.—Wool, Wheat, Sheep and Gold.*

SETTLEMENT on the land, cultivation of the soil, earning bread by sweat of brow are amongst the earliest foundations upon which Nations have been built in the past. In our times, notwithstanding the inventions of genius and the money combinations of schemers, labour is still the law of life. Happily for mankind, the gospel of work is the charter by which Humanity holds its dominion and secures its progress.

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If, in any nation, a schemer is counted better than a toiler, if labour is regarded as a degradation and wealth esteemed as a patent of nobility, the glory and duration of such a nation, may be regarded as vanishing quantities, which no institutions, regal or republican, can rescue from extinction.

If a people, by their inventive genius, by their commercial instincts, by their money-making faculties, are tempted, by the glittering results these qualities offer, to abandon the cultivation of the soil, which aforetime had been so great a factor in building up a race of sturdy men and thrifty, healthy women who, in the earlier stages of Making their Nation, laid the chief foundations of its greatness and renown, and direct their energies to build factories, banks and cities, and become dependent upon other countries for the larger portion of their daily bread, they are drifting onwards towards a great calamity.

Such a condition developes two results.

1. The increase and concentration of wealth.
2. The degradation and decay of man.

It offers a tempting prize to hostile nations. By its dependence on sea-borne food, it invites a danger, which may rapidly drift into an overwhelming disaster. It invites an attack by a great naval power, difficult to resist.

This is the condition of the United Kingdom to-day. It is true that the Nation, after so long and so recklessly tempting its fate, has at last decided to spend

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twenty millions in increasing its war fleet. This however is a game at which other nations can play.

To rise a winner at such a game, England may well reckon her resources and resolve to use them.

Her policy ought to be :—

1. Not the expenditure of twenty millions, but of one hundred millions, to make her undisputed mistress of the seas.

2. The absolute withdrawal of England from interference with Continental politics and disputes.

3. The steadfast developement of her Colonies as outlets for her capital and surplus population ; as customers for her manufactured products ; as suppliers of food and other raw materials.

4. The commercial and political federation of the Empire, with the avowed intention of using *that* as a preliminary step to secure the ultimate Confederation of the English-speaking Race all over the world.

Then indeed, the English-speaking people in every clime would have assured its progress, would have provided for its safety from attack, and would have effectually secured the peace of the world, and the progress of mankind at large.

It will of course be said that this is a big policy. True. It is a policy which, as yet, may not be much more than an idea, which may be, and must be, left to the operation of the forces of opinion and circumstance, which are being developed with more than less rapidity and certainty.

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In the meantime, one of the forces is in operation, —the action and reaction of opinion between Britain and her Colonies on such questions of policy, as the beneficial location of her superabundant population in her own Colonies, instead of listlessly permitting her people to drift to the United States.

It is not that the Colonies most need the money of England. Of that, as observed in another Chapter, they have already *borrowed* more than they have wisely used, and have thereby imposed burdens upon themselves, not consistent with sound progress, not even with assured safety. Further investments of English capital in the Colonies *must* be on English account, unless all parties are prepared to face the possible contingency of the degrading surrender of our Representative institutions for a time, accept English administration of our affairs, after the Egyptian fashion, and become Crown Colonies once more.

What the Colonies need more than English money is industrious men and women of their own blood. It is true that—for the immediate present—when the borrowed and expended millions have largely ceased to afford employment at high, or at any wages, have indeed resulted in throwing many industrious people out of employment, that the working classes of the Colonies are opposed to the resumption of immigration. But let borrowing cease, and the working classes and others, will leave the cities, to settle on small farms in the country, where they will be in

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a position to provide food for themselves, for the Colony they live in, and contribute to the food requirements of the United Kingdom.

When this policy is in operation, we shall hear no more of opposition to immigration. Being no longer mere wage earners, the working classes will be more really prosperous, more truly independent, and will invite their kin across the sea to join them in these new lands. The four million people living in the Australasian Colonies, are not so silly or so greedy, as to suppose that these great countries, with a capacity to sustain a population of fifty millions, are the exclusive possessions of the handful of people who live in them to-day.

They are the heritage of the English Nation. They have been, with incredible rashness, handed over to the control of a class of reckless politicians, who have plunged every Colony over which they have ruled, into a sea of debt; and have then, by means of the borrowed millions, done much to degrade the free institutions of these young Nations into a *régime* of bribery and pauperism.

This reckless and extravagant borrowing in New Zealand, together with the heavy taxation it involves, has created deep dissatisfaction throughout the Colony, with the system of Government, which has led to such results. Already the cry is being raised,

'The system of Government must be simplified and its cost be enormously reduced, or we shall drift back to a Crown Colony,' which means that the administration of affairs will pass into the hands of

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representatives of English capitalists, and that our free institutions will suffer dishonour at our hands.

Both these alternatives are before us. To-day we may, if we will, adopt the former one. But if, instead of boldly laying the axe to the root of corrupt administration, we idly settle into a policy of 'drift,' in a not very distant to-morrow, we may be driven to accept the latter alternative.

In the meantime, our imperative duty is to place the people upon the land. Happily the inflation and extravagance caused by the expenditure of the borrowed millions have well-nigh come to an end. Great numbers of people in New Zealand are turning to Land Tilling as a natural means of earning a living, as a safe refuge against disaster. In this direction, this Colony is resuming the work of Nation Making on safe lines.

In these young Colonies, any forcing of the English Factory system by what is termed Protection of native industry, is a mistake and a danger. Our plain duty, our wisest policy is to produce raw materials for the English market, for which we are eminently fitted by our genial climate, our fertile soils, and by the extraordinary range of possible products, in a Colony stretching through thirteen degrees of latitude (from 34° S. to 47° S.). No extension of our cities will secure such a result. The country, and the country alone, can secure it. Our soundest and wisest policy is to settle our people on country lands, and so

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develope its wonderful resources. In this direction, we have room in New Zealand for millions of industrious and frugal people, who will settle on their own freehold lands, *and live mainly upon the produce of their own farms.*

This appears to me to be a sure foundation on which to Make a Nation in these new lands.

That much has been already done in New Zealand in the direction of producing raw materials will be evident from the following brief comparative Tables of Live stock and production for 1888.

TABLE I.

—	Horses	Cattle	Sheep*	Pigs
New Zealand .	187,382	853,358	15,235,561	277,901
United Kingdom .	1,936,702	10,268,600	28,938,716	3,815,643
Victoria . .	315,000	1,333,873	10,623,985	243,461

* Sheep in 1858—1,523,324.

TABLE II.

Showing the comparative yield per acre in 1888, *of agricultural products in various countries.*

—	Wheat	Oats	Barley	Hay	Potatoes
	bus.	bus.	bus.	tons	tons
New Zealand . . .	26·37	31·24	27·26	1·48	5·45
Great Britain . . .	28·05	37·24	32·84	—	—
United States (1887) .	12·12	25·44	19·57	—	—
Victoria	10·71	22·92	31·20	1·41	4·18

Showing for New Zealand, with its imperfect cultivation, greater yields per acre, than any other

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country except Great Britain, notwithstanding the high-class farming in force in the United Kingdom.

TABLE III.

Showing Quantities of principal articles (the produce and manufacture of New Zealand) EXPORTED, 1888–9.

Wool	87,077,030 lbs.
,, used in Colony	4,079,563 ,,
Tallow	7,358 tons
Rabbit skins	12,593,177 number
Gold	211,764 oz.
Wheat	2,745,784 bushels
Oats	2,723,102 ,,
Butter	3,631,376 lbs.
Cheese	3,731,840 ,,
Frozen meat	63,003,472 ,,
Kauri gum	8,533 tons
Phormium (Flax)	5,603 ,,
Sawn and hewn timber	44,219,840 feet

These figures tell their own story.

They proclaim the Colony of New Zealand to be one of the most fertile countries in the world, and with a greater range of productions than any other field for emigration.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

New Zealand compared with Other Countries as to Health and Disease.—Conditions for Nation Making.—Birth rate.—Children per Marriage.—Excess of Births over Deaths.—Mean annual Increase.—Illegitimacy.—Concubinage.—Death of Infants.—Mean Death rate.—Deaths from Zymotic Parasitic and Dietic Diseases.—Deaths from Hydatids.—Deaths from Atrophy and Debility.—Deaths from Pulmonary Consumption.—Deaf and Dumb persons.—Blindness.—Lunacy.—Idiocy.—New Zealand exceeds All Countries in Vitality and Health.

I PROPOSE in this Chapter to exhibit the Conditions of Life, as to health and disease, in New Zealand as compared with various Colonies and Countries, for the reason, that in Nation Making—whilst the fertility and position of any country with the ambition to become a Nation, are of very great importance—the conditions existing in it, for the health and life of its inhabitants, are of very much more importance, if a Nation is to take high rank in the future.

For the information supplied in the following Tables of Vital Statistics, I am indebted to the valu-

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able Year Book compiled by Mr. Hayter, the eminent Government Statist for the Colony of Victoria.

TABLE I.

Birth rate in 1,000.

Average of 23 years, 1865-1887.

New Zealand, 39·40; highest known except Queensland with 39·65.

Average of 4 years, 1882-1886.

New Zealand has a higher Birth rate than any European Nation.

TABLE II.

Children per Marriage.

Average of 7 years, 1880-1886.

France	2·98
Sweden	3·55
England	4·16
Belgium	4·21
Tasmania	4·29
Victoria	4·34
Queensland	4·62
Ireland	5·46
New Zealand	5·48

Mr. Hayter says,

'Of the Australasian Colonies **New Zealand** is the one in which the Births have always exceeded the Deaths by the highest proportion.

'In not one of 15 European countries did the Births double the Deaths in any year of the period 1881–1885. On the other hand, in the Australasian Colonies it is the exception for the Births not to double the Deaths; and in one of them—New Zealand—it is the exception for the Births not to be three times as

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numerous as the Deaths. This is no doubt promoted by the salubrity of the New Zealand climate, but still more so by the circumstance of the population being spread over the country, or dispersed through a number of small towns, instead of being, to a great extent, crowded into a few large cities, as is too much the case in the other Colonies.'

TABLE III.

Excess per cent. of Births over Deaths.

In Australasia for 10 years, 1877–1886.		In European Countries, 1882–86.	
New Zealand	**240**	Norway	84
South Australia	163	England and Wales	71
New South Wales	145	Scotland	70
Western Australia	114	Belgium	47
Victoria	112	Germany	43
Queensland	112	Italy	37
Tasmania	111	Switzerland	35
		Ireland	31
		Austria	28
		France	10

TABLE IV.

Mean Annual increase by excess of Births over Deaths in 1876–1885.

	Per cent.		Per cent.
New Zealand	**2·78**	Denmark	1·16
South Australia	2·39	Holland	1·15
New South Wales	2·28	Belgium	·91
Queensland	1·90	Ireland	·86
Western Australia	1·82	Italy	·77
Tasmania	1·72	Austria	·74
Victoria	1·66	United States	·70
England and Wales	1·37	Spain	·48
Russia	1·36	France	·16
Scotland	1·33		

In the per centage of increase of population by

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excess of Births over Deaths, **New Zealand** stands at the head of all other Countries.

TABLE V.

Illegitimacy in every 100 *children born.*

Austria	12·9	Victoria	4·17
Scotland	8·5	Tasmania	4·15
France	7·38	Queensland	3·69
England	4·9	Ireland	2·4
New South Wales	4·27	**New Zealand**	**2·38**

TABLE VI.

Concubinage in Australasian Colonies.

In Queensland	1 single woman in	13	was living immorally
In New South Wales	1 ,,	19	,,
In Victoria	1 ,,	22	,,
In **New Zealand**	1 ,,	**23**	,,

These Tables show that, in Purity of Domestic Life —one of the surest foundations of the Home, the Family, and the Nation—**New Zealand** holds the first position.

TABLE VII.

Deaths of Infants under 1 *year of age per* 100.

Ireland	9·2	Queensland	13·15
New Zealand	**9·65**	South Australia	14·41
Tasmania	10·48	England and Wales	14·4
Scotland	11·8	France (legitimate)	14·7
New South Wales	11·45	,, (illegitimate)	29·8
Victoria	12·35		

TABLE VIII.

Mean Death rates per 1,000 *of mean population.*

In Australasian Colonies, 1865–1887.		Victoria	15·57
Queensland	17·92	Tasmania	15·33
Western Australia	16·42	South Australia	14·84
New South Wales	15·62	**New Zealand**	**11·90**

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In British Possessions.	
Mauritius	32·5
Malta	27·0
West Indies	24·2
Ceylon	21·6
St. Helena	13·2
Nova Scotia	12·1
In European Countries, 1882–1886.	
Hungary	33·4
Austria	30·0
Italy	27·3
Germany	25·9
Spain	25·8
France	22·2
Switzerland	20·7
England and Wales	19·4
Scotland	19·3
Denmark	18·5
Ireland	18·1
Sweden	17·5
Norway	16·9

The Death rate being lower in **New Zealand** than in any other Country.

TABLE IX.

Deaths in the Australasian Colonies per 10,000 *living persons.*

From Zymotic, Parasitic, and Dietic Diseases, 1873–1882.	
Queensland	52·7
Victoria	41·7
South Australia	38·6
New South Wales	36·4
Tasmania	31·2
New Zealand	**30·6**
From Atrophy and Debility, 1882–1886.	
Queensland	12·45
South Australia	11·12
New South Wales	10·42
Victoria	9·80
Tasmania	9·39
New Zealand	**5·57**
From Hydatids, 1882–1886.	
Victoria	5·79
South Australia	3·54
Tasmania	2·83
New South Wales	2·05
Queensland	1·29
New Zealand	**0·66**
From Pulmonary Consumption, 1873–1886.	
Queensland	14·31
Victoria	13·49
New South Wales	10·86
Tasmania	10·46
South Australia	10·07
New Zealand	**8·64**

Deaths in Various Countries from Pulmonary Consumption per 10,000 *persons living*, 1881–1884.

Austria	38·39	Italy	25·54
Massachusetts	34·25	Ireland	22·43
Prussia	30·88	Switzerland	21·79
Belgium	30·48	United Kingdom	21·09
Scotland	25·92	Spain	12·32

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The Death rate in these Diseases being lower in **New Zealand** than in any other Country where returns are given.

TABLE X.

Deaf and Dumb per 10,000 living persons.	
Switzerland	24·52
Austria	13·07
Sweden	10·23
Germany	9·31
Canada	8·05
Portugal	7·47
United States	6·75
France	6·26
United Kingdom	5·74
Tasmania	5·44
Italy	5·37
Spain	4·50
Victoria	3·33
South Australia	2·90
Western Australia	2·36
New Zealand	**2·33**

Showing that for **1 person** Deaf and Dumb in **New Zealand** there are **10 persons** in Switzerland.

Blindness per 10,000 living persons.	
Portugal	21·90
Tasmania	16·00
Spain	14·79
Western Australia	13·79
Norway	13·57
United Kingdom	9·85
United States	9·75
Austria	9·07
Victoria	8·60
France	8·37
Germany	7·93
Italy	7·63
Switzerland	7·61
South Australia	7·06
Canada	6·19
Holland	4·45
New Zealand	**2·82**

Showing that for 1 Blind person in **New Zealand** there are nearly **8 blind** persons in Portugal.

TABLE XI.

Lunacy in Australasia.

Victoria	1 in 304 persons
Tasmania	1 in 334 ,,
South Australia	1 in 436 ,,
New Zealand	**1 in 437** ,,

TABLE XII.

Idiocy in Various Countries per 10,000 living persons.

United States	15·33 persons	Austria	14·64 persons
Portugal	15·00 ,,	Germany	13·65 ,,

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United Kingdom	12·92 persons	Tasmania	6·57 persons
Hungary	11·86 ,,	Spain	5·47 ,,
France	11·40 ,,	Sweden	3·92 ,,
Denmark	8·31 ,,	Victoria	1·87 ,,
Italy	6·91 ,,	**New Zealand**	1·18 ,,

Showing that for **1 Idiot** in **New Zealand**, there are **13 Idiots** in the **United States.**

These figures tell their own story. They show that with one trifling exception, New Zealand has a greater Birth rate ; a greater number of Children per Marriage ; a greater per centage of Births over Deaths ; a greater per centage of Increase of Population ; a smaller per centage of Illegitimacy ; a smaller per centage of Concubinage ; a smaller death rate of Infants under one year ; a lower general death rate ; a lower death rate in Zymotic, Parasitic, Dietic, Hydatids, Atrophy, Debility and Pulmonary Consumptive Diseases ; a smaller per centage of Deaf and Dumb persons ; a smaller per centage of Blind persons ; a smaller per centage of Lunacy and Idiocy—so far as returns are given—than any Country in the world.

They proclaim New Zealand to be, in every respect, at the head of all other Countries for Vitality and Health ; as a land offering the most favourable Conditions of Life ; and they present a striking confirmation of the remarkable salubrity of the climate of the Colony, as displayed in the splendid physique of the Maories, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TYRANNY OF CAPITAL.

Heretical but true.—Jews, the ancient Capitalists.—The modern Shylock.—Company Capital.—Malthusian theory destroyed by the Century of Inventions.—Over-production, not over-population, the difficulty.—Nostrums of Political Economists need revising.—The famine Spectre.—The Factory system.—Mammon worship.—Factories and Companies.—Cities enlarging, Land going out of cultivation.—Palaces of the Rich.—Hovels of the Poor.—Capital become King, the people Slaves.—What is the remedy?—Not the 'limited liability' system, which has stimulated production, and destroyed Individualism.—American Combinations:—'Rings' and 'Corners.'—Their result.—'Am I my Brother's Keeper?'—The Millionaires and the Millions.—England following American example.—'Trusts':—Results; to limit production, lessen employment and increase prices.—A Millionaire a High Priest.—Servile Worship.—Purple and Gold.—Rags and Crumbs.—The Image of Gold with Feet of Clay.—The Stone of Right.

IN Nation Making, many agencies in past ages, have been at work; Kings, Aristocracies, Military Chiefs, Republics, Democracies and Despots. In our own times all these, in one way or another, are still in active operation. In this and the following Chapters, I propose to notice a Despotism chiefly characteristic of our own day.

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If one were asked to name the modern type of despot, the Emperor of Russia would probably be at once selected. And yet, neither the tyranny of the Czar, nor any other European master of armed millions can for a moment be compared with CAPITAL, the modern despot, more powerful, more far-reaching, and more unscrupulous than any dynastic tyrant.

This statement may be termed heresy, but it is true.

In former times, the Jews were the Capitalists of Europe. To-day, though the Rothschilds and many other Jews control an enormous capital, the Shylocks who wear neither gabardines nor phylacteries are legion.

When money is accumulated and controlled by one man, whether the amount be large or small, he may have many sins to answer for, 'for the love of money is the root of much evil,' but, it is to—what I may term—Company capital, that we must look for its most powerful, most dangerous, and most merciless developements.

Ninety years ago, Malthus feared that man would increase faster than his food, but he entirely failed to recognize the new forces of production called into existence a few years before he published his famous 'Essay on population.'

Watt, Arkwright, Cartwright and Hargreaves by their great discoveries of the steam engine, and of machinery for spinning and weaving, succeeded in enabling one man to do the work of a hundred or a

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thousand in producing clothing. The application, seventy years later, of invention to agriculture, in like manner has increased the power to produce food a hundred fold. Therefore, it has come to pass, within the first century during which these new powers of production have been fairly at work, that the Malthusian dilemma has not appeared, but that the difficulty has arisen, to find bodies to clothe and feed, sufficient to keep the producing machinery of the world in profitable operation. Greatly as population has increased, food and clothing have increased in a far greater ratio.

In our times, there are more clothes than backs, more food than mouths, or to put it another way—more than the majority of the owners of the backs and mouths can pay for.

In consequence, the producers of both clothing and food are suffering from the low values of their productions, to an extent never before known, during the century under consideration.

Amongst the causes assigned for the bad trade of the last ten years, *over-production* is entitled to the chief place. The Malthusian cry to *limit the population*, has given place to the demand, to *limit the production* of almost every article in general consumption.

It is becoming abundantly manifest, that the hard and fast lines laid down by Political Economists, are not so applicable to every possible developement of social life and industrial energy, as it was at one time

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the fashion to believe. To suggest that such 'Articles' of economic faith, as,

'Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest,' 'Competition is the soul of trade,' might possibly need revision and correction was, and is, rank heresy. But now, when we have purchased wheat in the cheap American market, and ruined our own wheat producers by the operation, there is looming before England the 'famine spectre.' In case of war with a maritime power, we are finding it necessary—as sailors say—to 'correct our reckoning,' in some respects at least.

These nostrums have led England to develope the 'factory system' enormously, with the result of diminishing the country population, and dangerously increasing that of the cities.

To say that the particular form of 'Mammon worship' as practised in its more prominent temples—Factories, Companies and Trusts—needs to be checked, will naturally cause a strife of tongues akin to the clatter in the theatre at Ephesus, raised by the craftsmen of old, and for the same reason, 'Our craft is in danger,' only to be quelled by our modern political economists crying out at the top of their voices,

'Who does not know that we are worshippers of Capital, and that by this we increase our wealth? Seeing then, that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet and do nothing rashly.'

And so, the English Nation is quiet, and does nothing rashly, but goes on building its cities bigger, letting its lands go out of cultivation; making the palaces of the rich more splendid; the homes of the

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poor more wretched ; increasing the wealth of the few ; deepening the poverty of the many.

This is the Nation, which for the last half century, England has been Making. Capital has become KING, large numbers of the English people little better than SLAVES. Removed—lured—from the free, fresh air of the country to the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the factory and the town, the very size of the common people is diminishing, their strength decaying, whilst the eyes of the revellers in wealth and luxury 'stand out with fatness.'

Well may we quote Goldsmith's lines,

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Is this Nation Making? Is it not *unmaking* the Nation?

What is the remedy? Is it in building our cities bigger, in making more calico and selling it within a shade of nothing, in keeping up the long hours of the toiler and reducing his pay? In a word, is the remedy to be found in producing more, and producing it for less?

Next to the great discoveries of Watt and his fellow inventors, one of the most potential forces in developing this state of things, has doubtless been the introduction and monstrous extension of the 'Limited Liability system.' This new form of Company organization has attracted enormous amounts of capital

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from all quarters, and concentrated them in the hands of men practically irresponsible. It has well-nigh completed the destruction of the old kindred feeling, formerly existing between master and man, which the 'Factory system' had begun to weaken. It has enormously stimulated production. It has made Capital more potent for evil than any King of ancient or modern times. When the 'Limited Liability system' was applied to Banks it intensified the power of Capital, and increased the recklessness with which it was wielded.

For a quarter of a century, this despotic force has had the fullest scope, until its combinations and ramifications bid fair to control and destroy individual energy. Having stimulated productive energy beyond the requirements of consumptive power, it is getting towards the end of its tether. It is making more goods than it can sell at paying prices, and it seeks a remedy.

It has found one. America was the first to apply it. What Free Trade and Limited Liability have done for England, Protection has done for the United States. American manufacturers have found that they have produced more than they can sell within the limits of their own country, and being shut out of foreign markets by reason of the high cost of their productions caused by Protection, with the promptitude incidental to new countries, they quickly felt the pinch and applied a remedy.

They diminished production. They formed 'rings'

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and 'corners' of the masters of factories making any particular article. That is, they formed, say, all the 'shoe factories' in the shoe centres, into gigantic companies; valuing the 'plants' of each manufactory, and putting the whole under one management; closed a third or more or less of the factories; discharged all surplus workmen; and, so limiting production, kept up prices at a paying level; 'pooled' the results, and divided profits rateably to the 'valuation' capital in each factory.

The mode of operation of these 'rings' or 'corners,' with some of the results, will be seen from the following extract from a recent American magazine:—

The combined steel industries of the country pay the Vulcan Steel Works of St. Louis 400,000 dols. to stand idle, thus throwing its workmen out of employ! The Waverly Stone Ring pays quarries thousands of dollars—in one instance, 4,500 dols. per year—to do nothing. The salt works along the Kanawha were bought up by the American Salt Manufacturers' Association, and have never employed a man since. Thus is American labour protected! The Standard Oil company buys up competitors and dismantles their works. The tack manufacturers buy out a refractory fellow who would not join the pool, and not a wheel has turned since. The Western Lead and Shot Association buys the shot-tower at Dubûque, Iowa, to keep men from working there. A leading politician and prominent office-holder of Illinois goes to Washington to prevent the tariff reduction on jute bagging proposed by the Mills bill, and pleads manfully for the poor American working-man, though his own bagging mill has been idle for three years, while he draws a dividend from the pool for 'limiting production,'

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greater than he could realize by running his works. It doth not yet appear that his idle workmen have shared in the profits he derives from their idleness.

From the point of view of the 'rings,' this is a very satisfactory state of things. But what of the discharged and idle workmen? Capital, if it troubled itself at all about them, promptly settled the matter by saying, like one of old,

'Am I my brother's keeper?'

The millionaires of the 'rings' rolled along as before in their equipages, dwelt as before in their mansions, and diamonds flashed as before on the attire of the ladies of the 'rings.' But the 'Millions'—the discharged workmen—what became of them? To migrate, find some other work, or starve.

That was their lot.

The Egyptian tyrant of old built up his pyramid of stone at the cost of untold misery and suffering to millions of toilers; offered sacrifices to his gods on the summit, looking down contemptuously on the victims of his greed, heedless of their sufferings and groans; strutted his brief day, and then, dropped into the tomb he had built up at such a cost; and with a grim irony, his stuffed mummy, after a brief repose in stony grandeur, was carried away to an unknown grave.

In Republican America—the country which will not have a King to rule over it—it has become possible for monetary despots to build up *their* golden pyramids

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of hundreds of millions of dollars, and to seat themselves on the summits of their 'piles,' though they may have been built up by the robbery of millions of victims.

It is said that some of these Kings of Dollars commenced their careers by keeping drinking saloons or selling mousetraps. They have continued their vocation by setting mantraps in Stock Exchanges and elsewhere.

The time is coming, when such men will be proclaimed robbers, and restitution demanded.

And yet America claims to be a free country, ruled by universal suffrage.

England is now following the example set by the United States, but under another name, for the old American term 'ring' being too expressive, too notorious, the term 'Trust' has been adopted as being just as effectual, more respectable, and sounding better The objects of both forms of organization are similar, their heartlessness the same. They are intended to control and reduce production, in order to advance prices, callous to the sufferings of discharged workmen, and regardless of the increased cost of their products to the people at large. Limited Liability with Unlimited profit, on one side, with hard toil and Unlimited suffering on the other. Did the cynical Robert Lowe ever use more bitter irony, than when he chose the title of his famous Act?

Notwithstanding the disastrous collapse of the

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Parisian 'Copper syndicate,' 'Trusts' are being launched every day in England to control the production, and raise the price, of almost every article in common use.

To-day, in the latest phase of Nation Making, a millionaire is a high priest in the Temple of Mammon, and wields as much power as many a high priest of old, with this difference—that whilst the old-time priest directed the worship to others—our millionaire priest arrogates it to himself. And though the steps by which he may have ascended his monetary eminence, may have been over broken hearts and ruined lives, the groans and curses of his victims are drowned in the acclamations of the servile crowds who grovel at his feet.

The colossal accumulations of many of the millionaires, are too often a monstrous mixture of money and wrongs; are too often the monuments of the greed of one, of the unrequited toil and unheeded sufferings of the many. They are the results of the Tyranny of Capital, which gives the purple and gold to the millionaires, the rags and crumbs to the millions.

Nevertheless, every wrongful accumulation, like the image of gold with the feet of clay, will be smitten by the stone of right and justice, wielded, one of these days, by the Divinity which, more and more, is being evolved from Humanity.

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CHAPTER XL.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

No Community of Interest and Duty.—The Fortresses of Capital.—Discontent and Bitterness.—A Remedy.—Eight Hours' Work per day.—Spontaneous Concession.—Philistine Capital.—A Reckless Democracy.—Eight Hours System began in New Zealand.—Musty Precedents.—Practical Lessons.—The Gordian Knot.—Dispute one of Adjustment.—'The Classes' Law.—Sixty days in prison for stealing Two Shillings, Twenty days for nearly Killing a Wife.—'The Masses.'—The Old Order and the New.—The Darwinian Madness.—The Régime of Wild Beasts.—Man no Monkey.—Sham Christians.—The Basis of Belief.—A Living Jesus.—His Faithless Followers.

IN the preceding Chapter I noted some of the developements of CAPITAL, our modern despot, developement of the worst evils of Monopoly, and absolutely destitute of any trace of a 'Community of interest or duty' between Capital and Labour, between Producer and Consumer.

In this way, the English people having abolished feudal tyrants, and destroyed aristocratic rule, are now setting up CAPITAL, a new despot more dangerous than the old. The feudal noble in his castle, at least did not leave his serfs to starve. Capital from its

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fortresses the Factory, the Company, and other strongholds, rivets its fetters on the common people, and coldly throws thousands of workmen idle, at the bidding of the latest developement of modern tyranny —the 'TRUST.'

Is it strange, whilst by these and similar means, the rich become richer, and the poor poorer, that discontent and bitterness increase also? Is it possible, with the increasing power of the common people that such a state of things can continue?

It is not possible.

Is there a remedy? There is a remedy.

It lies in the old command,

'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.'

To reduce production is doubtless the first step, but not by closing factories, so throwing workmen out of employment; but by a reduction of the working time to eight hours per day. A diminution of production would be thus secured without the discharge of a single workman.

The spontaneous concession of a reduction to eight hours per day, would be such a manifestation of good will, such a concession by Capital to Labour, that the growing hostility between them would be instantly checked, and time given for adjusting their respective claims and duties on such a basis of reasonable fairness, as would surely end in the establishment of a *reciprocity of duty* and *a community of interest* between them. In some such way, modern society would be

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placed on a basis, that a Nation Made on such a foundation of fairness and good will, would secure loyalty, strength and duration, which tyranny—whether in the form of the master of armed millions, of Philistine capital, or of a reckless democracy—can never secure.

This remedy will, as a matter of course, be denounced as Utopian, laughed at as childish, or sneered at as impracticable. Nevertheless, the signs of the times are plain enough, that one of those great social movements is on foot—in the air as it were—which never ceases till it has accomplished the first part of its work—its dream if you will—*the reduction of the hours of toil.* This great movement, beginning silently at the ends of the earth—in the small free communities dwelling in the Australasian Colonies—commencing first of all indeed, in the Colony of New Zealand—is spreading amongst the English-speaking race all over the world. Nor is the movement confined to that great race, which in modern times has struck the strongest blows, and made the greatest sacrifices for freedom.

It is spreading amongst nearly all classes of toilers on the Continent of Europe.

This great march of opinion is not to obtain narrow privileges, not to win universal suffrage even, but to secure a common right, a right natural to man, *the right to toil reasonable hours*, without which, a man is little better than a slave.

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It is idle to say, that the Eight Hours system is an untried experiment, in the face of its almost universal adoption by the freest communities in the world—the Australasian Colonies. In this, as in the solution of many other social problems, England has the opportunity of benefitting by the example of her Colonies, which so readily throw off the musty precedents of the Past, and adopt the practical lessons of the Present. If she is wise, she will follow them in this, as she has already followed them in other directions.

It is equally idle to say, that the reduction of the hours of labour would place her factories at a permanent disadvantage with their Continental competitors. For, to a Nation which, boldly and alone, adopted the Free Trade policy, *that* excuse is hardly open. Besides, the general agitation amongst large bodies of Continental workmen for the adoption of the Eight Hours system, will to a certainty, render its adoption more safe and easy by England at this juncture.

The establishment of a reciprocity of duty, of a community of interest between Capital and Labour *now*, will prevent an enforced dissolution of partnership between them, certain to occur—whether Capital likes it or not—when the common people fully realize the power, which the recent extension of the suffrage, has placed in their hands. If the consideration of their just claims be postponed, and their adjustment be deferred till the working classes *have* realized their power, it will probably be a very different adjustment

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to that, which may be effected by the exercise of good will *now*.

To-day, the Gordian Knot may be peacefully untied. To-morrow, it may be cut by forcible means.

At present the dispute between Capital and Labour is mainly a question of ADJUSTMENT. By a wise, firm, considerate, just and courageous treatment *now*, the dispute may be amicably settled.

Christ's command, the golden rule,

'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you,' delineates the plain, simple duty of Man to Man.

It is of course in direct opposition to the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest,' a formula describing accurately enough the condition of wild beasts in a forest, and which may possibly represent with equal accuracy, the condition of communities of men under the dominant influence of Companies, Corners, Syndicates and Trusts. Such a condition is the incarnation of the modern fashionable dogma of 'the survival of the fittest,' which after all, is but a new version of the old doggrel,

> Let him take who has the power,
> Let him keep who can.

In England until recently, the real power has been in the hands of the 'Classes.' In accordance with feudal barbarism, English Law has protected Property and severely punished offenders against it, whilst Man has been largely left to his fate, offences against the person having been lightly dealt with.

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Take the following instances, as reported in recent Scottish newspapers :—

In one of our Courts the other day, a poor bare-legged half-starved boy, twelve years old, was sentenced to sixty days in prison for stealing two shillings. On the same day, in the same Court, a man was charged with brutally beating his wife, and this being his second offence, he was sentenced to twenty days in prison.

David Blain, a Dundee rivetter, has been fined *2l.*, or three days, for criminally assaulting a married woman in her own house.

At Perth police court yesterday, a man named Michael Blaney was charged with begging, and having pled guilty, was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment. Comment is unnecessary.

Is it possible that such shameful laws can continue ?

The power is rapidly passing into the hands of 'the masses,' the common people. What if *they* adopt the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest,' and proceed to use their new power against those who have held it, as it has so long been used against them ? What if they destroy the old civilization, and erect on its ruins a new civilization ? If the New takes the place of the Old—survives it—will it not be *fitting* that it be so, according to the philosophists, *because* it survives ?

What more would such a version of 'the survival of the fittest' be, than a new application of another and older dogma,

'The end sanctifies the means' ?

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Hitherto this famous saying has hardly found admission within the pale of modern morality, but under the influence of the Darwinian madness, it would seem to have become the word of command, under which many forms of selfishness, tyranny and cruelty may march to victory—so that it be a victory.

In truth, Darwin's famous doctrine seems admirably suited, as already observed, to the conditions under which wild beasts naturally live in a forest. There, the lion destroys the deer, the tiger the antelope, the wolf the lamb, the dog the hare; but the lion does not devour the lion, nor does dog eat dog. It is reserved for Man, the King of universal life, to devour and destroy his kind, by the aid of the various organizations created and fostered by what we call Law.

But man is not a lion, nor yet a monkey. His life is not naturally, and ought not to be, a career of rapine and blood, ending in success. Not Nature, to use the scientist's term—meaning nothing—but the Great First Cause, has not made man to develope the instincts of a wild beast alone. He has made him with speech and reason, capable of pity, remorse, love, and consideration for his fellows; of a knowledge of right and wrong; qualities which wild beasts have never hitherto manifested, but which in every age and country, man has more or less displayed. The animal—wild beast—qualities lying in his nature together with the sentimental, the emotional, the spiritual, the religious side of his nature, qualities

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which belong to him alone, and out of which come self-denial, self-sacrifice, love of his fellows, love of God.

That in the constant struggle in his nature and life, between animal instincts and the nobler qualities, he has not manifested the latter more, may be due to the natural obstacles to a speedier developement, to the mercenary and selfish direction given to Law and Gospel; the slow advance being like the progress of a skiff against a river current, naturally drifting down stream if left to itself, but never advancing without constant watchfulness and unwearied toil.

A Nation made on Darwinian lines, were such a Making possible, would be a Nation of wild beasts. Happily, Humanity belongs not to monkeys, but to men.

The Christianity of our times has courted attack. It has deserved it. The disputes by the various sects, and the hypocrisy of people calling themselves Christians, have long been, and still are, a scandal, and a barrier to the progress of mankind. They are responsible for much of the success of the efforts made to destroy all Basis of Belief.

Happily, CHRIST, the Living Jesus, has survived the follies and the crimes of his faithless followers. His noble, self-denying, courageous, pure, sympathetic, loving life has survived, and will for ever survive, a perfect model, as well as a perfect sacrifice for Humanity.

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CHAPTER XLI.

THE REVOLT OF LABOUR.

History tells the Story of the Nation Rulers.—The Story of the Toilers untold.—The Shadows of Forgetfulness.—The Builders of the Great Pyramid.—A Story in Stone.—Plebeian and Patrician.—Free Corn and Free Combats.—End of Roman Nation Making.—Servitude.—The Kings and Barons.—Progress of Personal Freedom.—Compulsory Combination.—Divinity in every Age.—It Still Lives.—Promise of a Brighter Day.—The Lens of Genius.—The Inspiration of Combination.—Frith Guilds.—Craft Guilds.—Laws against Labour Combination.—Change of Relations between Master and Workman.—The Feudal Baron.—The Factory Master.—The Serf and the Factory Hand.—Long Hours and Dependence.—Five hundred years of Tyranny.—The Revolt of 1811.*—The Ten Hours Bill.—A Great Victory.—Combinations of Workmen fully Legalized.—Trades Unions.—The Revolt of Dock Labourers.—Labour Conquers.—Speech of Chairman of Dock Companies.—Allies of Labour.—'At the Mercy of the Mob.'—The Grand Lesson.—English Sentiment.—The Roll of Honour.—The Great Heart of the Nation Beats as of Old.—Results of the Revolt.*

UNTIL within our own times the records of the history of Nation Making have been chiefly confined to the story of the deeds of kings, conquerors and rulers. The story of the common people, the rank and file of the armies of humanity, of the toilers who

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have produced the food and clothing which have fed and covered so many generations of men, has either not been written at all, or has been told in a fragmentary form.

In the long march of centuries, great empires have dominated the destinies of mankind, filled the world with their renown, and then have passed away.

A pyramid here and there, a ruined temple, a huge mound on a desert plain, bear their silent testimony to the pageants of the past, to the instability of dominions established with little regard to the welfare of the common people.

What the nature of the impulsive energy, what the vital force, which raised these old dominions above the horizon of life for a little while; what the forces which caused their sun of glory to set for ever beneath the shadows of forgetfulness, may well arouse the keenest interest in every student of man and his past. What were the social conditions under which these ancient men—the 'masses' and the 'classes' of those times—lived and died; what their portions of poverty and splendour, of idleness and toil, of tyranny and slavery, of happiness and misery, the fragments of their story tell but a shadowy tale.

Did we but know the sweat and toil, the slavery and tears of the common people, their ignorance and helplessness under the tyranny of their times, upon which these empires of old were built, we should cease to wonder at their decay. Could we but see KHUFU the builder of the Great Pyramid marching the com-

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mon people, like so many dumb, driven cattle, to the building of this great sepulchre; could we but learn the extent of the resources of the nation wasted, the sacrifice of human life demanded by the tyrant, for the erection of this monument of pride and folly, what a tale of sorrow and suffering this story in stone would tell.

In Roman times, humanity lifted up its head. Plebeian struggles surged against Patrician tyranny, freedom and manhood rising to a higher tide mark than ever before, until the plunder of conquered nations filled the great city with luxury and vice; and the millionaires of the day, by free corn and free spectacles of bloody combats in the arena, pauperized, corrupted and degraded the common people, and prepared the way for the mingled splendour and misery of Imperial tyranny, for a society of idle millionaires and degraded millions.

When Augustus assumed the purple, the Making of the Roman Nation ended and its decline began. The vigour of the old Roman had little place in a community of paupers and sybarites. The old freedom had vanished, and the degraded Empire reeled and fell beneath the fierce attacks of Goths and Vandals, who, though barbarians, were men of nobler mould than those, whom they dethroned from a dominion degraded by effeminacy and tyranny; erecting on its ruins a society, if ruder, yet freer than any which had preceded it.

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The civilization of the times, if not destroyed, was shaken to its foundations, but Humanity remained. Servitude indeed continued, but its old bonds were loosened, and from the fragments of the Empire, Nation Making on nobler, stronger lines began once more.

Through the Middle Ages, servitude in the milder form of serfdom still existed, for society was unable to cast off the chains it had so long hugged. But Feudalism with all its faults, had made one great step in advance. It abolished the system of standing armies, by which Rome first conquered the world, then enslaved it. It replaced the mercenary soldier by the man-at-arms, who tilled the lands of his lord and followed him to the wars.

In our own England, Feudalism having destroyed the ancient freedom of the nation, laid the foundation of another freedom. The Norman Kings having created the Barons, found in them a power which could only be controlled by restoring their rights in some small measure to the common people. The Wars of the Roses destroyed Feudalism with its attendant Serfdom. The Cromwellian wars shook the power of the Kings. These causes, together with the Reformation, raised the individual man to a personal freedom he had never before possessed, which the New Learning extended and consolidated, and there grew up in England a personal freedom, unknown over the greater portion of the Continent.

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All through this long reign of tyranny, with its attendant suffering and slavery, despotism had held its power by the *compulsory combination* it wielded. But, though it ruthlessly disregarded the Rights of Man, it never succeeded in extinguishing the Divinity, which in every age and country, has more or less dwelt in Humanity. Through darkness, and tears, and suffering, the spark of Divinity lived in Man through all the ages. It glimmered in the teaching of Confucius and Buddha ; it burned in the laws and morals of Moses ; it beamed in the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato ; it flickered in sunny isles and in dark continents ; it shone with its brightest effulgence in the Gospel of Good-will taught by the Master, the greatest and the best of all the Teachers Humanity has known—the Man Christ Jesus.

It still lives. Doubt, unbelief and despair are casting their dark shadows over Humanity ; difficult problems and enigmas are being presented by the new phases of enquiry and civilization ; but these are but the gathering clouds, which the electric flash of the Divinity put within us by the Creator will disperse, with the promise of a purer, a brighter, a happier day.

The secret of the formation of the great empires of the past, lay not in the mere multiplication of an infinity of individual human units of ignorant thought and action, but in their *concentration* by the burning glass of the imperial mind of a Pharaoh, a Cyrus or a Cæsar, which focussed the individual ray, impotent in itself, upon the nomadic, ignorant and aimless life of

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old-world days, fusing them into the mighty armies of the past, which swept in tempests of conquest from nation to nation, or into armies of labourers who built up a pyramid, stone by stone, every stone the measure of a worn-out toiler's life.

If it be asked, why these ancient empires for a few centuries filled the world with their splendour, and then dissolved

Like an unsubstantial pageant faded,

the reply I think would be, that the concentrating lens of genius was naturally replaced by the window glass of mediocrity, which permitted, indeed, the rays to pass through it, but lacked the compelling force of *compulsory combination* wielded by one controlling mind.

In one direction, we see iron-willed despots combining the human units of their time, to carry out their own aggrandisement and glory, by a sacrifice of human lives on a scale, of which we have lost the measure.

In the other direction, we see vast numbers of men but feebly influenced by THE INSPIRATION OF VOLUNTARY COMBINATION to secure their own safety and happiness.

Nevertheless in the history of man, there probably never was a time, when Tyranny did not develope resistance. The Despot harassed the 'units.' The units, in a more or less feeble way, combined for mutual protection. In that combination, they found

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strength to resist the oppressor, to secure in some small degree their freedom, and to redress partially, a few of their most flagrant wrongs.

In Greek and Roman times, the principle of combination by small sections of the people, was more or less in operation, partly for political purposes, but more particularly for industrial safety and protection.

Our Saxon ancestors, with their ruder and stronger love of freedom, employed the principle of combination in the form of 'Frith Guilds,' or 'Peace Guilds.'

In the Middle Ages 'Craft Guilds' were extensively employed to protect the weak against the strong. The constitution and objects of these Craft Guilds were very similar to those of the 'Trades Unions' of our own times. For five centuries, from Edward the First's reign to the year 1800, about forty Acts of Parliament were passed to repress combinations of workmen. But though on the Statute Book, it was impossible rigidly to enforce them, for the Revolt of Labour had long ago commenced and in every century was slowly developing.

The great inventions of Watt and Arkwright rapidly changed the nature of the old relations between Master and Workman. The Spinning Wheel was supplanted by the Spinning Jenny, and the workmen and workwomen flocked from their cottage workshops to the New Factories. The Master of the Factory stepped into the place of the feudal Baron, with less pomp indeed, but more real power, and the enfran-

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chised Serf became the Factory hand, who worked not a certain number of days for his lord, as in the olden time, but all the days of the year, except Sundays and holidays, for his new master, and often far into the nights as well. As labourers in the Factory they became wage earners, and unlike their predecessors the Serfs, had no other resource but their daily pay. Long hours of continuous labour, and absolute dependence on the will of their masters, naturally caused a dissatisfaction which developed the new Revolt of Labour, leading to combinations of workmen to protect their rights by force.

In the year 1800 an Act of Parliament was passed, embodying the dormant provisions in the thirty or forty old Acts of Parliament, to prevent labour combinations. But without avail. For in 1811 various secret societies engaged in the destruction of machinery, the siege of Factories, and the shooting of their Masters, ending in the trial and execution of many of the conspirators.

In 1824, a better spirit prevailed, and in that year, an Act was passed partially legalizing Labour Combinations; and Trades Unions may be said to have been then first established in a modern form.

In 1826 however, the Act of 1824 was repealed, and the old laws against labour combinations were re-enacted. For a time, the Revolt of Labour was suppressed, and the Lords of the Factories worked their labourers, whether adults or children, just such

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long hours, and under such conditions as suited their convenience.

Notwithstanding the power of Capital however, the Revolt of Labour continued, and, supported by public opinion, it secured the passing of Lord Ashley's Ten Hours Factory Act in 1847.

This great victory, won after the most resolute opposition, partially enfranchised Labour, and raised it from slavery to comparative freedom.

The Act of 1859 again partially legalized Labour combinations, but it was not till 1871 and 1876, that Acts of Parliament were passed which fully legalized combinations of workmen, and which led to the full establishment of Trades Unions as we now know them.

Under these conditions, Capital and Labour now met on more equal terms, their weapons being the 'Lock out' and the 'Strike.' Never before, have the opposing forces been so equally matched as they are to-day. Never before, could each combatant injure the other so much as they can do to-day.

The great questions between them are the REDUCTION of the time for daily toil to EIGHT HOURS and THE INCREASE OF DAILY PAY.

The latest instance of this Revolt of Labour against Capital, has just occurred in the pitched battle between the London Dock Companies and 100,000 Dock and other labourers.

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Thanks to English and Australasian sympathy, the reasonable demands of the Dock Labourers ended in a victory which may well be regarded by Capital as an intimation of the coming struggle. As yet, the questions between Capital and Labour are matters for ADJUSTMENT, which, by the timely consideration of each other's true interests, may be adjusted *now* on fair and reasonable lines. But, if Capital continues to be animated by the spirit manifested in the telegraphic summary of the speech of Mr. Norwood, Chairman of the Associated Dock Companies, on Oct. 4, 1889, the adjustment will be rendered needlessly difficult.

Mr. Norwood is reported to have said, 'that the London dock strike was a socialistic movement attacking the weakest link in the chain of employment.

'He also expressed the conviction that the result of the movement would be the obliteration of casual labour, and stated that the surrender made by the dock companies was the outcome of an assertion made by Cardinal Manning that a tumult was imminent, and a threat made by Lord Mayor Whitehead to open a relief fund, to pressure by the Customs, and unexpected assistance received by the strikers from Australia. He admitted that the payment of an increased rate of sixpence per day would attract superior men, and enable the companies to dispense with overtime.

'With an applause-hunting Government, an incapable Home Secretary, conniving on the part of the police, an apathetic plutocracy, an emotional public,

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and designing agitators, he said London was at the mercy of the mob.'

A resolution was passed by the meeting thanking the directors for their action in connection with the strike, and censuring Mr. Matthews.

In this speech, the Chairman of the London Dock Companies has not accepted defeat with either good humour or wisdom. But he has done a greater and a better deed.

He has enumerated the forces arrayed against Capital, as represented by the Dock Companies. He has shown that the City of London—the ancient home of the 'Guilds,' the old defender of English freedom against the attacks of King and Baron—is once more arrayed against tyranny; he has shown that these poor labourers had the sympathy and help of the English head of the Roman Catholic Church; that they had the sympathy of the British Government, of the police, even of the plutocracy, and more than all, of what the Chairman terms 'an emotional public;' and finally, that these poor toilers, striving for a little fair play, had the sympathy and generous help of their Australasian kin across the sea.

The Chairman sums up his case, by saying that these influences had placed London at the mercy of the mob.

'At the mercy of the mob,' and yet, so far as we know on this side the world, not a shilling's worth of

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damage was done to property, not a drop of blood was spilt.

The grand lesson to be drawn from Mr. Norwood's graphic and true—though surly—summary, is, that the disputes between Capital and Labour may still be adjusted by peaceable means; and that, so long as this grand English sympathy and love of fair play dominates the Nation, the Revolt of Labour will accomplish its rightful objects, without the intervention of force, confiscation or bloodshed.

This preliminary skirmish has probably cost Labour 300,000*l.*, but it has involved a loss to Capital estimated at 3,000,000*l.*, and apart from the direct results, it will not be without a special value, if it affords an indication of what a general struggle between Capital and Labour may involve.

That noble English sentiment, which in the past has struck so many blows for European freedom; which has restored liberty to the Black race; which has enfranchised its own people by increasing the electors by millions—is not dead.

Of late days indeed, it was beginning to be chilled by the deadening influence of trade; which appeared to consider that the Board of Trade Return, with its five hundred millions of exports and imports, was England's new Roll of Honour, and which regarded Capital as the life blood of the Nation.

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No. English sentiment is not dead. It is awaking from a mercenary dream. In the wide sympathy and generous help given to these poor Dock Labourers in their great contest, Englishmen have shown that the great heart of the Nation beats as of old in the cause of freedom, and is preparing to abolish *White slavery*, even as in the past it set the Black race free.

This great contest, so generously supported, so bravely won, has vibrated throughout the English world with a beneficent force and power, which for long years to come, will be felt in the work of Nation Making. For hundreds of years, even in free England, labour combinations were unlawful. Even after their legalization they were regarded as the enemies of Capital, as obstacles to progress. Rightly directed, they are the friends of both.

The recent struggle has not only secured its primary object—the relief of 100,000 Dock Labourers —it has done much more. It has called forth the sympathy of the English Nation in such a way, as to have marked a great step in advance in the noble feeling of *consideration for others*. It has, through this sympathetic help, shown the working classes that they do not stand alone in their efforts to secure shorter hours and better pay. It has demonstrated, that just rights can be won without a revolution, without anarchy, without bloodshed, without even a disturbance.

The impetus this grand sentiment of 'considera-

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tion for others' has received, is one of the strongest indications that a new and blessed power is coming into action in the work of Nation Making. The conviction has taken hold of the heart of England that not Capital only, not inventive genius alone, not universal suffrage even, are the only potent influences in building up a Nation, but that Right and Good-will are at last recognized as the surest and most durable foundations upon which a Nation can be made and continued.

Upon these foundations no Nation of the past has been made, therefore no Nation has survived. In the diffusion of knowledge, in the growing power of the common people, no Nation can long exist which disregards them.

If, together with the knowledge and the power to enforce it, there be developed the knowledge of mutual Duty, and the cultivation of mutual Good-will, between the 'Classes' and the 'Masses,' then, what has hitherto been a dream, will, in some coming time, be a blessed reality.

In a Nation so made there may be less of splendour, but there will be less of misery; there will be less slavery but more freedom; there may be less inequality, but there will be more happiness.

So may it be.

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CHAPTER XLII.

COMMUNISM.

Maori Communism a Survival from Aryan times.—Lycurgan Communism.—Developed the Physical.—Destroyed the Intellectual and Emotional.—Made Woman manly, and Man brutal.—Destroyed the Home.—Communism of Plato and Sir Thomas More.—Communism of the Maories.—Community of Lands.—Hospitality.—Community of Good-will.—The other side.—Degradation of Women.—Idleness, Dirt, and Disease.—Community of Goods in early Christian times.—Modern Communism.—Destroys Individualism.—Overthrows Institutions.—Abolishes Private Property.—Reduces all men to Same Level.—'Divide again.'—A Breakwater of Sand.—Diversity not Uniformity Nature's Law.—New Forces.—Education and Political Power.—Indirect Measures.—Transfer of Taxation.—Combination and Co-operation.—National Insurance.—The Beyond.

THE great questions of the inequalities of life, the unequal distribution of wealth, the relations between Capital and Labour are all questions which Socialists assert can be settled by the adoption of Communist principles. It may therefore be useful to enquire into the operation of a very ancient form of Communism existing amongst the Maories.

The Communism of the Maories is of interest because it is probably a survival of very ancient times,

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a relic indeed possibly of Aryan times. If so, it presents a picture of the Communism current, ages before Lycurgus imposed Communism upon Sparta nine centuries B.C.

But in relation to the diffusion of communistic theories in our own day, it is of greater interest. Its long continuance amongst the Maories shows that Communism *may* prolong its existence under favouring conditions. These conditions existed amongst the Maories in the form of a limited tribal population, and an unlimited supply of land held in common, and in the despotic power of the Chiefs and Priests.

They do not exist in any form of civilization with which we are acquainted. They are to be found in savage life alone.

The Lycurgan Communism was only possible in a barbarous age, in a society where individualism did not exist, and where personal freedom was unknown. Even then it existed only under the despotism of the Ephors, and the serfdom of the Helots.

Lycurgus abolished money; compelled all citizens to eat at a common table; made idleness and successful thieving virtues; made labour and commerce degrading; converted the relations between man and wife very much into those existing in a prize herd of cattle; used every effort to develope the physical, and to destroy the intellectual, emotional and spiritual in man; created a community of athletes fitted for soldiers, prize-fighters, and gladiators; destroyed the 'home,' with its self-denials, its sanctities and its

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domestic affections ; made woman manly, and man brutal. In this destruction of the 'home,' which his whole system secured, Lycurgus struck a blow at one of the noblest influences which has aided man in his upward struggle ; destroyed one of the chief foundations of all true civilization ; and rendered real progress to a higher and a nobler life impossible.

When Greece yielded to the spiritual impulses of art, learning and freedom in the sixth century B.C. Sparta rapidly fell into the rear. Her institutions and her power decayed under the influence of Lycurgan Communism.

The philosophic dreams of Communism in Plato's 'Republic,' and in Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia' are still dreams. Wherever attempts have been made to bring them into realities, failures without exception have resulted.

Let me now describe the Communism of the Maories. Their language, their implements, their religion and their habits and mode of life are all evidences of their descent from a very remote ancestry, which, owing to their ignorance of the art of writing, and the necessary use of tradition, together with their long isolation present to us many of the conditions of life, probably existing amongst our own ancestors in prehistoric times.

In this view, a sketch of the practice of Com-

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munism by the Maories may not be devoid of interest.

Amongst them land was undoubtedly held in common. Each family cultivated a piece of ground for a few years, which (having no other value than that arising from its products) after exhaustion, was abandoned for an unexhausted piece. This cultivation gave a right of occupancy at any future time, but conferred no absolute ownership as we understand it.

The *Rangitira* (Chief, literally 'ray from heaven') had no rights of ownership of lands, but he held the *Mana* (influence, authority) over them, a 'Lord of the Manor,' as it were.

Though the products of each piece of ground were the property of the man or family who had won them by their toil they were available to supply the wants of the 'community' or tribe by reason of a community of goods for the entertainment of strangers and visitors, all of whom in old time, were made welcome and hospitably treated, as if they thought a man, though a stranger, were of more value than the food he consumed.

I have known this community of good-will to be manifested at the earlier Land Courts held for settling claims to lands, where the Maories of the district would hospitably entertain and provide the opposing tribe with food, just as if the plaintiffs in a great lawsuit in London or Edinburgh, were to provide food for a hundred of the defendants' witnesses.

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These are some of the good points about Maori Communism. Let us see the other side.

In the old times when fern root was the chief article of food, every member of the tribe had to work in digging, roasting and preparing it, not for a brief period, but during the greater part of the year. But after the introduction of the pig and potato, the chief part of the work was done by the women, who at all times, had carried water from the stream in calabashes, and borne burdens of firewood from the neighbouring forest. The old women who survive are bent and worn with excessive labour, and present miserable spectacles of the hard lot of women under Communism.

Like the Spartans under Lycurgan Communism, the young Maories frequently carried off their brides by force. There was no community of wives, though the younger women were common to a large extent. The abandonment of the infirm and aged was a common practice, and can only be regarded as a result of Communism.

Communism amongst the Maories in the old fern-eating days was deprived of some of its worst evils, for then, all had to work steadily for most of the year, in digging and roasting fern root, and beating it into meal for their daily food.

The struggle for existence made Communism amongst the Maories possible and continuous without the aid of a servile class as in Sparta, for though captives were made in war, most of them were killed and eaten as occasion required. But directly food became

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more abundant and life more easy indolence developed and industry languished.

When the Maori lived on fern root, he acted on Abernethy's famous prescription for his indolent and luxurious patient,

'Live on sixpence a day and earn it.'

In addition to this daily toil, every man was a warrior, liable to be summoned at any moment to defend his home, or to attack a neighbouring tribe.

But when the pig and potato provided food for a year by a few weeks' work, then, life became easier, and steady industry, being no longer a necessity, ceased to be a virtue. The steady energy of the old fern-fed Maori vanished, and his strength diminished. He became an impulsive creature, good for a 'spurt,' but incapable of long sustained effort.

'Ah,' said an old Chief the other day, 'when the Maories ate fern root, we were strong. We could dig, run, fight and never be weary. But now, that we live on pigs and potatoes, we are like bags of water. When we went to catch sharks we lived on fern root and never got sea-sick. Now,' said he, 'if we go to sea, we are as miserable as the Europeans.'

The old habit of industry nevertheless lingered long amongst portions of the tribe, but gradually diminished, because the lazy man was fed from the common stock. The chief inducement to the idle 'loafers' to work, was to obtain a gun or a blanket, these articles being objects of keen desire, and more or less personal property.

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Nothing else that a Maori possessed could be said to be really his own ; the idle therefore, lived on the industrious, with the usual result—a total absence of thrift and of social progress.

Idleness, dirt and disease were the natural consequences of their communist system. Let anyone visit a Maori *Kainga* (village) to-day, and he will see everywhere, abundant evidences of the ruin effected by communism when deprived of the despotic control of the Chiefs and Priests, and of the necessity for constant work.

Modern Communists quote the community of goods in Apostolic Christian times as a reason for the adoption of their principles now. This however was no more than a liberal help to the poor and distressed amongst them, by those who had money or possessions. Instead of being a warrant for a 'community of goods,' it was rather an evidence of the obligation laid upon Christians in every age, to manifest actively, consideration and good-will to others.

In our times, Communists advocate a very different system. They seek to destroy individualism ; to distribute wealth equally ; to overthrow all institutions ; to abolish private property ; and to reduce all men to the same level, without showing us how thrift and industry are to be encouraged, how laziness and extravagance will be prevented or punished, unless on the lines laid down by a Communist when asked to define the system,

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'We propose to divide the wealth of the world, and make all men equal,' said he.

'But,' it was rejoined, 'the industrious and careful, in twelve months would have improved their position, whilst the idle and extravagant would have wasted their portion. What then would you do?'

'Do,' replied he, 'we should divide again.'

The proposal to make all men equal is a dangerous and futile dream. It is like making a breakwater of sand to confine the ocean waves. It proceeds upon the assumption, that all men are naturally equal. Just as much, it might be said that all the trees in a forest are alike, whereas we know there is infinite diversity. They are all trees, it is true, but every tree differs from its fellow in size, form, use or beauty. So with man in mind or muscle, in mental or physical powers. No two men are exactly alike. Nor will they ever become so, under any treatment, any more than a thistle can be transformed into an oak, or an elm be made into a cabbage.

Diversity, and not uniformity, is the law under which Nature works. The Procrustean bed of Communism may try, like the mythic fool of old, to make all men equal in length or in any other way, but like his iron method, it will fail.

Communism, at its best, proposes to make of man little more than a stagnant entity—placid indeed, but powerless. It gives him for a motto, 'To be,' not 'To do.' The community does everything, the man, nothing, therefore the 'individual' having nothing to do, does nothing, and is nothing. So far as

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originality or progressive movement is concerned, man becomes an automaton, moving only as he is moved by a force other than his own.

Communism is simply arrested developement. Under its influence the noblest powers would suffer atrophy; 'excelsior' would be a meaningless term; and evolution from a lower to a higher type of man could have no operation in the stagnant, unwholesome and unnatural atmosphere of Communism. This dream, like many other pretty dreams—sleeping or waking—can never be realized. Like the visions of the night, the day dream of Communism has never survived the attacks of civilization; never removed the barriers which the exigencies of common life in every age have raised against its progress.

The dead, stagnant level of Communism is in direct opposition to the ceaseless movement, the continuous action and reaction paramount throughout Nature's wide dominions of matter and mind.

Great as the tyranny of Capital, or the inequality of conditions may be, and many as are the hardships created by them, it is not by Communism in its ordinary Socialistic sense, that these obstacles to happiness and progress can be removed.

That which is impossible for Communism to accomplish, is within the scope of a *community of interest* and a *reciprocity of duty* to partially secure. This latter, and nobler factor may yet be far off, but it will grow out of the former—if baser—element.

Society rests on the 'individual,' the unit—of

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infinite variety indeed, like the stones in a vast and enduring building—small and great, rough and smooth, a strong foundation there, a column here, a capital, or a pediment in their fitting places, so must all the varied atoms of human life find their places, and be fitly joined together before the temple of Humanity can appear in its destined strength and splendour.

For nearly 3,000 years Communism has been the dream of philosophers and Nation Makers. In the sense of all men becoming equal, it is still a dream, as far from realization as ever.

But though, in our times the distribution of wealth is perhaps more unequal than in any previous age, some new forces are coming into operation, which will remedy some of the existing inequalities, and at least prevent the rich from becoming richer, and the poor poorer.

These two forces are,

1. The general diffusion of education amongst the common people.

2. The great extension of their political power.

Whilst the first of these has opened the eyes of the common people to the hardships of their condition, the last, as soon as they fully realize their power, will enable them, in some measure, to provide a remedy.

The latter power will not be applied to secure a general division of lands, or to obtain an equal distribution of wealth. It will rather take the direction

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of partially securing both these objects by indirect measures; namely, by transferring the burden of taxation from the shoulders of the common people to wealth and land; by reducing the hours of toil; by increasing wages; by taxing profits; by a resort to the combination and co-operation of labour; and possibly, by the resort to a system of national insurance.

But beyond all these, and what we need even more than these, is the diminution of selfishness; a greater community of interest; a larger reciprocity of duty; an increase of consideration for others; and above all, a community of good-will between all classes.

These appear to me to be the principles of a true Communism, of the Communism taught by Jesus. They have been greatly disregarded by his professed followers. Their adoption now, would dissipate the gloom hanging over mankind. The loving commands of the Lord of Good-will have been but very partially obeyed. The evolution from the old-time heathen developement of good-will has been slow. Nevertheless, looking at the innate selfishness of Humanity, the Nineteenth century has reached a higher tide mark than any of its predecessors, and amidst all the selfishness of our times, the pendulum of a community of good-will, bids fair to swing with a greater force and gives promise of a brighter day.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

CANNIBALISM.

A short cut to secure 'survival of the fittest.'—A Lost Art.—Dead friends as an edible paste.—No animal food except Kai tangatu (*man's flesh*).*—Eat your Enemies First, your Friends Last.—Maories, first-class Savages.—Stone Implements.—Darwin's instance contrary to fact.—Sir John Lubbock's Mistake.—Living Maories have used Stone Implements.—Maories as Captain Cook saw them.—Fern root as a food.—Work the Secret of the grand physique of Maories.—Cannibalism not justly a reproach to Maories.—The weakest to the Oven.—Nothing but Rats to eat.—The pig* versus *Cannibalism.—The pig wins.—If you wish to be Brave, eat a Valiant Man.—'O that I could eat a Governor.'—Title by Digestion Indisputable.—Scene in Land Court. 'Some of your ancestor Here.'—The former Owner Eaten.—The Land to the Eater.—*CANNIBALISM *not confined to savages:—A Chancery Lawyer.—The Factory system.—More ways of devouring men than Eating them.—A Back Seat in the Temple of Mammon.—The Century of Inventions.—Dives and Lazarus.—Purple Luxury.—Gone to the Dogs.—Cannibalism not 'a Lost Art.'—New way to Unmake a Nation.—Mad Race for Riches.—The Moloch of the Century.—The Maori on the Broken Arch.—He Moralises on the Deserted City.—English Cannibalism carried Too Far.—'This is what Comes of it.'*

CANNIBALISM may seem a strange subject for a Chapter in 'Nation Making.' And yet, to write about the Making of this young New Zealand

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Nation, and to say nothing about a custom which, in the old days, made New Zealand a name of terror to Englishmen, would be to make a grave omission in my story. For, of a truth, the custom of devouring one another played no little part, in the efforts these Maori children of nature—savages we called them—were making to struggle through the various phases of savagism into a national life, though of a low type.

Let us mercifully judge these benighted cannibal Maories, who were unwittingly putting in practice the Darwinian theory of evolution. They may have made short cuts, for they effectively secured 'the survival of the fittest,' by devouring the helpless and the weak, by eating—after cooking—those who were unable to resist their cunning or their prowess.

For many years, cannibalism amongst the Maories has ceased. Under various influences, it has become 'a lost art.' *Kai tangatu* (human flesh) no longer forms a part of the food of a modern Maori, no longer appears on the 'bill of fare' at any of his great tribal feasts. He is ashamed of the practice, and in these days, never refers to it, except to prove his title to lands in the Native Land Courts.

Though the Maories under the influence of Missionary teaching, aided by a plentiful supply of pigs, have abandoned cannibalism, Mr. H. H. Johnston, in the 'Fortnightly' for January 1889, tells us, that it is still in full vigour in Central Africa. The hideous forms cannibalism has taken there, call forth his strongest condemnation. Though for himself, he says

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that when once dead, he 'would prefer to be eaten by a fellow human, or even by an enterprising hyæna, and so continue to assist in the developement of higher forms of life, than be doomed to absorption by a mixed myriad of lower organisms.' He tells us, that the Tibetans some six centuries ago, 'reverently reduced their dead friends to an edible paste, and then consumed them.'

He goes on to describe, how the savages 'in Africa, Australia and Polynesia ate their old people as well as their weakly children,' adding grimly, that 'the community must have seemed always in a state of vigour, with a society for ever in the prime of life.'

This is 'the survival of the fittest' with a vengeance, but however much it may be in accord with the Darwinian theory, it is not likely to be adopted in this exact form by civilized communities, for a while at least.

Civilized communities are naturally shocked at such a practical mode of improving the physique of a nation. The aboriginal natives of New Zealand, as I have said, were once famous, or infamous, for their cannibal practices. For them however, there was some excuse, seeing that when the first Maories arrived in New Zealand, the only quadruped on the islands was a small rat. In the sunny lands they had left behind them a thousand miles or more, fruit and vegetables were abundant, and they were naturally vegetarians. But when they migrated to New Zealand,

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they found that a colder climate needed something more than a vegetable diet.

Being naturally fearless navigators, they quickly turned to the 'harvest of the sea.' Sharks they dragged from the deeps, and dried in the sun for future use. Fish, which swarm round the coasts, they caught in abundance.

For centuries, this ready supply of food probably kept them close to the coast line, where they multiplied and grew. The *Kumara* and *Taro* they had brought with them from their original island homes. Both these roots grew fairly well in New Zealand, with careful cultivation on the sea coast, where there was not much frost. But they went a very little way in providing for an increasing population. Yet, with one exception, New Zealand was as destitute of fruits and roots as of animals. That one exception however—fern root—as will have been seen in preceding Chapters, was an important one.

Not unnaturally, tribal quarrels occurred as their numbers increased. By accident or necessity, they fell to eating their enemies killed or taken in battle, and the taste for human flesh once acquired, soon became a general and fixed custom amongst them.

At this point, it will be advantageous to make a short digression, the better to understand the reason of the practice of cannibalism by the Maories.

Wherever the Maori came from, or whoever were his remote ancestors, he is without doubt, in many respects, the most remarkable savage the English

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race has met with in its discoveries and conquests all over the world.

When Captain Cook discovered New Zealand, the Maories were largely in a state of nature, without iron implements, ignorant of the art of pottery, but rude agriculturists, fierce warriors, and expert fishermen, going to sea in canoes burnt out of great trees, and fashioned by stone adzes or axes—the only tools with which they were acquainted.

The use of these stone implements by the Maories offers a remarkable comment on Sir John Lubbock's assertion, in his 'Prehistoric Times,' second edition, 1869, and adopted by Darwin, in his 'Descent of Man,' seventh edition, 1871, Vol. I. Chap. V., as follows,

'In all parts of Europe, as far east as Greece, in Palestine, India, Japan, New Zealand and Africa, including Egypt, flint tools have been discovered in abundance; and of their use the existing inhabitants retain no tradition.'

Regarding flint or stone tools, this statement is contrary to fact, so far as New Zealand is concerned.

Now, the extreme antiquity of Man is an adopted dogma by scientists, and may be a fact, but the New Zealand instance, as above cited by Darwin on the authority of Sir John Lubbock, is not entitled to any weight in determining the question; inasmuch, as there not only are 'traditions' of the use of stone tools, but there are now living hundreds of New Zealanders (Maories) many of whom are acquaintances of my

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own, who assert, not only that their ancestors used stone tools, but who have assured me, that they have themselves used stone tools in fashioning and finishing their canoes, houses and storehouses.

Thousands of stone implements have been dug or ploughed up by the New Zealand Colonists, and are still being unearthed in the neighbourhood of every Maori village, or field of battle.

When Cook made the acquaintance of the Maories they were a grand race physically, holding their lands, their fishing grounds, their women and their lives by valour and force of arms. Exposed to attack from every neighbouring tribe, constantly surprised if they relaxed an ever watchful vigilance, they were naturally both warlike and suspicious.

Largely ignorant of the textile arts, they were naked, except for the *Kakahu* (a rough covering for the shoulders), used occasionally, and a *Maro* (slight cincture round the loins), worn chiefly by the women. These, with feather cloaks and elaborately ornamented mats, made at a cost of infinite labour and time (and used chiefly on important occasions), were their only clothing. These garments were made from the *Phormium tenax*, scraped by shells, the natural flax of the country, which grows everywhere, and which is now becoming, under machine treatment, a large export from New Zealand.

To estimate the number of the Maories in Cook's time—a hundred years ago—is difficult. Estimates

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varying from 200,000 to 300,000 have been made. Though these are mere guesses, it is evident, from the number of earthwork fortresses, and abandoned cultivations—long since gone back into secondary forest—that their number must have been large. Before the time of Cook's visits, and for some time after, frequent tribal wars must have reduced their numbers.

For, besides tribal quarrels on ordinary grounds, it must be remembered, that the last migration of the Maories had been from a tropical climate—where only a vegetable diet was necessary or possible—to a temperate climate, where animal food, in some form, was almost a necessity. But the Maori immigrants to New Zealand found—as I have remarked in another Chapter—no animal of any kind, save a small rat, nor indeed with the exception of a few berries any vegetable available for food, except fern root.

The North Island of New Zealand—the chief home of the Maories—is remarkable for the extent, beauty, and variety of ferns it produces, having about one hundred and forty of the varieties of ferns known to science. From their earliest settlement in New Zealand, their chief article of diet must have been the root of the fern. This, as elsewhere stated, they dug, roasted and pounded into a grey meal, eating it in the form of porridge, with such *Kinakis* (relishes) as eels, fish or sharks afforded.

There can be no doubt that the Maori race in Cook's time, and for long afterwards, owed its fine physique to the consumption of fern root as its chief

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article of diet. To procure enough of this food, the Maori had to work hard and constantly. It is owing to this circumstance, together with the wonderful healthiness of the New Zealand climate, that the Maori has developed a physical and mental vigour, far superior to his fat and enervated kinsmen of the tropical islands from which he came. There, the luscious fruits and soft climate developed fat and soft tissues generally; in New Zealand, the stronger food, healthier climate, and harder toil produced more muscle and probably more brain.

I may now return to the Cannibalism of the Maories. It has been regarded as a reproach to them, and I think not altogether justly, considering their wants and position.

Living in a climate where animal food of some kind was more or less necessary, and yet where practically no animal was to be found, is it surprising, that the slain should become food for the conquerors; or that, to satisfy the craving for animal food, quarrels should have been provoked with neighbouring tribes, often for no other purpose, than to provide flesh to eat.

Of course in these contests, the 'weakest went to the wall,' or rather to the oven and the stomach. In this way the Maories put practically in force, the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest,' long before Mr. Darwin and his fellows made the dogma fashionable.

Captain Cook's introduction of the pig did more to destroy cannibalism than any other measure. The

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pig took well to the country. To grub for fern root was natural to him, to increase and multiply with such an abundance of food, was equally natural, and in a short time the pig overran a large portion of the North Island, thus providing an abundance of animal food, and striking an effective blow at cannibalism in New Zealand.

For though tribal quarrels continued, they were no longer caused by the old craving for animal food, which the pig supplied with less danger than killing a man involved. It is true, that the Maori, like most other varieties of humanity, was a Conservative animal, and continued to follow the ways of his ancestors, when there was no particular reason for his doing so. From ancient custom therefore, he remained a cannibal to some extent, more especially, as he believed that to eat a renowned warrior, enabled those who ate him, not only to satisfy their hunger or vengeance, but to absorb the valour and *Mana* (influence) of the roasted Chief.

'O that I could eat the Governor,' said a Chief in the Northern war, 'I should be the greatest Chief in the island.'

Again, in tribal contests about land, he probably found the best mode of ending the dispute and establishing his right, lay in killing and eating the disputants or former owners, thus acquiring the most effective of all titles—a title by digestion.

To this day, in the Native Land Courts established by Act of Parliament to ascertain the ownership of Maori lands, if a Native can prove that his ancestors killed and ate the former owners, his title to the land

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is regarded as indisputable. Indeed, a case not long ago occurred in a Native Land Court, in which a Native claimant was being cross-examined, by a counter claimant to the land in dispute,

'Where,' asked he, 'was my father after the battle fought between your tribe and mine?'

'I don't know,' the other promptly replied, 'where the whole of him was, but a good part of him was here,' significantly tapping his stomach.

The opposing claimant at once collapsed. His case was closed, his cause lost, and the land became vested in the man who had eaten the former proprietor.

'This is very awful. What savages your Maories must have been,' exclaims a sleek Chancery lawyer. And yet, how many landed properties are swallowed by legal quibblers, by a mode not so simple perhaps, as the Maori method, but equally effective? What is this but Cannibalism in a fashionable—if more cowardly—form? It is quite as effective though.

A very cursory survey of the condition of England, will show that Cannibalism is not confined to low-class limbs of the law.

When Arkwright discovered the spinning jenny in 1776, followed by Cartwright's invention of the power loom, and by Watt's practical discovery of the steam engine—a new form of Nation Making became the fashion. These inventors were Englishmen, and for fifty years or more, England had the monopoly of

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the new forces in Nation Making, they called into existence.

Under their influence, Factories were built, and filled with the stalwart youths and rosy-faced lasses from peasant homes, scattered over England and Scotland. In this flocking from home to factory, from country to town, their old home life received its first and most fatal blow. Simple, plain country life gave place to the garish excitement of the town. Long hours of labour in the fresh open air, were replaced by long hours of toil in the unwholesome atmosphere of the factory. The merry whirr of the spinster's wheel died out, and was heard no more in the land ; the hum, and clang, and clatter of machinery took its place. The Master of the Factory stepped into the shoes of the feudal lord ; and the serfs of an older time, through various changes, had become 'factory hands.'

Without denying that cloth and calico became cheaper—if not better—the change was in many ways for the worse, the service harder. The spinner and weaver—man, woman and child—became automatons, almost as much machines, as the spinning jennies and looms they worked, and were too often cared for as little, or less.

Meanwhile the Lords of the Factories grew rich. Many of the 'new men' migrated into 'the stately homes of England.' Their modern serfs crowded the hovels of the towns.

Then came the railways and Free trade. These two new forces further depopulated the country, made the towns bigger, the rich richer, the poor poorer.

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The old aristocrats were in the main eclipsed and crowded out by the new plutocrats. Money, or its synonym, Capital became King. To be the owner of millions was a ruling passion, to control millions became the ruling power.

Under the influence of this master passion, this money tyranny, ancient forms of virtue, self-denial, Christian duty, love of man, love of God lost their vital force; and if they were not altogether kicked out of the Temple of Mammon, they took a back seat in it.

And this condition of affairs is regarded as PROGRESS.

This is the Nation Making current in England during what may be termed 'the Century of Inventions.' That one century has just ended, by ranging the 'millionaires' on one side, the 'millions' on the other. Dives in his pride and purple, Lazarus in his discontent and bitterness. Dives, in his purple luxury, faring sumptuously every day, Lazarus, in his squalid hovel, starving on the crumbs and gone to the dogs generally.

Let us hope, Dives will consider his ways and be wise, before it be too late. Otherwise, if he will not read the signs of the times, if he will not listen to the warning voices of law and gospel; then, in some coming time, like his purple prototype, he may lift up his eyes for help in vain.

Verily, if Cannibalism be a lost art amongst the Maories, in the Sweating system, in the Company system, in the Trust system, and in many other forms, it still survives amongst more civilized people, and on

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this foundation much Nation Making is now proceeding.

It is unnecessary to follow the practice of modern Cannibalism to the shambles, where, under various pretexts and disguises, its victims are offered.

Suffice it to say, that the sordid hunger for wealth, the mad race for riches, are making great and degrading changes in individual and national character. The 'Almighty dollar,' as our American cousins term it, is the God, whose worship is extending in the modern world more than all other cults. It is the Moloch of our century, which under the sanction of English Law, and made fashionable by many of the maxims of a spurious Political Economy and by a cruel philosophy, demands and devours its victims as ruthlessly, as remorselessly as the Maori savage of a past generation.

The Maori has almost forgotten *his* cannibalism. He is altogether ashamed of it, and—except to maintain his title to his paternal acres—cannot be induced to acknowledge, that he or his kinsmen ever devoured any of human kind.

When one of his descendants, in some coming century visits England as Macaulay's New Zealander, and sits on a broken arch of London Bridge, he may be heard—by those then near him—saying,

'Those English people who formerly dwelt in this

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deserted city, were a very foolish people. They carried their cannibalism too far. My ancestors were wise, and ceased to devour one another. They loved pigs better. Their good example was unheeded by the White-faces with hearts of stone, for the English people *would* go on devouring one another—the big fish eating the little ones—and,' pointing to St. Paul's in ruins, he gravely adds,

'This is what comes of it. *Kati*' (It is ended).

THE END.

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